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A
COLLECTION
OF
NEW PLAYS
BY
SEVERAL HANDS
VOL. I.



Liebe f. Lippe



ALTENBURGH.

Printed for GOTTL. EMAN. RICHTER.

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A
COLLECTION
OF
NEW PLAYS
BY
SEVERAL HANDS
VOL. I.



ALFRED BURGH
Printed for COTTE, FINE & CO.
MILBURY.

THE
WEST INDIAN,
A COMEDY,

BY MR. CUMBERLAND.

VOL. I.

A

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

STOCKWELL.	BELCOUR.
Capt. DUDLEY.	Charles DUDLEY.
Maj. O'FLAHERTY.	STUKELY.
FULMER.	VARLAND.
Servant to STOCKWELL.	

WOMEN.

Lady RUSPORT.	Charl. RUSPORT.
Mrs. FULMER.	LUCY.
LOUISA, daughter to DUDLEY.	
Housekeeper belong. to STOCKWELL.	
CLERKS belonging to STOCKWELL.	
SERVANTS, SAILORS, NEGROES.	

SCENE LONDON.

THE
WEST INDIAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A MERCHANT'S COMPTING HOUSE.

In an inner room, set off by glass doors, are discovered several clerks, employed at their desks. A writing table in the front room. STOCKWELL is discovered reading a letter; STUKELY comes gently out of the back room, and observes him some time before he speaks.

Stukely. HE seems disordered: something in that letter; and I'm afraid of an unpleasant sort. He has many ventures of great account at sea; a ship richly freighted for Barcelona; another for Lisbon; and others expected from Cadiz of still greater value. Besides these, I know he has many deep concerns in foreign bottoms, and underwritings to a vast amount. I'll accost him. Sir! Mr. Stockwell!

Stockw. Stukely!—Well, have you ship'd the cloths?

Stukely. I have, Sir; here's the bill of lading, and copy of the invoice: the assortments

are all compared: Mr. Traffick will give you the policy upon 'Change.

Stockw. 'Tis very well; lay these papers by; and no more of business for a while. Shut the door Stukely; I have had long proof of your friendship and fidelity to me; a matter of most intimate concern lies on my mind, and 'twill be a sensible relief to unbosom myself to you; I have just now been informed of the arrival of the young West Indian, I have so long been expecting; you know who I mean.

Stukely. Yes, Sir; Mr. Belcour, the young gentleman, who inherited old Belcour's great estates in Jamaica.

Stockw. Hush, not so loud; come a little nearer this way. This Belcour is now in London; part of his baggage is already arrived; and I expect him every minute. Is it to be wonder'd at, if his coming throws me into some agitation, when I tell you, Stukely, he is my son?

Stukely. Your son!

Stockw. Yes, Sir, my only son; early in life I accompanied his grandfather to Jamaica as his clerk; he had an only daughter, somewhat older than myself; the mother of this gentleman: it was my chance [call it good or ill] to engage her affections: and, as the inferiority of my condition made it hopeless to expect her father's consent, her fondness provided an expedient, and we were

re privately married; the issue of that concealed engagement is, as I have told you, this Belcour.

Stukely. That event, surely, discovered your connexion.

Stockw. You shall hear. Not many days after our marriage old Belcour set out for England; and, during his abode here, my wife was, with great secrecy, delivered of this son. Fruitful in expedients to disguise her situation, without parting from her infant, she contrived to have it laid and received at her door as a foundling. After some time her father returned, having left me here; in one of those favourable moments, that decide the fortunes of prosperous men, this child was introduced; from that instant, he treated him as his own, gave him his name, and brought him up in his family.

Stukely. And did you never reveal this secret, either to old Belcour, or your son?

Stockw. Never.

Stukely. Therein you surprize me; a merchant of your eminence, and a member of the British parliament, might surely aspire, without offence, to the daughter of a planter. In this case too, natural affection would prompt to a discovery.

Stockw. Your remark is obvious; nor could I have persisted in this painful silence, but in obedience to the dying injunctions of

my beloved wife. The letter, you found me reading, conveyed those injunctions to me; it was dictated in her last illness, and almost in the article of death; [you'll spare me the recital of it] she there conjures me, in terms as solemn, as they are affecting, never to reveal the secret of our marriage, or to withdraw my son, while her father surviv'd.

Stukely. But on what motives did your unhappy lady found these injunctions?

Stockw. Principally, I believe, from apprehension on my account, lest old Belcour, on whom at her decease I wholly depended, should withdraw his protection: in part from consideration of his repose, as well knowing the discovery would deeply affect his spirit, which was haughty, vehement, and unforgiving: and lastly, in regard to the interest of her infant, whom he had warmly adopted; and for whom, in case of a discovery, every thing was to be dreaded from his resentment. And, indeed, though the alteration in my condition might have justified me in discovering myself, yet I always thought my son safer in trusting to the caprice than to the justice of his grand-father. My judgment has not suffered by the event; old Belcour is dead, and has bequeathed his whole estate to him we are speaking of.

Stukely. Now then you are no longer bound to secrecy.

Stockw.

Stockw. True: but before I publickly reveal myself, I could wish to make some experiment of my son's disposition: this can only be done by letting his spirit take its course without restraint; by these means, I think I shall discover much more of his real character under the title of his merchant, than I should under that of his father.

S C E N E II.

A Sailor enters, ushering in several black Servants, carrying Portmanteaus, trunks, &c.

Sailor. Save your Honour! is your name Stockwell, pray?

Stockw. It is.

Sailor. Part of my master Belcour's baggage an't please you; there's another cargo not far a-stern of us; and the cock-swain has got charge of the dumb creatures.

Stockw. Pr'ythee, friend, what dumb creatures do you speak of; has Mr. Belcour brought over a collection of wild beasts?

Sailor. No, Lord love him; no, not he: let me see; there's two green monkies, a pair of grey parrots, a Jamaica fow and pigs, and a Mangrove dog; that's all.

Stockw. Is that all?

Sailor. Yes, your Honour; yes, that's all; blefs his heart a'might have brought

over the whole island if he would; a didn't leave a dry eye in it.

Stockw. Indeed! Stukely, shew 'em where to bestow their baggage. Follow that gentleman.

Sailor. Come, bear a hand, my lads, bear a hand.

[Exit with Stukely and Servants.]

Stockw. If the principal tallies with his purveyors, he must be a singular spectacle in this place: he has a friend, however, in this sea-faring fellow; 'tis no bad prognostic of a man's heart, when his ship-mates gives him a good word. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

Scene changes to a drawing room, a Servant discovered setting the chairs by, &c. a Woman Servant enters to him.

Houfek. Why, what a fuss does our good master put himself in about this West Indian: see what a bill of fare I've been forced to draw out: seven and nine I'll assure you, and only a family dinner as he calls it: why if my Lord Mayor was expected, there couldn't be a greater todo about him.

Servant. I wish to my heart you had but seen the loads of trunks, boxes, and portmanteaus he has sent hither. An ambassador's baggage, with all the smuggled goods of his family, does not exceed it.

Houfek.

Houfek. A fine pickle he'll put the house into: had he been master's own son, and a Christian Englishman, there cou'd not be more rout than there is about this Creolian, as they call 'em.

Servant. No matter for that; he's very rich, and that's sufficient. They say he has rum and sugar enough belonging to him, to make all the water in the Thames into punch. But I see my master's coming. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

STOCKWELL enters, followed by a Servant.

Stockw. Where is Mr. Belcour? Who brought this note from him?

Servant. A waiter from the London Tavern, Sir; he says the young gentleman is just drest, and will be with you directly.

Stockw. Shew him in when he arrives.

Servant. I shall, Sir. [*aside.*] I'll have a peep at him first, however; I've a great mind to see this outlandish spark. The sailor fellow says he'll make rare doings amongst us.

Stockw. You need not wait; leave me. [*Exit Servant.*]

Let me see [*reads.*]

"S I R,

"I write to you under the hands of the
"hair-dresser; as soon as I have made my-
"self

10 THE WEST INDIAN,

“self decent, and slipped on some fresh
“cloaths, I will have the honour of paying
“you my devoirs.

“Yours,

“BELCOUR.”

He write's at his ease; for he's unconsci-
ous to whom his letter is addressed; but
what a palpitation does it throw my heart
into; a father's heart; 'Tis an affecting in-
terview; when my eyes meet a son, whom
yet they never saw, where shall I find con-
stancy to support it? Should he resemble
his mother, I am overthrown. All the let-
ters I have had from him, for I industriously
drew him into a correspondence with me,
bespeak him of quick and ready understand-
ing. All the reports I ever received, give
me favourable impressions of his character,
wild, perhaps, as the manner of his coun-
try is, but, I trust, not frantic or unprin-
cipated.

S C E N E V.

SERVANT *enters.*

Serv. Sir, the foreign gentleman is come.

Another SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Belcour.

BELCOUR *enters.*

Stockw. Mr. Belcour, I'm rejoiced to see
you; you're welcome to England.

Belcour.

Belc. I thank you heartily, good Mr. Stockwell; you and I have long conversed at a distance; now we are met; and the pleasure this meeting gives me, amply compensates for the perils I have run through in accomplishing it.

Stock. What perils, Mr. Belcour? I could not have thought you would have made a bad passage at this time o'year.

Belc. Nor did we: courier like, we came posting to your shores, upon the pinions of the swiftest gales that ever blew; 'tis upon English ground all my difficulties have arisen; 'tis the passage from the river-side I complain of.

Stock. Ay, indeed! What obstructions can you have met between this and the river-side?

Belc. Innumerable! Your town's as full of defiles as the Island of Corsica; and, I believe, they are as obstinately defended: so much hurry, bustle, and confusion, on your quays; so many sugar-casks, porter-butts, and common council-men, in your streets, that, unless a man marched with artillery in his front, 'tis more than the labour of a Hercules can effect, to make any tolerable way through your town.

Stock. I am sorry you have been so incommoded.

Bel. Why, faith, 'twas all my own fault: accustomed to a land of slaves, and out of patience with the whole tribe of custom-house

house extortioners, boat-men, tidewaiters, and water-bailiffs, that beset me on all sides, worse than a swarm of musquetoës, I proceeded a little too roughly to brush them away with my rattan; the sturdy rogues took this in dudgeon, and beginning to rebel, the mob chose different sides, and a furious scuffle ensued; in the course of which, my person and apparel suffered so much, that I was obliged to step into the first tavern to refit, before I could make my approaches in any decent trim.

Stockw. [*aside*] All without is as I wish; dear Nature add the rest, and I am happy. [*aloud*] Well, Mr. Belcour, 'tis a rough sample you have had of my countrymen's spirit; but, I trust, you'll not think the worse of them for it.

Belc. Not at all, not at all; I like 'em the better; was I only a visitor, I might, perhaps, wish them a little more tractable; but, as a fellow subject, and a sharer in their freedom, I applaud their spirit, though I feel the effects of it in every bone of my skin.

Stockw. [*aside*] That's well; I like that well. How gladly I could fall upon his neck, and own myself his father!

Belc. Well, Mr. Stockwell, for the first time in my life, here am I in England; at the fountain-head of pleasure, in the land of beauty, of arts, and elegancies. My happy stars have given me a good estate,
and

and the conspiring winds have blown me hither to spend it.

Stock. To use it, not to waste it, I should hope; to treat it, Mr. Belcour, not as a vassal, over whom you have a wanton and a despotic power; but as a subject, which you are bound to govern with a temperate and restrained authority.

Belc. True, Sir; most truly said; mine's a commission, not a right: I am the offspring of distress, and every child of sorrow is my brother; while I have hands to hold, therefore I will hold them open to mankind: but, Sir, my passions are my masters; they take me where they will; and oftentimes they leave to reason and to virtue nothing but my wishes and my sighs.

Stock. Come, come, the man who can accuse corrects himself.

Belc. Ah! that's an office I am weary of: I wish a friend would take it up: I would to Heaven you had leisure for the employ; but, did you drive a trade to the four corners of the world, you would not find the task so toilsome as to keep me free from faults.

Stock. Well, I am not discouraged: this candour tells me I should not have the fault of self-conceit to combat; that, at least, is not amongst the number.

Belc. No; if I knew that man on earth who thought more humbly of me than I do
of

of myself, I would take up his opinion, and forego my own.

Stock. And, was I to chuse a pupil, it should be one of your complexion: so if you'll come along with me, we'll agree upon your admission, and enter on a course of lectures directly.

Belc. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Scene changes to a room in Lady RUSPORT'S house.

Lady RUSPORT and CHARLOTTE.

L. Rusp. Miss Rusport, I desire to hear no more of Captain Dudley and his destitute family: not a shilling of mine shall ever cross the hands of any of them: because my sister chuse to marry a beggar, am I bound to support him and his posterity?

Char. I think you are.

L. Rusp. You think I am; and pray where do you find the law that tells you so?

Char. I am not proficient enough to quote chapter and verse; but I take charity to be a main clause in the great statute of christianity.

L. Rusp. I say charity, indeed! And pray, Miss, are you sure that it is charity, pure charity, which moves you to plead for Captain Dudley? Amongst all your pity, do you find no spice of a certain anti-spiritual passion,

passion, called love? Don't mistake yourself; you are no saint, child, believe me; and, I am apt to think, the distresses of old Dudley, and of his daughter into the bargain, would never break your heart, if there was not a certain young fellow of two and twenty in the case; who, by the happy recommendation of a good person, and the brilliant appointments of an ensigncy, will, if I am not mistaken, cozen you out of a fortune of twice twenty thousand pounds, as soon as ever you are of age to bestow it upon him.

Char. A nephew of your Ladyship's can never want any other recommendation with me; and, if my partiality for Charles Dudley is acquitted by the rest of the world, I hope Lady Rusport will not condemn me for it.

L. Rusp. I condemn you! I thank Heaven, Miss Rusport, I am no ways responsible for your conduct; nor is it any concern of mine how you dispose of yourself; you are not my daughter; and, when I married your father, poor Sir Stephen Rusport, I found you a forward spoiled Miss of fourteen, far above being instructed me.

Char. Perhaps your Ladyship calls this instruction?

L. Rusp. You're strangely pert; but 'tis no wonder: your mother, I'm told was a fine lady; and according to the modern stile of education you was brought up. It was not so in my young days; there was then
some

some decorum in the world, some subordination, as the great Locke expresses it. Oh! 'twas an edifying sight, to see the regular deportment observed in our family: no gigling, no gossiping was going on there; my good father, Sir Oliver Roundhead, never was seen to laugh himself, nor ever allowed it in his children.

Char. Ay; those were happy times, indeed.

L. Rusp. But, in this forward age, we have coquets in the egg-shell, and philosophers in the cradle; girls of fifteen that lead the fashion in new caps and new opinions, that have their sentiments and their sensations; and the idle fops encourage 'em in it: O' my conscience, I wonder what it is the men can see in such babies.

Char. True, Madam; but all men do not overlook the maturer beauties of your Ladyship's age, witness your admirer Major Dennis O'Flaherty; there's an example of some discernment; I declare to you, when your Ladyship is by, the Major takes no more notice of me than if I was part of the furniture of your chamber.

L. Rusp. The Major, Child, has travelled through various kingdoms and climates, and has more enlarged notions of female merit than falls to the lot of an English home-bred lover; in most other countries, no woman on your side forty would ever be named in a polite circle.

Charl.

Char. Right, Madam; I've been told that in Vienna they have coquets upon crutches, and Venuses in their grand climacteric; a lover there celebrates the wrinkles, not the dimples, in his mistress's face. The Major, I think, has served in the imperial army.

L. Rusp. Are you piqu'd, my young Madam? Had my sister, Louisa, yielded to the addresses of one of Major O'Flaherty's person and appearance, she would have had some excuse: but to run away, as she did, at the age of sixteen too, with a man of old Dudley's fort——

Char. Was, in my opinion, the most venial trespass that ever girl of sixteen committed; of a noble family, an engaging person, strict honour, and sound understanding, what accomplishment was there wanting in Captain Dudley, but that which the prodigality of his ancestors had deprived him of?

L. Rusp. They left him as much as he deserves; hasn't the old man captain's half pay? And is not the son an ensign?

Char. An ensign! Alas, poor Charles! Would to Heaven he knew what my heart feels and suffers for his sake.

SERVANT *enters.*

Serv. Ensign Dudley to wait upon your Ladyship.

L. Rusp. Who! Dudley! What can have brought him to town?

B

Char.

Char. Dear Madam, 'tis Charles Dudley, 'tis your nephew.

L. Rusp. Nephew! I renounce him as my nephew; Sir Oliver renounced him as his grandson: wasn't he son of the eldest daughter, and only male descendant of Sir Oliver; and didn't he cut him off with a shilling? Didn't the poor dear good man leave his whole fortune to me, except a small annuity to my maiden sister, who spoiled her constitution with nursing him? And, depend upon it, not a penny of that fortune shall ever be disposed of otherwise than according to the will of the donor. [CHARLES DUDLEY enters.] So young man, whence come you? What brings you to town?

Charles. If there is any offence in my coming to town, your Ladyship is in some degree responsible for it, for part of my errand was to pay my duty here.

L. Rusp. I hope you have some better excuse than all this.

Charles. 'Tis true, Madam, I have other motives; but, if I consider my trouble repaid by the pleasure I now enjoy, I should hope my aunt would not think my company the less welcome for the value I set upon her's.

L. Rusp. Coxcomb! And where is your father, child? And your sister? Are they in town too?

Charles. They are.

L. Rusp.

L. Rusp. Ridiculous! I don't know what people do in London, who have no money to spend in it.

Char. Dear Madam, speak more kindly to your nephew; how can you oppress a youth of his sensibility?

L. Rusp. Miss Rusport, I insist upon your retiring to your apartment; when I want your advice I'll send to you. [*exit CHARLOTTE.*] So you have put on a red coat too, as well as your father; 'tis plain what value you set upon the good advice Sir Oliver used to give you; how often has he caution'd you against the army?

Charles. Had it pleas'd my grandfather to enable me to have obeyed his caution, I would have done it; but you well know how destitute I am; and 'tis not to be wonder'd at if I prefer the service of my king to that of any other master.

L. Rusp. Well, well, take your own course; 'tis no concern of mine: you never consulted me.

Charles. I frequently wrote to your Ladyship, but cou'd obtain no answer; and, since my grandfather's death, this is the first opportunity I have had of waiting upon you.

L. Rusp. I must desire you not to mention the death of that dear good man in my hearing, my spirits cannot support it.

Charles. I shall obey you: permit me to say, that, as that event has richly supplied

you with the materials of bounty, the distresses of my family can furnish you with objects of it.

L. Rusp. The distresses of your family, child, are quite out of the question at present, had Sir Oliver been pleased to consider them, I should have been well content; but he has absolutely taken no notice of you in his will, and that to me must and shall be a law. Tell your father and your sister I totally disapprove of their coming up to town.

Charles. Must I tell my father that before your Ladyship knows the motive that brought him hither? Allur'd by the offer of exchanging for a commission on full pay, the veteran, after thirty years service, prepares to encounter the fatal heats of Senegambia; but wants a small supply to equip him for the expedition.

SERVANT enters.

Serv. Major O'Flaherty to wait on your Ladyship.

MAJOR enters.

O'Flab. Spare your speeches, young man; don't you think her Ladyship can take my word for that? I hope, Madam, 'tis evidence enough of my being present, when I've the honour of telling you so myself.

L. Rusp. Major O'Flaherty, I am rejoiced to see you. Nephew Dudley, you perceive I'm engaged.

Charles.

Charles. I shall not intrude upon your Ladyship's more agreeable engagements. I presume I have my answer.

L. Rusp. Your answer, child! What answer can you possibly expect; or how can your romantic father suppose that I am to abet him in all his idle and extravagant undertakings? Come, Major, let me shew you the way into my dressing-room; and let us leave this young adventurer to his meditation. [Exit.

O'Flab. I follow you, my Lady. Young Gentleman, your obedient! Upon my conscience, as fine a young fellow as I wou'd wish to clap my eyes on: he might have answer'd my salute, however——well, let it pass; Fortune, perhaps, frowns upon the poor lad; she's a damn'd slippery lady, and very apt to jilt us poor fellows, that wear cockades in our hats. Fare-thee-well, honey, whoever thou art. [Exit.

Charles. So much for the virtues of a puritan; out upon it, her heart is flint; yet that woman, that aunt of mine, without one worthy particle in her composition, wou'd, I dare be sworn, as soon set her foot in a pest-house, as in a play-house. [going.

Miss RUSPORT enters to him.

Char. Stop, stay a little, Charles, whether are you goin in such haste?

Charles.

Charles. Madam; Miss Rusport; what are your commands?

Char. Why so reserved? We had used to answer to no other names than those of Charles and Charlotte.

Charles. What ails you? you've been weeping.

Char. No, no; or if I have——your eyes are full too; but I have a thousand things to say to you: before you go, tell me, I conjure you, where you are to be found; here, give me your direction; write it upon the back of this visiting-ticket——Have you a pencil?

Charles. I have: but why should you desire to find us out? 'tis a poor little inconvenient place; my sister has no apartment fit to receive you in.

SERVANT *enters.*

Serv. Madam, my lady desires your company directly.

Char. I am coming——well, have you wrote it? Give it me. O Charles! either you do not, or you will not understand me.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

*A Room in FULMER'S House.*FULMER *and* Mrs. FULMER.

Mrs. Fulm. WHY, how you sit, musing and moping, sighing and desponding! I'm ashamed of you, Mr. Fulmer: is this the country you described to me, a second Eldorado, rivers of gold and rocks of diamonds? You found me in a pretty snug retir'd way of life at Bologna, out of the noise and bustle of the world, and wholly at my ease; you, indeed, was upon the wing, with a fiery persecution at your back: but, like a true son of *Loyola*, you had then a thousand ingenious devices to repair your fortune; and this, your native country was to be the scene of your performances: fool that I was, to be inveigled into it by you: but, thank Heaven, our partnership is revocable; I am not your wedded wife, praised be my stars! for what have we got, whom have we gull'd but ourselves; which of all your trains has taken fire; even this poor expedient of your bookseller's shop seems abandoned; for if a chance customer drops in, who is there, pray, to help him to what he wants?

B 4

Fulm.

Fulm. Patty, you know it is not upon flight grounds that I despair; there had us'd to be a livelihood to be pick'd up in this country, both for the honest and dishonest: I have tried each walk, and am likely to starve at last: there is not a point to which the wit and faculty of man can turn, that I have not set mine to; but in vain, I am beat through every quarter of the compass.

Mrs. Fulm. Ah! common efforts all: strike me a masterstroke, Mr. Fulmer, if you wish to make any figure in this country.

Fulm. But where, how, and what? I have bluster'd for prerogative; I have belov'd for freedom; I have offer'd to serve my country; I have engaged to betray it; a master-stroke, truly; why, I have talked treason, writ treason, and if a man can't live by that he can live by nothing. Here I set up as a bookseller, why men left off reading; and if I was to turn butcher, I believe, o' my conscience they'd leave off eating.

[*Captain DUDLEY crosses the stage.*]

Mrs. Fulm. Why there now's your lodger, old Captain Dudley, as he calls himself; there's no flint without fire; something might be struck out of him, if you'd the wit to find the way.

Fulm. Hang him, an old dry skin'd curmudgeon; you may as well think to get
truth

truth out of a courtier, or candour out of a critic: I can make nothing of him; besides, he's poor, and therefore not for our purpose.

Mrs. Fulm. The more fool he! Wou'd any man be poor that had such a prodigy in his possession?

Fulm. His daughter, you mean; she is, indeed, uncommonly beautiful.

Mrs. Fulm. Beautiful! Why she need only to be seen, to have the first men in the kingdom at her feet. Egad, I wish I had the leasing of her beauty; what would some of our young Nabobs give ——?

Fulm. Hush! here comes the captain; good girl, leave us to ourselves, and let me try what I can make of him.

Mrs. Fulm. Captain, truly! i'faith I'd have a regiment, had I such a daughter, before I was three months older. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Captain DUDLEY enters to him.

Fulm. Captain Dudley, good morning to you.

Dudley. Mr. Fulmer, I have borrowed a book from your shop; 'tis the sixth volume of my deceased friend Tristram: he is a flattering writer to us poor soldiers; and the divine story of Le Fevre, which makes part of this book, in my opinion of it, does

does honour not to its author only, but to human nature.

Fulm. He's an author I keep in the way of trade, but one I never relish'd: he is much too loose and profligate for my taste.

Dudley. That's being too severe: I hold him to be a moralist in the noblest sense; he plays indeed with the fancy, and sometimes perhaps too wantonly; but while he thus designedly masks his main attack, he comes at once upon the heart; refines, amends it, softens it; beats down each selfish barrier from about it, and opens every sluice of pity and benevolence.

Fulm. We of the catholic persuasion are not much bound to him.—Well, Sir, I shall not oppose your opinion; a favourite author is like a favourite mistress; and there you know, Captain, no man likes to have his taste arraigned.

Dudley. Upon my word, Sir, I don't know what a man likes in that case; 'tis an experiment I never made.

Fulm. Sir!—Are you serious?

Dudley. 'Tis of little consequence whether you think so.

Fulm. [*aside.*] What a formal old prig it is! [*aloud.*] I apprehend you, Sir; you speak with caution; you are married?

Dudley. I have been.

Fulm. And this young lady, which accompanies you—

Dudley.

Dudley. Passes for my daughter.

Fulm. [*aside.*] Passes for his daughter! humph——[*aloud.*] She is exceedingly beautiful, finely accomplished, of a most enchanting shape and air.

Dudley. You are much too partial; she has the greatest defect a woman can have.

Fulm. How so, pray?

Dudley. She has no fortune.

Fulm. Rather say that you have none; and that's a fore defect in one of your years, Captain Dudley: you've served, no doubt?

Dudley. [*aside.*] Familiar Coxcomb! But I'll humour him.

Fulm. [*aside.*] A close old fox! But I'll unkennel him.

Dudley. Above thirty years I've been in the service, Mr. Fulmer.

Fulm. I guess'd as much; I laid it at no less: why 'tis a wearisome time; 'tis an apprenticeship to a profession, fit only for a patriarch. But preferment must be closely followed: you never could have been so far behind hand in the chace, unless you had palpably mistaken your way. You'll pardon me, but I begin to perceive you have lived in the world, not with it.

Dudley. It may be so; and you, perhaps, can give me better council. I'm now soliciting a favour; an exchange to a company on full pay; nothing more; and yet I meet a thousand bars to that; tho', without boasting,

ing, I should think the certificate of services, which I sent in, might have purchased that indulgence to me.

Fulm. Who thinks or cares about 'em? Certificate of services, indeed! Send in a certificate of your fair daughter; carry her in your hand with you.

Dudley. What! Who! my daughter! Carry my daughter! Well, and what then?

Fulm. Why, then your fortune is made, that's all.

Dudley. I understand you: and this you call knowledge of the world? Despicable knowledge; but, firrah, I will have you know—— [*threatening him.*]

Fulm. Help! Who's within? Wou'd you strike me, Sir; wou'd you lift up your hand against a man in his own house?

Dudley. In a church; If he dare insult the poverty of a man of honour.

Fulm. Have a care what you do; remember there is such a thing in law as an assault and battery; ay, and such trifling forms as warrants and indictments.

Dudley. Go, Sir; you are too mean for my resentment: 'tis that, and not the law, protects you. Hence!

Fulm. [*aside.*] An old, absurd, incorrigible blockhead! I'll be reveng'd of him.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Young DUDLEY enters to him.

Charles. What is the matter, Sir? Sure I heard an outcry as I enter'd the house.

Dudley. Not unlikely; our landlord and his wife are for ever wrangling.—Did you find your aunt Dudley at home?

Charles. I did.

Dudley. And what was your reception?

Charles. Cold as our poverty and her pride could make it.

Dudley. You told her the pressing occasion I had for a small supply to equip me for this exchange; has she granted me the relief I asked?

Charles. Alas! Sir, she has peremptorily refused it.

Dudley. That's hard; that's hard, indeed! My petition was for a small sum; she has refused it, you say: well, be it so; I must not complain. Did you see the broker about the insurance on my life?

Charles. There again I am the messenger of ill news; I can raise no money, so fatal is the climate: alas! that ever my father should be sent to perish in such a place!

SCENE IV.

Miss DUDLEY enters hastily.

Dudley. Louisa, what is the matter? you seem frightened.

Louisa. I am indeed: coming from Miss Rusport's, I met a young gentleman in the streets, who has beset me in the strangest manner.

Charles. Insufferable! was he rude to you?

Louisa. I cannot say he was absolutely rude to me, but he was very importunate to speak to me, and once or twice attempted to lift up my hat: he follow'd me to the corner of the street, and there I gave him the slip.

Dudley. You must walk no more in the streets, child, without me, or your brother.

Louisa. O Charles! Miss Rusport desires to see you directly; Lady Rusport is gone out, and she has something particular to say to you.

Charles. Have you any commands for me, Sir?

Dudley. None, my dear; by all means wait upon Miss Rusport. Come, Louisa, I shall desire you to go up to your chamber, and compose yourself. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E V.

BELCOUR *enters, after peeping in at the door.*

Belc. Not a soul, as I'm alive. Why, what an odd sort of a house is this! Confound the little jilt, she has fairly given me the slip. A Plague upon this London, I shall have no luck in it: such a crowd, and such a hurry, and such a number of shops, and one so like the other, that whether the wench turn'd into this house or the next, or whether she went up stairs or down stairs, [for there's a world above and a world below, it seems] I declare, I know no more than if I was in the Blue Mountains. In the name of all the devils at once, why did she run away? If every handsome girl I meet in this town is to lead me such a wild-goose chase, I had better have stay'd in the torrid zone: I shall be wasted to the size of a sugar-cane: what shall I do? give the chase up? hang it, that's cowardly: shall I, a true-born son of Phoebus, suffer this little nimble-footed Daphne to escape me?—

“Forbid it honour, and forbid it love!”

Hush! hush! here she comes! Oh the devil! What tawdry thing have we got here?

Mrs. FULMER enters to him.

Mrs. Fulm. Your humble servant, Sir.

Belc.

Belc. Your humble servant, Madam.

Mrs. Fulm. A fine summer's day, Sir.

Belc. Yes, Ma'am, and so cool, that if the calendar didn't call it July, I shou'd swear it was January.

Mrs. Fulm. Sir!

Belc. Madam!

Mrs. Fulm. Do you wish to speak to Mr. Fulmer, Sir?

Belc. Mr. Fulmer, Madam? I havn't the honour of knowing such a person.

Mrs. Fulm. No, I'll be sworn, have you not; thou art much too pretty a fellow, and too much of a gentleman, to be an author thyself, or to have any thing to say to those that are so. 'Tis the Captain, I suppose, you are waiting for.

Belc. I rather suspect it is the Captain's wife.

Mrs. Fulm. The Captain has no wife, Sir.

Belc. No wife! I'm heartily sorry for it; for then she's his mistress; and that I take to be the more desperate case of the two: pray, Madam, wasn't there a lady just now turn'd into your house? 'Twas with her I wish'd to speak.

Mrs. Fulm. What sort of a lady, pray?

Belc. One of the loveliest sort my eyes ever beheld; young, tall, fresh, fair; in short, a goddess.

Mrs. Fulm. Nay, but dear, dear Sir, now I'm sure you flatter; — for 'twas
me

me you followed into the shop-door this minute.

Belc. You! No, no, take my word for it, it was not you, Madam.

Mrs. Fulm. But what is it you laugh at?

Belc. Upon my soul, I ask your pardon; but it was not you, believe me; be assur'd it wasn't.

Mrs. Fulm. Well, Sir, I shall not contend for the honour of being notic'd by you; I hope you think you wou'dn't have been the first man that notic'd me in the streets; however, this I'm positive of, that no living woman but myself has enter'd these doors this mornning.

Belc. Why then I'm mistaken in the house, that's all; for 'tis not humanly possible I can be so far out in the lady. *[going.]*

Mrs. Fulm. Coxcomb! But hold—— a thought occurs; as sure as can be he has seen Miss Dudley. A word with you, young gentleman; come back.

Belc. Well, what's your pleasure?

Mrs. Fulm. You seem greatly captivated with this young lady; are you apt to fall in love thus at first sight?

Belc. Oh, yes: 'tis the only way I can ever fall in love; any man may tumble into a pit by surprize, none but a fool would walk into one by choice.

Mrs. Fulm. You are a hasty lover, it seems; have you spirit to be a generous

one? They that will please the eye mustn't spare the purse.

Belc. Try me; put me to the proof; bring me to an interview with the dear girl that has thus captivated me, and see whether I have spirit to be grateful.

Mrs. Fulm. But how, pray, am I to know the girl you have set your heart on?

Belc. By an undescribable grace, that accompanies every look and action that falls from her: there can be but one such woman in the world, and nobody can mistake that one.

Mrs. Fulm. Well, if I should stumble upon this angel in my walks, where am I to find you? What's your name?

Belc. Upon my soul, I can't tell you my name.

Mrs. Fulm. Not tell me! Why so?

Belc. Because I don't know what it is myself; as yet I have no name.

Mrs. Fulm. No name!

Belc. None; a friend, indeed, lent me his; but he forbid me to use it on any unworthy occasion.

Mrs. Fulm. But where is your place of abode?

Belc. I have none; I never slept a night in England in my life.

Mrs. Fulm. Hey-day!

SCENE

SCENE VI.

FULMER *enters.*

Fulm. A fine case, truly, in a free country; a pretty pass things are come to, if a man is to be assaulted in his own house.

Mrs. Fulm. Who has assaulted you, my dear?

Fulm. Who! why this Captain Drawcanfir, this old Dudley, my lodger; but I'll unlodge him; I'll unharbour him, I warrant.

Mrs. Fulm. [*aside to Fulm.*] Hush! hush! hold your tongue man; pocket the affront, and be quiet; I've a scheme on foot will pay you a hundred beatings. [*aloud*] Why you surprize me, Mr. Fulmer; Captain Dudley assault you! Impossible.

Fulm. Nay, I can't call it an absolute assault; but he threatened me.

Mrs. Fulm. Oh, was that all? I thought how it would turn out——A likely thing, truly, for a person of his obliging compassionate turn: no, no, poor Captain Dudley, he has sorrows and distresses enough of his own to employ his spirits, without setting them against other people. [*aside*] Make it up as fast as you can: watch this gentleman out; follow him wherever he goes, and bring me word who and what he is; be sure you don't lose sight of him; I've other business in hand.

[*Exit.*
Belc.

Belc. Pray, Sir, what sorrows and distresses have befallen this old gentleman you speak of?

Fulm. Poverty, disappointment, and all the distresses attendant thereupon: sorrow enough of all conscience: I soon found how it was with him by his way of living, low enough of all reason; but what I overheard this morning put it out of all doubt.

Belc. What did you overhear this morning?

Fulm. Why, it seems he wants to join his regiment, and has been beating the town over to raise a little money for that purpose upon his pay; but the climate, I find, where he is going, is so unhealthy, that nobody can be found to lend him any.

Belc. Why then your town is a damn'd good-for-nothing town: and I wish I had never come into it.

Fulm. That's what I say, Sir; the hard-heartedness of some folks is unaccountable. There's an old Lady Rusport, a near relation of this gentleman's; she lives hard by here, opposite to Stockwell's, the great merchant; he sent to her a begging, but to no purpose; though she is as rich as a Jew, she would not furnish him with a farthing.

Belc. Is the Captain at home?

Fulm. He is up stairs, Sir.

Belc. Will you take the trouble to desire him to step hither? I want to speak to him.

Fulm.

Fulm. I'll send him to you directly. [*aside.*]
I don't know what to make of this young
man; but, if I live, I will find him out, or
know the reason why. [*Exit.*

Belc. I've lost the girl it seems; that's
clear: she was the first object of my pursuit;
but the case of this poor officer touches me;
and, after all, there may be as much true
delight in rescuing a fellow creature from
distress, as there would be in plunging one
into it——But let me see; it's a point that
must be managed with some delicacy——A
propos! there's pen and ink——I've struck
upon a method that will do [*writes.*] Ay,
ay, this is the very thing; 'twas devilish
lucky I happen'd to have these bills about
me. There, there, fare you well; I'm
glad to be rid of you; you stood a chance
of being worse applied, I can tell you.

[*encloses and seals the paper.*]

SCENE VII.

FULMER brings in DUDLEY.

Fulm. That's the gentleman, Sir. [*aside.*]
I shall make bold, however, to lend an ear.
[*Exit.*

Dudley. Have you any commands for me,
Sir?

Belc. Your name is Dudley, Sir——?

Dudley. It is.

Belc. You command a company, I think, Captain Dudley?

Dudley. I did: I am now upon half-pay.

Belc. You've serv'd some time?

Dudley. A pretty many years; long enough to see some people of more merit, and better interest than myself, made general officers.

Belc. Their merit I may have some doubt of; their interest I can readily give credit to; there is little promotion to be look'd for, in your profession, I believe, without friends, Captain?

Dudley. I believe so too: have you any other business with me, may I ask?

Belc. Your patience for a moment. I was informed you was about to join your regiment in distant quarters abroad.

Dudley. I have been soliciting an exchange to a company on full-pay, quarter'd at James's Fort, in Senegambia; but, I'm afraid, I must drop the undertaking.

Belc. Why so, pray?

Dudley. Why so, Sir? 'Tis a home-question for a perfect stranger to put; there is something very particular in all this.

Belc. If it is not impertinent, Sir, allow me to ask you what reason you have for despairing of success.

Dudley. Why really, Sir, mine is an obvious reason for a soldier to have——
Want of money; simply that.

Belc.

Belc. May I beg to know the sum you have occasion for?

Dudley. Truly, Sir, I cannot exactly tell you on a sudden; nor is it, I suppose, of any great consequence to you to be informed; but I should guess, in the gross, that two hundred pounds would serve.

Belc. And do you find a difficulty in raising that sum upon your pay? 'Tis done every day.

Dudley. The nature of the climate makes it difficult: I can get no one to insure my life.

Belc. Oh! that's a circumstance may make for you, as well as against: in short, Captain Dudley, it so happens, that I can command the sum of two hundred pounds: seek no farther; I'll accomodate you with it upon easy terms.

Dudley. Sir! do I understand you rightly? — I beg your pardon; but am I to believe that you are in earnest?

Belc. What is your surprize? Is it an uncommon thing for a gentleman to speak truth? Or is it incredible that one fellow creature should assist another?

Dudley. I ask your pardon — May I beg to know to whom? Do you propose this in the way of business?

Belc. Entirely: I have no other business on earth.

Dudley. Indeed! you are not a broker, I'm persuaded.

Belc. I am not.

Dudley. Nor an army agent I think?

Belc. I hope you will not think the worse of me for being neither; in short, Sir, if you will peruse this paper, it will explain to you who I am, and upon what terms I act; while you read it, I will step home, and fetch the money; and we will conclude the bargain without loss of time. In the mean while, good day to you. [*Exit hastily.*]

Dudley. Humph! there's something very odd in all this——let me see what we've got here——This paper is to tell me who he is, and what are his terms: in the name of wonder, why has he sealed it! Hey-day! what's here? Two Bank notes, of a hundred each! I can't comprehend what this means. Hold; here's a writing; perhaps that will show me. "Accept this trifle; pursue your fortune, and prosper." Am I in a dream? Is this a reality?

SCENE VIII.

Enter Major O'FLAHERTY.

O'Flab. Save you, my dear! Is it you now that are Captain Dudley, I would ask?—Whuh! What's the hurry the man's in? If 'tis the lad that run out of the shop you would overtake, you might as well stay where you are; by my soul he's as nimble as a Croat, you are a full hour's march in
his

his rear—Ay, faith, you may as well turn back, and give over the pursuit; well, Captain Dudley, if that's your name, there's a letter for you. Read, man; read it; and I'll have a word with you after you have done.

Dudley. More miracles on foot! So, so, from Lady Rusport.

O'Flab. You're right; it's from her Ladyship.

Dudley. Well, Sir, I have cast my eyes over it; 'tis short and peremptory; are you acquainted with the contents?

O'Flab. Not at all, my dear; not at all.

Dudley. Have you any message from Lady Rusport?

O'Flab. Not a syllable, honey; only, when you've digested the letter, I've a little bit of a message to deliver you from myself.

Dudley. And may I beg to know who yourself is?

O'Flab. Dennis O'Flaherty, at your service; a poor major of grenadiers; nothing better.

Dudley. So much for your name and title, Sir; now be so good to favour me with your message.

O'Flab. Why then, Captain, I must tell you I have promised Lady Rusport you shall do whatever it is she bids you to do in that letter there.

Dudley. Ay, indeed; have you undertaken so much, Major, without knowing either

ther what she commands, or what I can perform?

O'Flab. That's your concern, my dear, not mine; I must keep my word, you know.

Dudley. Or else, I suppose, you and I must measure swords.

O'Flab. Upon my soul you've hit it.

Dudley. That wou'd hardly answer to either of us; you and I have, probably, had enough of fighting in our time before now.

O'Flab. Faith and troth, Master Dudley, you may say that; 'tis thirty years, come the time, that I have followed the trade, and in a pretty many countries.—Let me see——In the war before last I serv'd in the Irish brigade, d'ye see; there, after bringing off the French monarch, I left his service, with a British bullet in my body, and this ribband in my button-hole. Last war I followed the fortunes of the German eagle, in the corps of grenadiers; there I had my belly-full of fighting, and a plentiful scarcity of every thing else. After six and twenty engagements, great and small, I went off, with this gash on my scull, and a kiss of the Empress Queen's sweet hand, Heaven bless it! for my pains. Since the peace, my dear, I took a little turn with the Confederates there in Poland—but such another set of madcaps!——by the Lord Harry, I never knew what it was they were scuffling about.

Dudley.

Dudley. Well, Major, I won't add another action to the list, you shall keep your promise with Lady Rusport; she requires me to leave London; I shall go in a few days, and you may take what credit you please from my compliance.

O'Flab. Give me your hand, my dear boy! this will make her my own; when that's the case, we shall be brothers, you know, and we'll share her fortune between us.

Dudley. Not so, Major; the man who marries Lady Rusport will have a fair title to her whole fortune without division. But, I hope, your expectations of prevailing are founded upon good reasons.

O'Flab. Upon the best grounds in the world; first, I think she will comply, because she is a woman; secondly, I am persuaded she won't hold out long, because she's a widow; and thirdly, I make sure of her, because I've married five wives, *en militaire*, Captain, and never failed yet; and, for what I know, they're all alive and merry at this very hour.

Dudley. Well, Sir, go on and prosper; if you can inspire Lady Rusport with half your charity, I shall think you deserve all her fortune; at present, I must beg your excuse: good morning to you. [*Exit.*]

O'Flab. A good sensible man, and very much of a soldier; I did not care if I was better acquainted with him: but 'tis an awkward

ward kind of country for that; the English, I observe, are close friends, but distant acquaintance. I suspect the old lady has not been over-generous to poor Dudley; I shall give her a little touch about that: upon my soul, I know but one excuse a person can have for giving nothing, and that is, like myself, having nothing to give. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IX.

Scene changes to Lady RUSPORT's house.

A dressing-room.

Miss RUSPORT and LUCY.

Char. Well, Lucy, you've dislodg'd the old lady at last; but methought you was a tedious time about it.

Lucy. A tedious time, indeed; I think they who have least to spare, contrive to throw the most away; I thought I shou'd never have got her out of the house.

Char. Why, she's as deliberate in canvassing every article of her dress, as an ambassador would be in settling the preliminaries of a treaty.

Lucy. There was a new hood and handkerchief, that had come express from Holborn Hill on the occasion, that took as much time in adjusting —

Char. As they did in making, and she was as vain of them as an old maid of a young lover.

Lucy.

Lucy. Or a young lover of himself. Then, Madam, this being a visit of great ceremony to a person of distinction, at the West end of the town, the old state chariot was dragg'd forth on the occasion, with strict charges to dress out the box with the leopard-skin hammer-cloth.

Char. Yes, and to hang the falsetails on the miserable stumps of the old crawling cattle. Well, well, pray Heaven the crazy affair don't break down again with her! at least till she gets to her journey's end.— But where's Charles Dudley? Run down, dear girl, and be ready to let him in; I think he's as long in coming as she was in going.

Lucy. Why, indeed, Madam, you seem the more alert of the two, I must say. [*Exit.*

Char. Now the deuce take the girl for putting that notion into my head: I'm sadly afraid Dudley does not like me; so much encouragement as I have given him to declare himself, I never could get a word from him on the subject! This may be very honourable, but upon my life it's very provoking. By the way, I wonder how I look to day: Oh! shockingly! hideously pale! like a witch! This is the old lady's glass; and she has left some of her wrinkles on it. How frightfully have I put on my cap! all awry! and my hair dress'd so unbecomingly! altogether, I'm a most complete fright.

SCENE.

SCENE X.

CHARLES DUDLEY *comes in unobserved.*

Charles. That I deny.

Char. Ah!

Charles. Quarelling with your glass, cousin? Make it up; make it up and be friends; it cannot compliment you more than by reflecting you as you are.

Char. Well, I vow, my dear Charles, that is delightfully said, and deserves my very best curtesy: your flattery, like a rich jewel, has a value not only from its superior lustre, but from its extraordinary scarceness: I verily think this is the only civil speech you ever directed to my person in your life.

Charles. And I ought to ask pardon of your good sense for having done it now.

Char. Nay, now you relapse again: don't you know, if you keep well with a woman on the great score of beauty, she'll never quarrel with you on the trifling article of good sense? But any thing serves to fill up a dull yawning hour with an insipid cousin; you have brighter moments, and warmer spirits, for the dear girl of your heart.

Charles. Oh! fie upon you, fie upon you.

Char. You blush, and the reason is apparent; you are a novice at hypocrisy; but no practice can make a visit of ceremony pass for a visit of choice: love is ever before

re

re its time; friendship is apt to lag a little after it: pray, Charles, did you make any extraordinary haste hither?

Charles. By your question, I see you acquit me of the impertinence of being in love.

Char. But why impertinence? Why the impertinence of being in love? You have one language for me, Charles, and another for the woman of your affection.

Charles. You are mistaken; the woman of my affection shall never hear any other language from me than what I use to you.

Char. I am afraid then you'll never make yourself understood by her.

Charles. It is not fit I should; there is no need of love to make me miserable; 'tis wretchedness enough to be a beggar.

Char. A beggar, do you call yourself! O Charles, Charles, rich in every merit and accomplishment, whom may you not aspire to? And why think you so unworthily of our sex, as to conclude there is not one to be found with sense to discern your virtue, and generosity to reward it?

Charles. You distress me; I must beg to hear no more.

Char. Well I can be silent.—[*aside*] Thus does he always serve me, whenever I am about to disclose myself to him.

Charles. Why do you not banish me and my misfortunes for ever from your thoughts?

Char.

Char. Ay, wherefore do I not, since you never allowed me a place in yours? But go, Sir, I have no right to stay you; go where your heart directs you; go to the happy, the distinguished fair one.

Charles. Now, by all that's good, you do me wrong: there is no such fair one for me to go to, nor have I an acquaintance among the sex, yourself excepted, which answers to that description.

Char. Indeed!

Charles. In very truth: there then let us drop the subject. May you be happy, though I never can!

Char. O Charles! give me your hand; if I have offended you, I ask you pardon: you have been long acquainted with my temper, and know how to bear with its infirmities.

Charles. Thus, my dear Charlotte, let us seal our reconciliation [*kissing her hand*] bear with thy infirmities! By Heaven, I know not any one failing in thy whole composition; except that of too great a partiality for an undeserving man.

Char. And you are now taking the very course to augment that failing. A thought strikes me: I have a commission that you must absolutely execute for me; I have immediate occasion for the sum of two hundred pounds; you know my fortune is shut up till I am of age; take this paltry box,
it

it contains my ear-rings, and some other baubles I have no use for, carry it to our opposite neighbour, Mr. Stockwell, I don't know where else to apply, leave it as a deposit in his hands, and beg him to accommodate me with the sum.

Charles. Dear Charlotte, what are you about to do? How can you possibly want two hundred pounds?

Char. How can I possibly do without it, you mean? doesn't every lady want two hundred pounds? Perhaps I have lost it at play; perhaps I mean to win as much to it; perhaps I want it for two hundred different uses.

Charles. Pooh! pooh! all this is nothing; don't I know you never play?

Char. You mistake; I have a spirit to set not only this trifle, but my whole fortune, upon a stake; therefore make no wry faces, but do as I bid you: you will find Mr. Stockwell a very honourable gentleman.

LUCY enters in haste.

Lucy. Dear Madam, as I live, here comes the old lady in a hackney-coach.

Char. The old chariot has given her a second tumble: away with you; you know your way out without meeting her: take the box, and do as I desire you.

Charles. I must not dispute your orders. Farewell!

[*Exeunt CHARLES and CHARLOTTE.*

VOL. I.

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SCENE

SCENE XI.

Lady RUSPORT enters, leaning on Major O'FLAHERTY's arm.

O'Fla. Rest yourself upon my arm; never spare it; 'tis strong enough: it has stood harder service than you can put it to.

Lucy. Mercy upon me, what is the matter; I am frighten'd out of my wits: has your Ladyship had an accident?

L. Rusp. O Lucy; the most untoward one in nature: I know not how I shall repair it.

O'Fla. Never go about to repair it, my Lady; ev'n build a new one, 'twas but a crazy piece of business at best.

Lucy. Bless me, is the old chariot broke down with you again?

L. Rusp. Broke, child? I don't know what might have been broke, if, by great good fortune, this obliging gentleman had not been at hand to assist me.

Lucy. Dear Madam, let me run and fetch you a cup of the cordial drops.

L. Rusp. Do, Lucy. Alas! Sir, ever since I lost my husband, my poor nerves have been shook to pieces: there hangs his beloved picture; that precious relick, and a plentiful jointure, is all that remains to console me for the best of men.

O'Fla. Let me see; i'faith a comely personage; by his fur cloak I suppose he was in

in the Russian service; and by the gold chain round his neck, I should guess he had been honoured with the order of St. Catharine.

L. Rusp. No, no; he meddled with no St. Catharines: that's the habit he wore in his mayoralty; Sir Stephen was Lord-Mayor of London: but he is gone, and has left me a poor, weak, solitary widow behind him.

O'Fla. By all means, then, take a strong, able, hearty man to repair his loss: if such a plain fellow as one Dennis O'Flaherty can please you, I think I may venture to say, without any disparagement to the gentleman in the fur-gown there——

L. Rusp. What are you going to say? Don't shock my ears with any comparisons, I desire.

O'Fla. Not I, by my soul; I don't believe there's any comparison in the case.

L. Rusp. Oh, are you come? Give me the drops; I'm all in a flutter.

O'Fla. Hark'e, Sweetheart, what are those same drops? Have you any more left in the bottle? I didn't care if I took a little sip of them myself.

Lucy. Oh, Sir, they are called the cordial restorative elixir, or the nervous golden drops; they are only for ladies cases.

O'Fla. Yes, yes, my dear, there are gentlemen as well as ladies that stand in

need of those same golden drops; they'd suit my case to a tittle.

L. Rusp. Well, Major, did you give old Dudley my letter, and will the silly man do as I bid him, and be gone?

O'Fla. You are obey'd; he's on his march.

L. Rusp. That's well; you have manag'd this matter to perfection; I didn't think he would have been so easily prevail'd upon.

O'Fla. At the first word; no difficulty in life; 'twas the very thing he was determined to do, before I came; I never met a more obliging gentleman.

L. Rusp. Well, 'tis no matter; so I am but rid of him, and his distresses: wou'd you believe it, Major O'Flaherty, it was but this morning he sent a begging to me for money to fit him out upon some wild-goose expedition to the coast of Africa, I know not where.

O'Fla. Well, you sent him what he wanted?

L. Rusp. I sent him what he deserved, a flat refusal.

O'Fla. You refused him!

L. Rusp. Most undoubtedly.

O'Fla. You sent him nothing!

L. Rusp. Not a shilling.

O'Fla. Good morning to you—Your servant—(going.)

L. Rusp. Hey-day! What ails the man? Where are you going?

O'Fla.

O'Fla. Out of your house, before the roof falls on my head—to poor Dudley, to share the little modicum that thirty years hard service has left me; I wish it was more for his sake.

L. Rusp. Very well, Sir; take your course; I sha'n't attempt to stop you; I shall survive it; it will not break my heart if I never see you more.

O'Fla. Break your heart! No, o'my conscience will it not.—You preach, and you pray, and you turn up your eyes, and all the while you're as hard-hearted as an hyena——A hyena, truly! By my soul there isn't in the whole creation so savage an animal as a human creature without pity.

[*Exit.*

L. Rusp. A hyena, truly! Where did the fellow blunder upon that word? Now the deuce take him for using it, and the Macaronies for inventing it.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A room in STOCKWELL'S house.

STOCKWELL *and* BELCOUR.

Stockw. GRATIFY me so far, however, Mr. Belcour, as to see Miss Rusport; carry her the sum she wants, and return the poor girl her box of diamonds, which Dudley left in my hands; you know what to say on the occasion better than I do; that part of your commission I leave to your own discretion, and you may season it with what galantry you think fit.

Belc. You cou'd not have pitch'd upon a greater bungler at galantry than myself, if you had rummag'd every company in the city, and the whole court of aldermen into the bargain: part of your errand, however, I will do; but whether it shall be with an ill grace or a good one, depends upon the caprice of a moment, the humour of the lady, the mode of our meeting, and a thousand undefinable small circumstances that nevertheless determine us upon all the great occasions of life.

Stockw. I persuade myself you will find Miss Rusport an ingenious, worthy, animated girl.

Belc.

Belc. Why I like her the better, as a woman; but name her not to me as a wife! No, if ever I marry, it must be a staid, sober, considerate damsel, with blood in her veins as cold as a turtle's; quick of scent as a vulture when danger's in the wind; wary and sharp-sighted as a hawk when treachery is on foot: with such a companion at my elbow, for ever whispering in my ear—have a care of this man, he's a cheat; don't go near that woman, she's a jilt; over head there's a scaffold; under foot there's a well: Oh! Sir, such a woman might lead me up and down this great city without difficulty or danger; but with a girl of Miss Rusport's complexion, heaven and earth, Sir! we should be dup'd, undone, and distracted, in a fortnight.

Stockw. Ha! ha! ha! why you are become wond'rous circumspect of a sudden, pupil; and if you can find such a prudent damsel as you describe, you have my consent—only beware how you chuse; discretion is not the reigning quality amongst the fine ladies of the present time; and I think in Miss Rusport's particular I have given you no bad counsel.

Belc. Well, well, if you'll fetch me the jewels, I believe I can undertake to carry them to her; but as for the money, I'll have nothing to do with that! Dudley would be your fittest ambassador on that occasion;

and, if I mistake not, the most agreeable to the lady.

Stockw. Why, indeed, from what I know of the matter, it may not improbably be destined to find its way into his pockets. [*Exit.*

Belc. Then, depend upon it, these are not the only trinkets she means to dedicate to Captain Dudley. As for me, Stockwell indeed wants me to marry; but, till I can get this bewitching girl, this incognita, out of my head, I can never think of any other woman.

SERVANT enters, and delivers a letter.

Heyday! Where can I have picked up a correspondent already! 'Tis a most execrable manuscript—Let me see—Martha Fulmer—Who is Martha Fulmer? Pshaw! I won't be at the trouble of decyphering her damn'd pothooks. Hold, hold, hold; what have we got here!

“DEAR SIR,

“I've discove'r'd the lady
“you was so much smitten with, and can
“procure you an interview with her; if you
“can be as generous to a pretty girl as you
“was to a paltry old captain,” [how did she
find that out!] “you need not despair: come to me immediately; the lady is now in
“my house, and expects you.

“Yours,

“MARTHA FULMER.”

O thou

O thou dear, lovely, and enchanting paper, which I was about to tear into a thousand scraps, devoutly I entreat thy pardon: I have slighted thy contents, which are delicious; slander'd thy characters, which are divine; and all the attonement I can make is implicitly to obey thy mandates.

STOCKWELL *returns.*

Stockw. Mr. Belcour, here are the jewels; this letter encloses bills for the money; and, if you will deliver it to Miss Rusport, you'll have no farther trouble on that score.

Belc. Ah, Sir! the letter which I've been reading disqualifies me for delivering the letter which you have been writing: I have other game on foot; the loveliest girl my eyes ever feasted upon is started in view, and the world cannot now divert me from pursuing her.

Stockw. Hey-day! What has turned you thus on a sudden?

Belc. A woman: one that can turn, and overturn me and my tottering resolutions every way she will. Oh, Sir, if this is folly in me, you must rail at Nature: you must chide the sun, that was vertical at my birth, and would not wink upon my nakedness, but swaddled me in the broadest, hottest glare of his meridian beams.

Stockw. Mere rhapsody; mere childish rhapsody; the libertine's familiar plea——
Nature

Nature made us, 'tis true, but we are the responsible creators of our own faults and follies.

Belc. Sir!

Stockw. Slave of every face you meet, some hussey has inveigled you, some handsome profligate, the town is full of them; and, when once fairly bankrupt in constitution, as well as fortune, nature no longer serves as your excuse for being vicious; necessity perhaps, will stand your friend, and you'll reform.

Bel. You are severe.

Stockw. It fits me to be so——it well becomes a father——I would say a friend——[*aside*] How strangely I forget myself——How difficult it is to counterfeit indifference, and put a mask upon the heart—I've struck him hard; he reddens.

Belc. How could you tempt me so? Had you not inadvertently dropped the name of father, I fear our friendship, short as it has been, would scarce have held me——But even your mistake I reverence——Give me your hand——'tis over.

Stockw. Generous young man——let me embrace you——How shall I hide my tears? I have been to blame; because I bore you the affection of a father, I rashly took up the authority of one. I ask your pardon——pursue your course; I have no right
to

to stop it——What would you have me do with these things?

Belc. This, if I might advise; carry the money to Miss Rusport immediately; never let generosity wait for it's materials; that part of the business presses. Give me the jewels; I'll find an opportunity of delivering them into her hands; and your visit may pave the way for my reception.

[*Exit.*

Stockw. Be it so: good morning to you. Farewel advice! Away goes he upon the wing for pleasure. What various passions he awakens in me! He pains, yet pleases me; affrights, offends, yet grows upon my heart. His very failings set him off——for ever trespassing, for ever atoning, I almost think he would not be so perfect, were he free from fault: I must dissemble longer; and yet how painful the experiment!——Even now he's gone upon some wild adventure; and who can tell what mischief may befall him; O Nature, what it is to be a father! Just such a thoughtless headlong thing was I when I beguiled his mother into love.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Scene changes to FULMER'S house.

FULMER and his WIFE.

Ful. I tell you, Patty, you are a fool to think of bringing him and Miss Dudley together; 'twill ruin every thing, and blow your whole scheme up to the moon at once.

Mrs. Ful. Why sure, Mr. Fulmer, I may be allowed to rear a chicken of my own hatching, as they say. Who first sprung the thought but I, pray? Who first contrived the plot? Who proposed the letter, but I, I?

Ful. And who dogg'd the gentleman home? Who found out his name, fortune, connection; that he was a West-Indian, fresh landed, and full of cash; a gull to our heart's content; a hot-brain'd headlong spark, that would run into our trap, like a wheat-ear under a turf?

Mrs. Ful. Hark! he's come: disappear, march; and leave the field open to my machinations. [Exit FULMER.]

S C E N E III.

BELCOUR enters to her.

Belc. O, thou dear minister to my happiness, let me embrace thee! Why thou art my polar star, my propitious constellation,
by

by which I navigate my impatient bark into the port of pleasure and delight.

Mrs. Ful. Oh, you men are fly creatures! Do you remember now, you cruel, what you said to me this morning?

Belc. All a jest, a frolick; never think on't; bury it for ever in oblivion; thou! why thou art all over nectar and ambrosia, powder of pearl and odour of roses; thou hast the youth of Hebe, the beauty of Venus, and the pen of Sappho; but in the name of all that's lovely, where's the lady? I expected to find her with you.

Mrs. Ful. No doubt you did, and these raptures were designed for her; but where have you loitered? the lady's gone, you are too late; girls of her sort are not to be kept waiting like negro slaves in your sugar plantations.

Belc. Gone! whither is she gone? tell me that I may follow her.

Mrs. Ful. Hold, hold, not so fast young gentleman, this is a case of some delicacy; thou'd Captain Dudley know that I introduced you to his daughter, he is a man of such scrupulous honour——

Belc. What do you tell me! is she daughter to the old gentleman I met here this morning?

Mrs. Ful. The same; him you was so generous to.

Bele.

Belc. There's an end of the matter then at once; it shall never be said of me, that I took advantage of the father's necessities to trepan the daughter (*going*).

Mrs. Ful. So, so, I've made a wrong cast, he's one of your conscientious sinners I find; but I won't lose him thus——Ha! ha! ha!

Belc. What is it you laugh at?

Mrs. Ful. Your absolute inexperience: have you lived so very little time in this country, as not to know that between young people of equal ages, the term of sister often is a cover for that of mistress? This young lady is, in that sense of the word, sister to young Dudley, and consequently daughter to my old lodger.

Belc. Indeed! are you serious?

Mrs. Ful. Can you doubt it? I must have been pretty well assur'd of that before I invited you hither.

Belc. That's true; she cannot be a woman of honour, and Dudley is an unconscionable young rogue to think of keeping one fine girl in pay, by raising contributions on another; he shall therefore give her up; she is a dear, bewitching, mischievous, little devil; and he shall positively give her up.

Mrs. Ful. Ay, now the freak has taken you again; I say give her up; there's one way, indeed, and certain of success.

Belc. What's that?

Mrs. Ful.

Mrs. Ful. Out-bid him, never dream of out-blustering him; buy out his lease of possession, and leave her to manage his ejection.

Belc. Is she so venal? Never fear me then; when beauty is the purchase, I shan't think much of the price.

Mrs. Ful. All things, then, will be made easy enough; let me see; some little genteel present to begin with: what have you got about you? Ay, search; I can bestow it to advantage, there's no time to be lost.

Belc. Hang it, confound it; a plague upon't, say I! I hav'n't a guinea left in my pocket; I parted from my whole stock here this morning, and have forgot to supply myself since.

Mrs. Ful. Mighty well; let it pass then; there's an end; think no more of the lady, that's all.

Belc. Distraction! think no more of her? let me only step home and provide myself, I'll be back with you in an instant.

Mrs. Ful. Pooh, pooh! that's a wretched shift: have you nothing of value about you? Money's a coarse slovenly vehicle, fit only to bribe electors in a borough; there are more graceful ways of purchasing a lady's favours; rings, trinkets, jewels!

Belc. Jewels! Gadso, I protest I had forgot: I have a case of jewels; but they won't do, I must not part from them; no, no,

no, they are appropriated; they are none of my own.

Mrs. Ful. Let me see, let me see! Ay, now, this were something-like: pretty creatures, how they sparkle! these wou'd ensure success.

Belc. Indeed!

Mrs. Ful. These wou'd make her your own for ever.

Belc. Then the deuce take'em for belonging to another person; I cou'd find in my heart to give 'em the girl, and swear I've lost them.

Mrs. Ful. Ay, do, say they were stolen out of your pocket.

Belc. No, hang it, that's dishonourable; here, give me the paltry things, I'll write you an order on my merchant for double their value.

Mrs. Ful. An order! No; order for me no orders upon merchants, with their value received, and three days grace; their noting, protesting, and endorsing, and all their counting-house formalities; I'll have nothing to do with them; leave your diamonds with me, and give your order for the value of them to the owner: the money would be as good as the trinkets, I warrant you.

Belc. Hey! how! I never thought of that; but a breach of trust; 'tis impossible; I never can consent, therefore, give me the jewels back again.

Mrs. Ful.

Mrs. Ful. Take 'em; I am now to tell you the lady is in this house.

Belc. In this house?

Mrs. Ful. Yes, Sir, in this very house; but what of that? you have got what you like better; your toys, your trinkets; go, go: Oh! you're a man of a notable spirit, are you not?

Belc. Provoking creature! Bring me to the sight of the dear girl, and dispose of me as you think fit.

Mrs. Ful. And of the diamonds too?

Belc. Damn'em, I wou'd there was not such a bauble in nature! But come, come, dispatch; if I had the throne of Dehli I should give it to her.

Mrs. Ful. Swear to me then that you will keep within bounds, remember she passes for the sister of young Dudley. Oh! if you come to your flights, and your rhapsodies, she'll be off in an instant.

Belc. Never fear me.

Mrs. Ful. You must expect to hear her talk of her father, as she calls him, and brother, and your bounty to her family.

Belc. Ay, ay, never mind what she talks of, only bring her.

Mrs. Ful. you'll be prepar'd upon that head?

Belc. I shall be prepar'd, never fear; away with you.

V O L. I.

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Mrs. Ful.

Mrs. Ful. But hold, I had forgot: not a word of the diamonds; leave that matter to my management.

Belc. Hell and vexation! Get out of the room: or I shall run distracted. [*Exit Mrs. Fulmer.*] Of a certain, Belcour, thou art born to be the fool of woman: sure no man sins with so much repentance, or repents with so little amendment, as I do. I cannot give away another person's property, honour forbids me; and I positively cannot give up the girl; love, passion, constitution, every thing protests against that. How shall I decide? I cannot bring myself to break a trust, and I am not at present in the humour to baulk my inclinations. Is there no middle way? Let me consider—— There is, there is: my good genius has presented me with one; apt, obvious, honourable: the girl shall not go without her baubles, I'll not go without the girl, Miss Rusport shan't lose her diamonds, I'll save Dudley from destruction, and every party shall be a gainer by the project.

SCENE IV.

Mrs. FULMER introducing Miss DUDLEY.

Mrs. Ful. Miss Dudley, this is the worthy gentleman you wish to see; this is Mr. Belcour.

Louisa.

Louisa. As I live, the very man that beset me in the streets! [aside.]

Belc. An angel, by this light! Oh I am gone past all retrieving! [aside.]

Louisa. Mrs. Fulmer, Sir, informs me you are the gentleman from whom my father has received such civilities.

Belc. Oh! never name'em.

Louisa. Pardon me, Mr. Belcour, they must be both named and remember'd; and if my father was here——

Belc. I am much better pleased with his representative.

Louisa. That title is my brother's, Sir; I have no claim to it.

Belc. I believe it.

Louisa. But as neither he nor my father were fortunate enough to be at home, I cou'd not resist the opportunity——

Belc. Nor I neither, by my soul, Madam: let us improve it, therefore. I am in love with you to distraction; I was charmed at the first glance; I attempted to accost you; you fled; I follow'd; but was defeated of an interview; at length I have obtain'd one, and seize the opportunity of casting my person and my fortune at your feet.

Louisa. You astonish me! Are you in your senses, or do you make a jest of my misfortunes? Do you ground pretences on your generosity, or do you make a practice of this folly with every woman you meet?

Belc. Upon my life, no: as you are the handsomest woman I ever met, so you are the first to whom I ever made the like professions: as for my generosity, Madam, I must refer you on that score to this good lady, who I believe has something to offer in my behalf.

Louisa. Don't build upon that, Sir; I must have better proofs of your generosity, than the mere divestment of a little superfluous dross, before I can credit the sincerity of professions so abruptly delivered.

[*Exit hastily.*]

Belc. Oh! ye Gods and Goddesses, how her anger animates her beauty!

[*Going out.*]

Mrs. Ful. Stay, Sir; if you stir a step after her, I renounce your interest for ever: why you'll ruin every thing.

Belc. Well, I must have her, cost what it will: I see she understands her own value tho'; a little superfluous dross, truly! She must have better proofs of my generosity.

Mrs. Ful. 'Tis exactly as I told you; your money she calls dross; she's too proud to stain her fingers with your coin; bait your hook well with jewels; try that experiment, and she's your own.

Belc. Take 'em; let 'em go; lay 'em at her feet; I must get out of the scrape as I can; my propensity is irresistible: there; you have 'em; they are yours; they are her's; but

but remember they are a trust; I commit them to her keeping till I can buy'em off with something she shall think more valuable; now tell me when shall I meet her?

Mrs. Ful. How can I tell that? Don't you see what an alarm you have put her into? Oh! you're a rare one! But go your ways for this while; leave her to my management, and come to me at seven this evening; but remember not to bring empty pockets with you——Ha! ha! ha!

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE V.

Lady RUSPORT's house.

Miss RUSPORT enters, followed by a Servant.

Char. Desire Mr. Stockwell to walk in.
[Exit Servant.]

STOCKWELL enters.

Stockw. Madam, your most obedient servant: I am honoured with your commands, by Captain Dudley; and have brought the money with me as you directed: I understand the sum you have occasion for is two hundred pounds.

Char. It is, Sir; I am quite confounded at your taking this trouble upon yourself, Mr. Stockwell.

Stockw. There is a Bank-note, Madam, to the amount: your jewels are in safe hands,

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and

and will be delivered to you directly. If I had been happy in being better known to you, I should have hoped you would not have thought it necessary to place a deposit in my hands for so trifling a sum as you have now required me to supply you with.

Char. The bawbles I sent you may very well be spared; and, as they are the only security in my present situation, I can give you, I could wish you would retain them in your hands: when I am of age, which, if I live a few months, I shall be, I will replace your favour, with thanks.

Stockw. It is obvious, Miss Rusport, that your charms will suffer no impeachment by the absence of these superficial ornaments; but they should be seen in the suite of a woman of fashion, not as creditors to whom you are indebted for your appearance, but as subservient attendants, which help to make up your equipage.

Char. Mr. Stockwell is determined not to wrong the confidence I reposed in his politeness.

Stockw. I have only to request, Madam, that you will allow Mr. Belcour, a young gentleman, in whose happiness I particularly interest myself, to have the honour of delivering you the box of jewels.

Char. Most gladly; any friend of yours cannot fail of being welcome here.

Stockw.

Stockw. I flatter myself you will not find him totally undeserving your good opinion; an education, not of the strictest kind, and strong animal spirits, are apt sometimes to betray him into youthful irregularities; but an high principle of honour, and an uncommon benevolence, in the eye of candor, will, I hope, atone for any faults, by which these good qualities are not impaired.

Char. I dare say Mr. Belcour's behaviour wants no apology: we've no right to be over strict in canvassing the morals of a common acquaintance.

Stockw. I wish it may be my happiness to see Mr. Belcour in the list, not of your common, but particular acquaintance, of your friends, Miss Rusport—I dare not be more explicit.

Char. Nor need you Mr. Stockwell: I shall be studious to deserve his friendship; and, though I have long since unalterably placed my affections on another, I trust, I have not left myself insensible to the merits of Mr. Belcour; and hope that neither you nor he will, for that reason, think me less worthy your good opinion and regards.

Stockw. Miss Rusport, I sincerely wish you happy: I have no doubt you have placed your affection on a deserving man; and I have no right to combat your choice.

[Exit.
Char.

Char. How honourable is that behaviour! Now, if Charles was here, I should be happy. The old lady is so fond of her new Irish acquaintance, that I have the whole house at my disposal. [*Exit CHARLOTTE.*]

SCENE VI.

BELCOUR enters, preceded by a Servant.

Servant. I ask your honour's pardon; I thought my young lady was here: who shall I inform her wou'd speak to her?

Belc. Belcour is my name, Sir; and pray beg your lady to put herself in no hurry on my account; for I'd sooner see the devil than see her face. [*Exit Servant.*] In the name of all that's mischievous, why did Stockwell drive me hither in such haste? A pretty figure, truly, I shall make: an ambassador without credentials. Blockhead that I was to charge myself with her diamonds; officious, meddling puppy! Now they are irretrievably gone: that suspicious jade Fulmer wouldn't part even with a sight of them, tho' I would have ransom'd 'em at twice their value. Now must I trust to my poor wits to bring me off: a lamentable dependance. Fortune be my helper! Here comes the girl——If she is noble minded, as she is said to be, she will forgive me; if not, 'tis a lost cause; for I have not thought of one word in my excuse.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

CHARLOTTE *enters.*

Char. Mr. Belcour, I'm proud to see you: your friend, Mr. Stockwell, prepared me to expect this honour; and I am happy in the opportunity of being known to you.

Belc. A fine girl, by my soul! Now what a cursed hangdog do I look like! [*aside.*]

Char. You are newly arrived in this country, Sir?

Belc. Just landed, Madam; just set a-shore, with a large cargo of Muscavado sugars, rum-puncheons, mahoganyflabs, wet sweet-meats, and green paroquets.

Char. May I ask you how you like London, Sir?

Belc. To admiration; I think the town and the town's-folk are exactly suited; 'tis a great, rich, overgrown, noisy, tumultuous place: the whole morning is a bustle to get money, and the whole afternoon is a hurry to spend it.

Char. Are these all the observations you have made?

Belc. No, Madam; I have observed the women are very captivating, and the men very soon caught.

Char. Ay, indeed! Whence do you draw that conclusion?

Belc.

Belc. From infallible guides; the first remark I collect from what I now see, the second from what I now feel.

Char. Oh, the deuce take you! But to wave this subject; I believe, Sir, this was a visit of business, not compliment; was it not?

Belc. Ay; now comes on my execution.

Char. You have some foolish trinkets of mine, Mr. Belcour; havn't you?

Belc. No, in truth; they are gone in search of a trinket, still more foolish than themselves [*aside.*]

Char. Some diamonds I mean, Sir; Mr. Stockwell inform'd me you was charg'd with 'em.

Belc. Oh, yes, Madam; but I have the most treacherous memory in life——Here they are! Pray put them up; they're all right; you need not examine 'em. [*gives a box.*]

Charl. Hey-dey! right, Sir! Why these are not my diamonds; these are quite different; and, as it should seem, of much greater value.

Belc. Upon my life I'm glad on't; for then I hope you value 'em more than your own.

Char. As a purchaser I should, but not as an owner; you mistake; these belong to somebody else.

Belc. 'Tis yours, I'm afraid, that belong to somebody else.

Char.

Char. What is it you mean? I must insist upon your taking 'em back again.

Belc. Pray, Madam, don't do that; I shall infallibly lose them; I have the worst luck with diamonds of any man living.

Char. That you might well say, was you to give me these in the place of mine; but pray, Sir, what is the reason of all this? Why have you changed the jewels? and where have you disposed of mine?

Belc. Miss Rusport, I cannot invent a lie for my life; and, if it was to save it, I cou'dn't tell one: I am an idle, dissipated, unthinking fellow, not worth your notice: in short, I am a West-Indian; and you must try me according to the charter of my colony, not by a jury of English spinsters: the truth is, I've given away your jewels; caught with a pair of sparkling eyes, whose lustre blinded their's, I served your property as I should my own, and lavish'd it away; let me not totally despair of your forgiveness: I frequently do wrong, but never with impunity; if your displeasure is added to my own, my punishment will be too severe. When I parted from the jewels, I had not the honour of knowing their owner.

Char. Mr. Belcour, your sincerity charms me; I enter at once into your character, and I make all the allowances for it you can desire. I take your jewels for the present,
because

because I know there is no other way of reconciling you to yourself; but, if I give way to your spirit in one point, you must yield to mine in another: remember I will not keep more than the value of my own jewels: there is no need to be pillaged by more than one woman at a time, Sir.

Belc. Now, may every blessing that can crown your virtues, and reward your beauty, be shower'd upon you; may you meet admiration without envy, love without jealousy, and old age without malady; may the man of your heart be ever constant, and you never meet a less penitent, or less grateful offender, than myself!

Servant enters and delivers a letter.

Char. Does your letter require such haste?

Servant. I was bade to give it into your own hands, Madam.

Char. From Charles Dudley, I see—— have I your permission? Good Heaven, what do I read Mr. Belcour, you are concern'd in this——“Dear Charlotte, in the
“midst of our distress, Providence has cast
“a benefactor in our way, after the most
“unexpected manner: a young West-Indian,
“rich, and, with a warmth of heart peculiar
“to his climate, has rescued my father
“from his troubles, satisfied his wants, and
“enabled him to accomplish his exchange:
“when

“when I relate to you the manner in which
“this was done, you will be charmed; I
“can only now add, that it was by chance
“we found out that his name is Belcour,
“and that he is a friend of Mr. Stockwell’s.
“I lose not a moment’s time, in making you
“acquainted with this fortunate event, for
“reasons which delicacy obliges me to sup-
“press; but, perhaps, if you have not re-
“ceived the money on your jewels, you
“will not think it necessary now to do it.
“I have the honour to be,

“Dear Madam,

“most faithfully, yours,

“CHARLES DUDLEY.”

Is this your doing, Sir? Never was ge-
nerosity so worthily exerted.

Belc. Or so greatly overpaid.

Char. After what you have now done
for this noble, but indigent family, let
me not scruple to unfold the whole situa-
tion of my heart to you. Know then, Sir,
and don’t think the worse of me for the
frankness of my declaration, that such is
my attachment to the son of that worthy
officer, whom you relieved, that the mo-
ment I am of age, and in possession of my
fortune, I shou’d hold myself the happiest
of women to share it with young Dudley.

Belc. Say you so, Madam! then let me
perish if I don’t love and reverence you
above

above all woman kind; and, if such is your generous resolution, never wait till you're of age; life is too short, pleasure too fugitive; the soul grows narrower every hour; I'll equip you for your escape; I'll convey you to the man of your heart, and away with you then to the first hospitable parson that will take you in.

Char. O blessed be the torrid zone for ever, whose rapid vegetation quickens nature into such benignity! These latitudes are made for politics and philosophy; friendship has no root in this soil. But, had I spirit to accept your offer, which is not improbable, wou'dnot it be a mortifying thing, for a fond girl to find herself mistaken, and sent back to her home, like a vagrant; and such, for what I know, might be my case.

Belc. Then he ought to be proscribed the society of mankind for ever——[*aside*] Ay; ay, 'tis the sham sister that makes him thus indifferent: 'twill be a meritorious office to take that girl out of the way.

SCENE VIII.

Servant enters.

Servant. Miss Dudley to wait on you, Madam.

Belc. Who?

Servant. Miss Dudley.

Char.

Char. What's the matter, Mr. Belcour? Are you frightened at the name of a pretty girl? 'Tis the sister of him we were speaking of——pray admit her.

Belc. The sister! So, so; [*aside*] He has imposed on her too——this is an extraordinary visit, truly. Upon my soul, the assurance of some folks is not to be accounted for.

Char. I insist upon your not running away; you'll be charm'd with Louisa Dudley.

Belc. Oh, yes, I am charmed with her.

Char. You've seen her then, have you?

Belc. Yes, yes, I've seen her.

Char. Well, isn't she a delightful girl?

Belc. Very delightful.

Char. Why, you answer as if you was in a court of justice: O' my conscience! I believe you are caught; I've a notion she has trick'd you out of your heart.

Belc. I believe she has, and you out of your jewels; for, to tell you the truth, she's the very person I gave 'em to.

Char. You gave her my jewels? Louisa Dudley my jewels? admirable! inimitable! the sly little jade! Oh; but hush, here she comes; I don't know how I shall keep my countenance. [*LOUISA enters.*] My dear, I'm rejoiced to see you; how d'ye do? I beg leave to introduce Mr. Belcour, a very worthy friend of mine; I believe, Louisa, you have seen him before.

Lou.

Louisa. I have met the gentleman.

Char. You have met the gentleman: well, Sir, and you have met the lady; in short, you have met each other; why then don't you speak to each other? How you both stand! tongue-tied, and fix'd as statues——Ha! ha! ha! Why you'll fall asleep by-and-by.

Louisa. Fye upon you; fye upon you; is this fair?

Belc. Upon my soul, I never look'd so like a fool in my life; the assurance of that girl puts me quite down [*aside.*]

Char. Sir——Mr. Belcour——Was it your pleasure to advance any thing? Not a syllable. Come, Louisa, women's wit, they say, is never at a loss——Nor you neither? Speechless both——Why you was merry enough before this lady came in.

Louisa. I am sorry I have been any interruption to your happiness, Sir.

Belc. Madam!

Char. Madam! Is that all you can say? But come, my dear girl, I won't teaze you: apropos! I must shew you what a present this dumb gentleman has made me: are not these handsome diamonds?

Louisa. Yes, indeed, they seem very fine; but I am no judge of these things.

Char. Oh, you wicked little hypocrite, you are no judge of these things, Louisa; you have no diamonds, not you.

Lou.

Louisa. You know I havn't, Miss Rusport : you know those things are infinitely above my reach.

Char. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Belc. [*aside.*] She does tell a lie with an admirable countenance, that's true enough.

Louisa. What ails you, Charlotte? What impertinence have I been guilty of that you should find it necessary to humble me at such a rate? If you are happy, long may you be so ; but, surely, it can be no addition to it to make me miserable.

Char. So serious ! there must be some mystery in this——Mr. Belcour, will you leave us together? You see I treat you with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance already.

Belc. Oh, by all means, pray command me. Miss Rusport, I'm your most obedient ! By your condescension in accepting these poor trifles, I am under eternal obligations to you——To you, Miss Dudley, I shall not offer a word on that subject : you despise finery ; you have a soul above it ; I adore your spirit ; I was rather unprepared for meeting you here ; but I shall hope for an opportunity of making myself better known to you. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

CHARLOTTE *and* LOUISA.

Char. Louisa Dudley, you surprize me; I never saw you act thus before: can't you bear a little innocent raillery before the man of your heart?

Louisa. The man of my heart, Madam? Be assured I never was so visionary to aspire to any man whom Miss Rusport honours with her choice.

Char. My choice, my dear! Why we are playing at cross purposes; how enter'd it into your head that Mr. Belcour was the man of my choice?

Louisa. Why, didn't he present you with those diamonds?

Char. Well; perhaps he did——and pray, Louisa, have you no diamonds?

Louisa. I diamonds truly! Who should give me diamonds?

Char. Who, but this very gentleman: apropos! here comes your brother——

SCENE X.

CHARLES *enters.*

I insist upon referring our dispute to him: your sister and I, Charles, have a quarrel; Belcour, the hero of your letter, has just left us——some how or other,
Louisa's

Louisa's bright eyes have caught him; and the poor fellow's fallen desperately in love with her——[don't interrupt me, huffey]——Well, that's excusab'e enough, you'll say; but the jet of the story is, that this hair-brain'd spark, who does nothing like other people, has given her the very identical jewels, which you pledged for me to Mr. Stockwell; and will you believe that this little demure flut made up a face, and squeezed out three or four hypocritical tears, because I rallied her about it.

Charles. I'm all astonishment! Louisa, tell me without reserve, has Mr. Belcour given you any diamonds?

Louisa. None, upon my honour.

Charles. Has he made any professions to you?

Louisa. He has; but altogether in a stile so whimsical and capricious, that the best which can be said of them is to tell you, that they seem'd more the result of good spirits than good manners.

Char. Ay, ay, now the murder's out; he's in love with her, and she has no very great dislike to him; trust to my observation, Charles, for that: as to the diamonds, there's some mistake about them, and you must clear it up: three minutes conversation with him will put every thing in a right train; go, go, Charles, 'tis a brother's business; about it instantly; ten

to one you'll find him over the way at Mr. Stockwell's.

Charles. I confess I'm impatient to have the case clear'd up; I'll take your advice, and find him out: good bye to you.

Char. Your servant; my life upon it you'll find Belcour a man of honour. Come, Louisa, let us adjourn to my dressing-room; I've a little private business to transact with you, before the old lady comes up to tea, and interrupts us.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

FULMER'S house.

FULMER and his WIFE.

Ful. Patty, wasn't Mr. Belcour with you?

Mrs. Ful. He was; and is now shut up in my chamber, in high expectation of an interview with Miss Dudley; she's at present with her brother, and 'twas with some difficulty I persuaded my hot-headed spark to wait till he has left her.

Ful. Well, child, and what then?

Mrs. Ful. Why then; Mr. Fulmer, I think it will be time for you and me to steal a march, and be gone.

Ful. So this is all the fruit of your ingenious project; a shameful overthrow, or a sudden flight.

Mrs. Ful. Why, my project was a mere impromptu, and can at worst but quicken our departure a few days; you know we had fairly outliv'd our credit here, and a trip to Boulogne is no ways unseasonable. Nay, never droop, man——Hark! hark! here's enough to bear charges [*shewing a purse.*]

Ful. Let me see, let me see: this weighs well; this is of the right sort: why your West-Indian bled freely.

F 3

Mrs. Ful.

Mrs. Ful. But that's not all: look here! Here are the sparklers! [*shewing the jewels*] Now what d'ye think of my performances? Heh! a foolish scheme, isn't it—a silly woman——?

Ful. Thou art a Judith, a Joan of Arc, and I'll march under thy banners, girl, to the world's end: come, let's begone; I've little to regret; my creditors may share the old books amongst them; they'll have occasion for philosophy to support their loss; they'll find enough upon my shelves: the world is my library; I read mankind——Now, Patty, lead the way.

Mrs. Ful. Adieu, Belcour! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

CHARLES DUDLEY and LOUISA.

Charles. Well, Louisa, I confess the force of what you say: I accept Miss Rusport's bounty; and, when you see my generous Charlotte, tell her——but have a care, there is a selfishness even in gratitude, when it is too profuse; to be overthankful for any one favour, is in effect to lay out for another; the best return I cou'd make my benefactress wou'd be never to see her more.

Louisa. I understand you.

Charles. We that are poor, Louisa, shou'd be cautious; for this reason, I wou'd guard
you

you against Belcour; at least till I can unravel the mystery of Miss Rusport's diamonds; I was disappointed of finding him at Mr. Stockwell's, and am now going in search of him again: he may intend honourably; but, I confess to you, I am stagger'd; think no more of him, therefore, for the present: of this be sure, while I have life, and you have honour, I will protect you, or perish in your defence. [Exit.

Louisa. Think of him no more! Well, I'll obey; but if a wand'ring uninvited thought should creep by chance into my bosom, must I not give the harmless wretch a shelter? Oh! yes; the great artificer of the human heart knows every thread he weaves into its fabric, nor puts his work to harder uses than it was made to bear: my wishes then, my guiltless ones, I mean, are free: how fast they spring within me at that sentence! Down, down, ye busy creatures! Whither wou'd you carry me? Ah! there is one amongst you, a forward, new intruder, that, in the likeness of an offending, generous man, grows into favour with my heart. Fye, fye upon it! Belcour pursues, insults me; yet, such is the fatality of my condition, that what shou'd rouse resentment, only calls up love.

SCENE III.

BELCOUR enters to her.

Belc. Alone, by all that's happy!

Louisa. Ah!

Belc. Oh! shriek not, start not, stir not, loveliest creature! but let me kneel, and gaze upon your beauties.

Louisa. Sir! Mr. Belcour, rise! What is it you do?

Belc. See, I obey you; mould me as you will, behold your ready servant! New to your country, ignorant of your manners, habits, and desires, I put myself into your hands for instruction; make me only such as you can like yourself, and I shall be happy.

Louisa. I must not hear this, Mr. Belcour; go; should he that parted from me but this minute, now return, I tremble for the consequence.

Belc. Fear nothing; let him come: I love you, Madam; he'll find it hard to make me unsay that.

Louisa. You terrify me; your impetuous temper frightens me; you know my situation; it is not generous to pursue me thus.

Belc. True; I do know your situation, your real one, Miss Dudley, and am resolv'd to snatch you from it; 'twill be a meritorious act; the old Captain shall rejoice; Miss Rusport shall be made happy; and
even

even he, even your beloved brother, with whose resentment you threaten me, shall in the end applaud and thank me: Come, thou'rt a dear enchanting girl, and I'm determin'd not to live a minute longer without thee.

Louisa. Hold, are you mad? I see you are a bold, assuming man, and know not where to stop.

Belc. Who that beholds such beauty can? By Heaven, you put my blood into a flame. Provoking girl! is it within the stretch of my fortune to content you? What is it you can further ask that I am not ready to grant?

Louisa. Yes, with the same facility that you bestow'd upon me Miss Rusport's diamonds. For shame! for shame! was that a manly story?

Belc. So! so! these devilish diamonds meet me every where——Let me perish if I mean't you any harm: Oh! I cou'd tear my tongue out for saying a word about the matter.

Louisa. Go to her then, and contradict it; till that is done, my reputation is at stake.

Belc. [*aside.*] Her reputation! Now she has got upon that, she'll go on for ever.—
[*aloud.*] What is there I will not do for your sake? I will go to Miss Rusport.

Louisa.

Louisa. Do so; restore her own jewels to her, which I suppose you kept back for the purpose of presenting others to her of a greater value; but for the future, Mr. Belcour, when you wou'd do a galant action to that lady, don't let it be at my expence.

Belc. [*aside.*] I see where she points: she is willing enough to give up Miss Rusport's diamonds, now she finds she shall be a gainer by the exchange. Be it so! 'tis what I wish'd.— [*aloud.*] Well, Madam, I will return Miss Rusport her own jewels, and you shall have others of tenfold their value.

Louisa. No, Sir, you err most widely; it is my good opinion, not my vanity, which you must bribe.

Belc. [*aside.*] Why, what the devil wou'd she have now? [*aloud.*] Miss Dudley, it is my wish to obey and please you, but I have some apprehension that we mistake each other.

Louisa. I think we do: tell me, then, in few words, what it is you aim at.

Belc. In few words, then, and in plain honesty, I must tell you, so entirely am I captivated with you, that had you but been such as it would have become me to have call'd my wife, I had been happy in knowing you by that name; as it is, you are welcome to partake my fortune, give me in return your person, give me pleasure, give me love; free, disencumber'd, antimatrimonial love.

Louisa.

Louisa. Stand off, and let me never see you more.

Belc. Hold, hold, thou dear, tormenting, tantalizing girl! Upon my knees I swear you shall not stir till you've consented to my bliss.

Louisa. Unhand me, Sir: O Charles! protect me, rescue me, redress me. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

CHARLES DUDLEY *enters.*

Charles. How's this! Rise, villain, and defend yourself.

Belc. Villain!

Charles. The man who wrongs that lady is a villain——Draw!

Belc. Never fear me, young gentleman; brand me for a coward, if I baulk you.

Charles. Yet hold! Let me not be too hasty: your name I think, is Belcour.

Belc. Well, Sir.

Charles. How is it, Mr. Belcour, you have done this mean, unmanly wrong; beneath the mask of generosity to give this fatal stab to our domestic peace? You might have had my thanks, my blessing; take my defiance now. 'Tis Dudley speaks to you, the brother, the protector of that injur'd lady.

Belc. The brother? Give yourself a truer title.

Charles.

Charles. What is't you mean?

Belc. Come, come, I know both her and you: I found you, Sir, but how or why I know not, in the good graces of Miss Rusport — yes, colour at the name! I gave you no disturbance there, never broke in upon you in that rich and plentiful quarter; but, when I cou'd have blasted all your projects with a word, spar'd you, in foolish pity spar'd you, nor rouz'd her from the fond credulity in which your artifice had lull'd her.

Charles. No, Sir, nor boasted to her of the splendid present you had made my poor Louisa; the diamonds, Mr. Belcour; How was that? What can you plead to that arraignment?

Belc. You question me too late; the name of Belcour and of villain never met before: had you enquir'd of me before your utter'd that rash word, you might have sav'd yourself or me a mortal error: now, Sir, I neither give nor take an explanation; so, come on! *[They fight.]*

S C E N E V.

LOUISA, and afterwards O'FLAHERTY.

Louisa. Hold, hold, for Heaven's sake hold! Charles! Mr. Belcour! Help! Sir, Sir, make haste, they'll murder one another.

O' Fla.

O'Fla. Hell and confusion! What's all this uproar for? Can't you leave off cutting one another's throats, and mind what the poor girl says to you? You've done a notable thing, hav'n't you both, to put her into such a flurry? I think, o' my conscience, she's the most frightened of the three.

Charles. Dear Louisa, recollect yourself; why did you interfere? 'Tis in your cause.

Belc. Now cou'd I kill him for caressing her.

O'Fla. O Sir, your most obedient! You are the gentleman I had the honour of meeting here before; you was then running off at full speed like a Calmuck, now you are tilting and driving like a Bedlamite with this lad here, that seems as mad as yourself: 'Tis pity but your country had a little more employment for you both.

Belc. Mr. Dudley, when you've recover'd the lady, you know where I am to be found. *[Exit.*

O'Fla. Well then, can't you stay where you are, and that will save the trouble of looking after you? Yon volatile fellow thinks to give a man the meeting by getting out of his way: by my soul 'tis a round-about method that of his. But I think he call'd you Dudley: Hark'e, young man, are you son of my friend the old Captain?

Charles. I am. Help me to convey this lady to her chamber, and I shall be more at leisure to answer your questions.

O'Fla.

O'Fla. Ay will I: come along, pretty one; if you've had wrong done you, young man, you need look no further for a second; Dennis O'Flaherty's your man for that: but never draw your sword before a woman, Dudley; damn it, never while you live draw your sword before a woman.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Lady RUSPORT's house.

Lady RUSPORT and SERVANT.

Serv. An elderly gentleman, who says his name is Varland, desires leave to wait on your Ladyship.

L. Rusp. Shew him in; the very man I wish to see: Varland, he was Sir Oliver's solicitor, and privy to all his affairs; he brings some good tidings; some fresh mortgage, or another bond come to light; they start up every day. [*VARLAND enters.*] Mr. Varland, I'm glad to see you; you're heartily welcome, honest Mr. Varland; you and I haven't met since our late irreparable loss: how have you passed your time this age?

Var. Truly, my Lady, ill enough; I thought I must have followed good Sir Oliver.

L. Rusp. Alack-a-day, poor man! Well, Master Varland, you find me here overwhelmed

whelmed with trouble and fatigue; torn to pieces with a multiplicity of affairs; a great fortune poured upon me unsought for and unexpected: 'twas my good father's will and pleasure it should be so, and I must submit.

Var. Your Ladyship inherits under a will made in the year forty-five, immediately after Captain Dudley's marriage with your sister.

L. Rusp. I do so, Mr. Varland; I do so.

Var. I well remember it; I engrossed every syllable; but I am surprized to find your Ladyship set so little store by this vast accession.

L. Rusp. Why you know, Mr. Varland, I am a moderate woman; I had enough before; a small matter satisfies me; and Sir Stephen Rusport, Heaven be his portion! took care I shou'dn't want that.

Var. Very true; very true, he did so! and I am overjoyed at finding your Ladyship in this disposition; for, truth to say, I was not without apprehension the news I have to communicate would have been of some prejudice to your Ladyship's tranquillity.

L. Rusp. News, Sir! What news have you for me?

Var. Nay, nothing to alarm you; a trifle, in your present way of thinking: I have a will of Sir Oliver's you have never seen.

L. Rusp.

L. Rusp. A will! Impossible! How came you by it, pray?

Var. I drew it up, at his command, in his last illness: it will save you a world of trouble: it gives his whole estate from you to his grandson, Charles Dudley.

L. Rusp. To Dudley? His estate to Charles Dudley? I can't support it! I shall faint! You've killed me, you vile man! I never shall survive it!

Var. Look'e there now: I protest, I thought you would have rejoiced at being clear of the incumbrance.

L. Rusp. 'Tis false; 'tis all a forgery, concerted between you and Dudley; why else did I never hear of it before?

Var. Have patience, my Lady, and I'll tell you: By Sir Oliver's direction, I was to deliver this will into no hands but his grandson Dudley's: the young gentleman happen'd to be then in Scotland; I was dispatch'd thither in search of him: the hurry and fatigue of my journey brought on a fever by the way, which confined me in extreme danger for several days; upon my recovery, I pursued my journey, found young Dudley had left Scotland in the interim, and am now directed hither; where, as soon I can find him, doubtless, I shall discharge my conscience, and fulfil my commission.

L. Rusp.

L. Rusp. Dudley then, as yet, knows nothing of this will?

Var. Nothing; that secret rests with me.

L. Rusp. [*aside.*] A thought occurs: by this fellow's talking of his conscience, I should guess it was upon sale. [*aloud.*] Come, Mr. Varland, if 'tis as you say, I must submit. I was somewhat flurried at first, and forgot myself; I ask your pardon: this is no place to talk of business; step with me into my room; we will there compare the will, and resolve accordingly—[*aside.*] Oh! would your fever had you, and I had your paper. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

*Miss RUSPORT, CHARLES, and
O'FLAHERTY.*

Char. So, so! My lady and her lawyer have retired to close confabulation: now, Major, if you are the generous man I take you for, grant me one favour.

O'Flab. Faith will I, and not think much of my generosity neither; for, though it may not be in my power to do the favour you ask, look you, it can never be in my heart to refuse it.

Charles. [*aside.*] Cou'd this man's tongue do justice to his thoughts, how eloquent would he be!

Char. Plant yourself then in that room: keep guard, for a few moments, upon the

V O L. I.

G

enemy's

enemy's motions, in the chamber beyond; and, if they should attempt a sally, stop their march a moment, till your friend here can make good his retreat down the back-stairs.

O'Flab. A word to the wise! I'm an old campaigner; make the best use of your time; and trust me for tying the old cat up to the picket.

Char. Hush! hush! not so loud.

Charles. 'Tis the office of a centinel, Major, you have undertaken, rather than that of a field-officer.

O'Flab. 'Tis the office of a friend, my dear boy; and, therefore, no disgrace to a general. [Exit.

SCENE VIII.

CHARLES and CHARLOTTE.

Char. Well, Charles, will you commit yourself to me for a few minutes?

Charles. Most readily; and let me, before one goes by, render you the only payment I can ever make for your abundant generosity.

Char. Hold, hold! so vile a thing as money must not come between us. What shall I say! O Charles! O Dudley! What difficulties have you thrown upon me! Familiarly as we have lived, I shrink not at what I'm doing; and, anxiously as I have fought

sought this opportunity, my fears almost persuade me to abandon it.

Charles. You alarm me!

Char. Your looks and actions have been so distant, and at this moment are so deterring, that, was it not for the hope that delicacy, and not disgust, inspires this conduct in you, I should sink with shame and apprehension; but time presses; and I must speak; and plainly too——Was you now in possession of your grandfather's estate, as justly you ought to be; and, was you inclined to seek a companion for life, should you, or should you not, in that case, honour your unworthy Charlotte with your choice?

Charles. My unworthy Charlotte! So judge me Heaven, there is not a circumstance on earth so valuable as your happiness, so dear to me as your person; but to bring poverty, disgrace, reproach from friends, ridicule from all the world, upon a generous benefactress; thievishly to steal into an open, unreserved, ingenuous heart! O Charlotte! dear, unhappy girl, it is not to be done.

Char. Nay, now you rate too highly the poor advantages fortune alone has given me over you: how otherwise could we bring our merits to any ballance? Come, my dear Charles, I have enough; make that enough still more, by sharing it with me:

sole heiress of my father's fortune, a short time will put it in my disposal; in the mean while you will be sent to join your regiment; let us prevent a separation, by setting out this very night for that happy country where marriage still is free: carry me this moment to Belcour's lodgings.

Charles. [*aside.*] Belcour's? — The name is ominous; there's murder in it: bloody inexorable honour!

Char. D'ye pause? Put me into his hands, while you provide the means for our escape: he is the most generous, the most honourable of men.

Charles. Honourable! most honourable!

Char. Can you doubt it? Do you demur? Have you forgot your letter? Why, Belcour 'twas that prompted me to this proposal, that promised to supply the means, that nobly offer'd his unask'd assistance —

O'FLAHERTY enters hastily.

O'Flab. Run, run, for holy St. Antony's sake, to horse and away! The conference is broke up, and the old lady advances upon a full piedmontese trot, within pistol-shot of your encampment.

Char. Here, here, down the back-stairs! O, Charles, remember me!

Charles. Farewell! Now, now I feel myself a coward. [*Exit.*

Char. What does he mean?

O'Flab.

O'Flab. Ask no questions, but be gone:
[aside.] she has cooled the lad's courage, and
 wonders he feels like a coward. There's a
 damn'd deal of mischief brewing between
 this hyena and her lawyer: egad I'll step
 behind this screen and listen: a good soldier
 must sometimes fight in ambush as well as
 open field. *[retires.]*

SCENE IX.

Lady RUSPORT *and* VARLAND.

L. Rusp. Sure I heard somebody. Hark!
 No; only the servants going down the back
 stairs. Well, Mr. Varland, I think then we
 are agreed: you'll take my money; and your
 conscience no longer stands in your way.

Var. Your father was my benefactor;
 his will ought to be sacred; but, if I com-
 mit it to the flames, how will he be the
 wiser? Dudley, 'tis true, has done me no
 harm; but five thousand pounds will do me
 much good; so, in shord, Madam, I take
 your offer; I will confer with my clerk,
 who witnessed the will; and to-morrow
 morning put it into your hands, upon con-
 dition you put five thousand good pounds
 into mine.

L. Rusp. 'Tis a bargain: I'll be ready for
 you: farewell. *[Exit.]*

Var. Let me consider——Five thousand
 pounds prompt payment for destroying this
scrap

scrap of paper, not worth five farthings; 'tis a fortune easily earn'd; yes; and 'tis another man's fortune easily thrown away: 'tis a good round sum to be paid down at once for a bribe; but 'tis a damn'd rogue's trick in me to take it.

O'Flab. [*aside.*] So, so! this fellow speaks truth to himself, tho' he lies to other people——but hush!

Var. 'Tis breaking the trust of my benefactor; that's a foul crime; but he's dead, and can never reproach me with it: and 'tis robbing young Dudley of his lawful patrimony; that's a hard case; but he's alive, and knows nothing of the matter.

O'Flab. [*aside.*] These lawyers are so used to bring off the rogueries of others, that they are never without an excuse for their own.

Var. Were I assured now that Dudley would give me half the money for producing this will, that Lady Rusport does for concealing it, I would deal with him, and be an honest man at half price; I wish every gentleman of my profession could lay his hand on his heart and say the same thing.

O'Flab. A bargain, old gentleman! Nay, never start, nor stare, you wasn't afraid of your own conscience, never be afraid of me.

Var. Of you, Sir; who are you, pray?

O'Flab. I'll tell you who I am: you seem to wish to be honest, but want the heart
to

to set about it; now I am the very man in the world to make you so; for, if you do not give me up that paper this very instant, by the soul of me, fellow, I will not leave one whole bone in your skin that shan't be broken.

Var. What right have you, pray, to take this paper from me?

O'Flab. What right have you, pray, to keep it from young Dudley? I don't know what it contains, but I am apt to think it will be safer in my hands than in your's; therefore give it me without more words, and save yourself a beating: do now; you had best.

Var. Well, Sir, I may as well make a grace of necessity. There! I have acquitted my conscience, at the expence of five thousand pounds.

O'Flab. Five thousand pounds! Mercy upon me! When there are such temptations in the law, can we wonder if some of the corps are a disgrace to it?

Var. Well, you have got the paper; if you are an honest man, give it to Charles Dudley.

O'Flab. An honest man! look at me friend, I am a soldier, this is not the livery of a knave; I am an Irishman, honey; mine is not the country of dishonour. Now, firrah, be gone; if you enter these doors, or give Lady Rusport the least item of what has

passed, I will cut off both your ears, and rob the pillory of its due.

Var. [aside.] I wish I was once fairly out of his sight. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE X.

A Room in STOCKWELL'S House.

Stockw. I must disclose myself to Belcour; this noble instance of his generosity, which old Dudley has been relating, allies me to him at once; concealment becomes too painful; I shall be proud to own him for my son——But see, he's here.

BELCOUR enters, and throws himself upon a sofa.

Bel. O my curst tropical constitution! Wou'd to Heaven I had been dropt upon the snows of Lapland, and never felt the blessed influence of the sun, so I had never burnt with these inflammatory passions!

Stockw. So so, you seem disorder'd, Mr. Belcour.

Belc. Disorder'd, Sir! Why did I ever quit the soil in which I grew; what evil planet drew me from that warm sunny region, where naked nature walks without disguise, into this cold contriving artificial country?

Stockw.

Stockw. Come, Sir, you've met a rascal; what o'that? general conclusions are illiberal.

Belc. No, Sir, I've met reflection by the way; I've come from folly, noise, and fury, and met a silent monitor——Well, well, a villain! 'twas not to be pardon'd——pray never mind me, Sir.

Stockw. Alas! my heart bleeds for him.

Belc. And yet, I might have heard him; now, plague upon that blundering Irishman for coming in as he did; the hurry of the deed might palliate the event: deliberate execution has less to plead——Mr. Stockwell, I am bad company to you.

Stockw. Oh, Sir; make no excuse. I think you have not found me forward to pry into the secrets of your pleasures and pursuits; 'tis not my disposition; but there are times, when want of curiosity wou'd be want of friendship.

Belc. Ah, Sir, mine is a case wherein you and I shall never think alike; the punctilious rules, by which I am bound, are not to be found in your ledgers, nor will pass current in the compting-house of a trader.

Stockw. 'Tis very well, Sir; if you think I can render you any service, it may be worth your trial to confide in me; if not, your secret is safer in your own bosom.

Belc.

Belc. That sentiment demands my confidence: pray, sit down by me. You must know, I have an affair of honour on my hands with young Dudley; and, tho' I put up with no man's insult, yet I wish to take away no man's life.

Stockw. I know the young man, and am appris'd of your generosity to his father; what can have bred a quarrel between you?

Belc. A foolish passion on my side, and a haughty provocation on his. There is a girl, Mr. Stockwell, whom I have unfortunately seen, of most uncommon beauty; she has withall an air of so much natural modesty, that had I not had good assurance of her being an attainable wanton, I declare I shou'd as soon have thought of attempting the chastity of Diana.

SERVANT *enters.*

Stockw. Hey-day, do you interrupt us?

Servant. Sir, there's an Irish gentleman will take no denial; he says he must see Mr. Belcour directly, upon business of the last consequence.

Belc. Admit him; 'tis the Irish officer that parted us, and brings me young Dudley's challenge; I should have made a long story of it, and he'll tell you in three words.

O'FLA-

O'FLAHERTY *enters.*

O'Flab. Save you, my dear; and you, Sir! I have a little bit of a word in private for you.

Belc. Pray deliver your commands; this gentleman is my intimate friend.

O'Flab. Why then, Ensign Dudley will be glad to measure swords with you, yonder, at the London Tavern, in Bishopsgate-Street, at nine o'clock—you know the place.

Belc. I do; and shall observe the appointment.

O'Flab. Will you be of the party, Sir? We shall want a fourth hand.

Stockw. Savage as the custom is, I close with your proposal; and tho' I am not fully inform'd of the occasion of your quarrel, I shall rely on Mr. Belcour's honour for the justice of it; and willingly stake my life in his defence.

O'Flab. Sir, you're a gentleman of honour, and I shall be glad of being better known to you——But hark'e, Belcour, I had like to have forgot part of my errand: there is the money you gave old Dudley; you may tell it over faith; 'tis a receipt in full; now the lad can put you to death with a safe conscience, and when he has done that job for you, let it be a warning how you attempt the sister of a man of honour.

Belc.

Belc. The sister?

O'Flab. Ay, the sister; 'tis English, is it not? Or Irish; 'tis all one; you understand me, his sister, or Louisa Dudley, that's her name I think, call her which you will: by St. Patrick, 'tis a foolish piece of a business, Belcour, to go about to take away a poor girl's virtue from her, when there are so many to be met in this town, who have dispos'd of their's to your hands.

[*Exit.*

Stockw. Why I am thunderstruck! what is it you have done, and what is the shocking business in which I have engaged? If I understood him right, 'tis the sister of young Dudley you've been attempting: you talk'd to me of a profest wanton; the girl he speaks of has beauty enough indeed to inflame your desires, but she has honour, innocence and simplicity to awe the most licentious passion; if you have done that, Mr. Belcour, I renounce you, I abandon you, I forswear all fellowship or friendship with you for ever.

Belc. Have patience for a moment; we do indeed speak of the same person, but she is not innocent, she is not young Dudley's sister.

Stockw. Astonishing! who told you this?

Belc. The woman where she lodges; the person who put me on the pursuit and contriv'd our meetings.

Stockw.

Stockw. What woman? What person?

Belc. Fulmer her name is: I warrant you I did not proceed without good grounds.

Stockw. Fulmer, Fulmer? Who waits?
[*a Servant enters.*] send Mr. Stukely hither directly; I begin to see my way into this dark transaction: Mr. Belcour, Mr. Belcour, you are no match for the cunning and contrivances of this intriguing town. [*STUKELY enters*] pr'ythee, Stukely, what is the name of the woman and her husband, who were stopt upon suspicion of selling stolen diamonds at our next-door neighbour's, the jeweller?

Stuke. Fulmer.

Stockw. So!

Belc. Can you procure me a sight of those diamonds?

Stuke. They are now in my hand; I was desir'd to show them to Mr. Stockwell.

Stockw. Give 'em to me: what do I see? As I live, the very diamonds Miss Rusport sent hither, and which I intrusted to you to return.

Belc. Yes, but I betray'd that trust, and gave 'em Mrs. Fulmer to present to Miss Dudley.

Stockw. With a view no doubt to bribe her to compliance?

Belc. I owe it.

Stockw. For shame, for shame; and 'twas this woman's intelligence you relied upon for Miss Dudley's character?

Belc.

Belc. I thought she knew her; by Heaven, I wou'd have died sooner than have insulted a woman of virtue, or a man of honour.

Stockw. I think you wou'd, but mark the danger of licentious courses; you are betray'd, robb'd, abus'd, and, but for this providential discovery, in a fair way of being sent out of the world with all your follies on your head — Dear Stukely, go to my neighbour, tell him I have an owner for the jewels, and beg him to carry the people under custody to the London Tavern, and wait for me there. [*Exit STUKELY.*

I fear the law does not provide a punishment to reach the villiany of these people; but how in the name of wonder cou'd you take any thing on the word of such an informer?

Belc. Because I had not liv'd long enough in your country to know how few informers words are to be taken: perswaded however as I was of Miss Dudley's guilt, I must own to you I was stagger'd with the appearance of such innocence, especially when I saw her admitted into Miss Rusport's company.

Stockw. Good Heaven! did you meet her at Miss Rusport's, and cou'd you doubt her being a woman of reputation?

Belc. By you perhaps such a mistake cou'd not have been made; but in a perfect stranger,

ger, I hope it is venial: I did not know what artifices young Dudley might have us'd to conceal her character; I did not know what disgrace attended the detection of it.

Stockw. I see it was a trap laid for you, which you have narrowly escap'd; you address'd a woman of honour with all the loose incense of a profane admirer, and you have drawn upon you the resentment of a man of honour who thinks himself bound to protect her: Well, Sir, you must atone for this mistake.

Belc. To the lady the most penitent submission I can make is justly due, but in the execution of an act of justice it never shall be said my soul was sway'd by the least particle of fear: I have received a challenge from her brother; now, tho' I wou'd give my fortune, almost my life itself, to purchase her happiness, yet I cannot abate her one scruple of my honour; I have been branded with the name of villain.

Stockw. Ay, Sir, you mistook her character and he mistook yours; error begets error.

Belc. Villain, Mr. Stockwell, is a harsh word.

Stockw. It is a harsh word, and should be unsaid.

Belc. Come, come, it shall be unsaid.

Stockw.

Stockw. Or else what follows? why the sword is drawn, and to heal the wrongs you have done to the reputation of the sister, you make an honourable amends by murdering the brother.

Belc. Murdering!

Stockw. 'Tis thus religion writes and speaks the word; in the vocabulary of modern honour there is no such term——But come, I don't despair of satisfying the one without alarming the other; that done, I have a discovery to unfold that you will then I hope be fitted to receive.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The London Tavern.

O'FLAHERTY, STOCKWELL, CHARLES,
and BELCOUR.

O'Flab. GENTLEMEN, well met! you understand each other's minds, and as I see you have brought nothing but your swords, you may set to without any further ceremony.

Stockw. You will not find us backward in any worthy cause; but before we proceed any further, I would ask this young gentleman, whether he has any explanation to require of Mr. Belcour.

Charles. Of Mr. Belcour none; his actions speak for themselves: but to you, Sir, I would fain propose one question.

Stockw. Name it.

Charles. How is it, Mr. Stockwell, that I meet a man of your character on this ground?

Stockw. I will answer you directly, and my answer shall not displease you. I come hither in defence of the reputation of Miss Dudley, to redress the injuries of an innocent young lady.

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O'Flab.

O'Flab. By my soul the man knows he's to fight, only he mistakes which side he's to be of.

Stockw. You are about to draw your sword to refute a charge against your sister's honour; you would do well, if there were no better means within reach; but the proofs of her innocence are lodg'd in our bosoms, and if we fall, you destroy the evidence that most effectually can clear her fame.

Charles. How's that, Sir?

Stockw. This gentleman could best explain it to you, but you have given him an undeserv'd name that seals his lips against you: I am not under the same inhibition, and if your anger can keep cool for a few minutes, I desire I may call in two witnesses, who will solve all difficulties at once. Here, waiter! bring those people in that are without.

O'Flab. Out upon it, what need is there for so much talking about the matter; can't you settle your differences first, and dispute about 'em afterwards?

FULMER and Mrs. FULMER brought in.

Charles. Fulmer and his wife in custody?

Stockw. Yes, Sir, these are your honest landlord and landlady, now in custody for defrauding this gentleman of certain diamonds

monds intended to have been presented to your sister. Be so good, Mrs. Fulmer, to inform the company why you so grossly scandalized the reputation of an innocent lady, by persuading Mr. Belcour that Miss Dudley was not the sister, but the mistress, of this gentleman.

Mrs. Fulm. Sir, I don't know what right you have to question me, and I shall not answer till I see occasion.

Stockw. Had you been as silent heretofore, Madam, it would have saved you some trouble; but we don't want your confession. This letter, which you wrote to Mr. Belcour, will explain your design; and these diamonds, which of right belong to Miss Rusport, will confirm your guilt: the law, Mrs. Fulmer, will make you speak, tho' I can't. Constable, take charge of your prisoners.

Fulm. Hold a moment: Mr. Stockwell, you are a gentleman that knows the world, and a member of parliament; we shall not attempt to impose upon you; we know we are open to the law, and we know the utmost it can do against us. Mr. Belcour has been ill used to be sure, and so has Miss Dudley; and, for my own part, I always condemn'd the plot as a very foolish plot, but it was a child of Mrs. Fulmer's brain, and she would not be put out of conceit with it.

Mrs. Fulm. You are a very foolish man, Mr. Fulmer, so prythee hold your tongue.

Fulm. Therefore, as I was saying, if you send her to Bridewell, it won't be amiss; and if you give her a little wholesome discipline, she may be the better for that too: but for me, Mr. Stockwell, who am a man of letters, I must beseech you, Sir, not to bring any disgrace upon my profession.

Stockw. 'Tis you, Mr. Fulmer, not I, that disgrace your profession, therefore begone, nor expect that I will betray the interests of mankind so far as to shew favour to such incendiaries. Take 'em away; I blush to think such wretches should have the power to set two honest men at variance.

[*Exeunt FULMER, &c.*]

Charles. Mr. Belcour, we have mistaken each other; let us exchange forgiveness. I am convinced you intended no affront to my sister, and ask your pardon for the expression I was betrayed into.

Belc. 'Tis enough, Sir; the error began on my side, and was Miss Dudley here, I would be the first to atone.

Stockw. Let us all adjourn to my house, and conclude the evening like friends: you will find a little entertainment ready for you; and, if I am not mistaken, Miss Dudley and her father will make part of our company. Come Major, do you consent?

O'Flab.

O'Flab. Most readily, Mr. Stockwell; a quarrel well made up, is better than a victory hardly earned. Give me your hand, Belcour; o' my conscience you are too honest for the country you live in. And now, my dear lad, since peace is concluded on all sides, I have a discovery to make to you, which you must find out for yourself, for deuce take me if I rightly comprehend it, only that your aunt Rusport is in a conspiracy against you, and a vile rogue of a lawyer, whose name I forget, at the bottom of it.

Charles. What conspiracy? Dear Major, recollect yourself.

O'Flab. By my soul, I've no faculty at recollecting myself; but I've a paper somewhere about me, that will tell you more of the matter than I can. When I get to the merchant's, I will endeavour to find it.

Charles. Well, it must be in your own way; but I confess you have thoroughly rous'd my curiosity. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E II.

STOCKWELL'S House.

Capt. DUDLEY, LOUISA, and STUKELY.

Dudley. And are those wretches, Fulmer and his wife, in safe custody?

H. 3

Stuk.

Stuk. They are in good hands, I accompanied them to the Tavern, where your son was to be, and then went in search of you. You may be sure Mr. Stockwell will enforce the law against them as far as it will go.

Dudley. What mischief might their cursed machinations have produced, but for this timely discovery!

Louisa. Still I am terrified; I tremble with apprehension lest Mr. Belcour's impetuosity and Charles's spirit shou'd not wait for an explanation, but drive them both to extremes, before the mistake can be unravell'd.

Stuk. Mr. Stockwell is with them, Madam, and you have nothing to fear; you cannot suppose he wou'd ask you hither for any other purpose, but to celebrate their reconciliation and to receive Mr. Belcour's attonement.

Dudley. No, no, Louisa, Mr. Stockwell's honour and discretion guard us against all danger or offence; he well knows we will endure no imputation on the honour of our family, and he certainly has invited us to receive satisfaction on that score in an amicable way.

Louisa. Wou'd to Heaven they were return'd!

Stuk. You may expect them every minute; and see Madam, agreeable to your wish, they are here. [Exit.

S C E N E

SCENE III.

CHARLES enters, and afterwards STOCKWELL and O'FLAHERTY.

Louisa. O Charles, O brother, how cou'd you serve me so, how cou'd you tell me you was going to Lady Rusport's and then set out with a design of fighting Mr. Belcour? But where is he; where is your antagonist?

Stockw. Captain, I am proud to see you, and you Miss Dudley, do me particular honour: We have been adjusting, Sir, a very extraordinary and dangerous mistake, which I take for granted my friend Stukely has explain'd to you.

Dudley. He has; I have too good an opinion of Mr. Belcour to believe he cou'd be guilty of a design'd affront to an innocent girl, and I am much too well acquainted with your character to suppose you cou'd abet him in such design; I have no doubt therefore all things will be set to rights in very few words when we have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Belcour.

Stockw. He has only stepped into the counting-house and will wait upon you directly: You will not be over strict, Madam, in weighing Mr. Belcour's conduct to the minutest scruple; his manners, passions and

opinions are not as yet assimilated to this climate; he comes amongst you a new character, an inhabitant of a new world and both hospitality as well as pity recommend him to our indulgence.

SCENE IV.

BELCOUR enters, bows to Miss DUDLEY.

Belc. I am happy and ashamed to see you; no man in his senses wou'd offend you; I forfeited mine and err'd against the light of the sun, when I overlook'd your virtues; but your beauty was predominant and hid them from my sight; I now perceive I was the dupe of a most improbable report, and humbly entreat your pardon.

Louisa. Think no more it; 'twas a mistake.

Belc. My life has been compos'd of little else; 'twas founded in mystery and has continued in error: I was once given to hope, Mr. Stockwell, that you was to have deliver'd me from these difficulties, but either I do not deserve your confidence, or I was deceiv'd in my expectations.

Stockw. When this lady has confirm'd your pardon, I shall hold you deserving of my confidence.

Louisa That was granted the moment it was ask'd.

Belc.

Belc. To prove my title to his confidence honour me so far with your's as to allow me a few minutes conversation in private with you. *[She turns to her father.]*

Dudley. By all means, Louisa; come, Mr. Stockwell, let us go into another room.

Charles. And now, Major O'Flaherty, I claim your promise of a sight of the paper, that is to unravel this conspiracy of my aunt Rusport's: I think I have waited with great patience.

O'Flab. I have been endeavouring to call to mind what it was I overheard; I've got the paper and will give you the best account I can of the whole transaction. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.

BELCOUR *and* LOUISA.

Belc. Miss Dudley, I have solicited this audience to repeat to you my penitence and confusion: How shall I atone? What reparation can I make to you and virtue?

Louisa. To me there's nothing due, nor any thing demanded of you but your more favourable opinion for the future, if you should chance to think of me: Upon the part of virtue I'm not empower'd to speak, but if hereafter, as you range thro' life, you shou'd surprize her in the person of
some

some wretched female, poor as myself and not so well protected, enforce not your advantage, compleat not your licentious triumph, but raise her, rescue her from shame and sorrow, and reconcile her to herself again.

Belc. I will, I will; by bearing your idea ever present in my thoughts, virtue shall keep an advocate within me; but tell me, loveliest, when you pardon the offence, can you, all perfect as you are, approve of the offender? As I now cease to view you in that false light I lately did, can you, and in the fulness of your bounty will you, cease also to reflect upon the libertine addresses I have paid you, and look upon me as your reform'd, your rational admirer?

Louisa. Are sudden reformations apt to last; and how can I be sure the first fair face you meet will not ensnare affections so unsteady, and that I shall not lose you lightly as I gain'd you?

Belc. Because tho' you conquer'd me by surprize, I have no inclination to rebel; because since the first moment that I saw you, every instant has improv'd you in my eyes, because by principle as well as passion I am unalterably yours, in short there are ten thousand causes for my love to you, would to Heaven I could plant one in your soft bosom that might move you to return it!

Louisa.

Louisa. Nay, Mr. Belcour.—

Belc. I know I am not worthy your regard; I know I'm tainted with a thousand faults, sick of a thousand follies, but there's a healing virtue in your eyes that makes recovery certain; I cannot be a villain in your arms.

Louisa. That you can never be; whomever you shall honour with your choice, my life upon't that woman will be happy; it is not from suspicion that I hesitate, it is from honour; 'tis the severity of my condition, it is the world that never will interpret fairly in our case.

Belc. Oh, what am I, and who in this wide world concerns himself for such a nameless, such a friendless thing as I am? I see, Miss Dudley, I've not yet obtain'd your pardon.

Louisa. Nay, that you are in full possession of.

Belc. Oh, seal it with your hand then, loveliest of women, confirm it with your heart; make me honourably happy, and crown your penitent not with your pardon only, but your love.

Louisa. My love!—

Belc. By Heav'n my soul is conquer'd with your virtues more than my eyes are ravish'd with your beauty: Oh, may this soft, this sensitive alarm be happy, be auspicious! Doubt not, deliberate not, delay not:

not: If happiness be the end of life, why do we slip a moment?

S C E N E VI.

O'FLAHERTY *enters*, and afterwards DUDLEY and CHARLES with STOCKWELL.

O'Flab. Joy, joy, joy! sing, dance, leap, laugh for joy! Ha' done making love and fall down on your knees to every saint in the calendar, for they're all on your side and honest St. Patrick at the head of them.

Charles. O Louisa, such an event! by the luckiest chance in life we have discover'd a will of my grandfather's made in his last illness, by which he cuts off my Aunt Rufport with a small annuity, and leaves me heir to his whole estate, with a fortune of fifteen thousand pounds to yourself.

Louisa. What is it you tell me?—
[*to her father.*] O Sir, instruct me to support this unexpected turn of fortune.

Dudley. Name not fortune; 'tis the work of providence, 'tis the justice of Heaven that wou'd not suffer innocence to be oppress'd, nor your base aunt to prosper in her cruelty and cunning.

A servant whispers Belcour, and he goes out.

O'Flab. You shall pardon me, Capt. Dudley, but you must not overlook St. Patrick neither.

neither, for by my soul if he had not put it into my head to slip behind the screen when your righteous aunt and the lawyer were plotting together, I don't see how you wou'd ever have come at the paper there, that Master Stockwell is reading.

Dudley. True my good friend, you are the father of this discovery, but how did you contrive to get this will from the lawyer?

O'Flab. By force, my dear, the only way of getting any thing from a lawyer's clutches.

Stockw. Well, Major, when he brings his action of assault and battery against you, the least Dudley can do is to defend you with the weapons you have put into his hands.

Charles. That I am bound to do, and after the happiness I shall have in sheltering a father's age from the vicissitudes of life, my next delight will be in offering you an asylum in the bosom of your country.

O'Flab. And upon my soul, my dear, 'tis high time I was there, for 'tis now thirty long years since I set foot in my native country, and by the power of St. Patrick I swear I think it's worth all the rest of the world put together.

Dudley. Ay, Major, much about that time have I been beating the round of service, and 'twere well for us both to give over;

over; we have stood many a tough gale and abundance of hard blows, but Charles shall lay us up in a little private, but safe, harbour, where we'll rest from our labours, and peacefully wind up the remainder of our days.

O'Flab. Agreed, and you may take it as a proof of my esteem, young man, that Major O'Flaherty accepts a favour at your hands, for by Heaven I'd sooner starve, than say I thank you to the man I despise: But I believe you are an honest lad, and I'm glad you've trounc'd the old cat, for on my conscience I believe I must otherwise have married her myself to have let you in for a share of her fortune.

Stockw. Hey day, what's become of Belcour.

Louisa. One of your servants call'd him out just now and seemingly on some earnest occasion.

Stockw. I hope, Miss Dudley, he has aton'd to you as a gentleman ought.

Louisa. Mr. Belcour, Sir, will always do what a gentleman ought, and in my case I fear only you will think he has done too much.

Stockw. What has he done; and what can be too much? — [*aside.*] Pray Heaven, it may be as I wish!

Dudley. Let us hear it, child.

Louisa.

Louisa. With confusion for my own unworthiness, I confess to you he has offer'd me——

Stockw. Himself?

Louisa. 'Tis true.

Stockw. [*aside.*] Then I am happy; all my doubts, my cares are over, and I may own him for my son.—[*aloud.*] Why these are joyful tidings: come, my good friend, assist me in disposing your lovely daughter to accept this returning prodigal; he is no unprincipled, no harden'd libertine; his love for you and virtue is the same.

Dudley. 'Twere vile ingratitude in me to doubt his merit——What says my child?

O'Flab. Begging your pardon now, 'tis a frivolous sort of a question, that of yours; for you may see plainly enough by the young lady's looks, that she says a great deal, though she speaks never a word.

Charles. Well, sister, I believe the Major has fairly interpreted the state of your heart.

Louisa. I own it; and what must that heart be, which love, honour and beneficence like Mr. Belcour's can make no impression on?

Stockw. I thank you: What happiness has this hour brought to pass!

O'Flab. Why don't we all sit down to supper then and make a night on't.

Stockw. Hold, here comes Belcour.

SCENE

SCENE

SCENE VII.

BELCOUR *introducing Miss RUSPORT.*

Belc. Mr. Dudley, here is a fair refugee, who properly comes under your protection; she is equipt for Scotland, but your good fortune, which I have related to her, seems inclin'd to save you both the journey—— Nay, Madam, never go back; you are amongst friends.

Charles. Charlotte!

Char. The same; that found officious girl, that haunts you every where; that persecuting spirit——

Charles. Say rather, that protecting angel; such you have been to me.

Char. O Charles, you have an honest, but proud heart.

Charles. Nay, chide me not, dear Charlotte.

Belc. Seal up her lips then; she is an adorable girl; her arms are open to you; and love and happiness are ready to receive you.

Charles. Thus then I claim my dear, my destin'd wife. [*embracing her.*]

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Lady Rusport enters.

Lady Rusp. Heyday! mighty fine! wife truly! mighty well! kissing, embracing—did ever any thing equal this? Why you shameless hussy! —But I won't condescend to waste a word upon you.—You, Sir, you, Mr. Stockwell, you fine, sanctified, fair-dealing man of conscience, is this the principle you trade upon? Is this your neighbourly system, to keep a house of reception for run-away daughters, and young beggarly fortune-hunters?

O'Fla. Be advis'd now, and don't put yourself in such a passion; we were all very happy till you came.

Lady Rusp. Stand away, Sir; hav'nt I a reason to be in a passion?

O'Fla. Indeed, honey, and you have, if you knew all.

Lady Rusp. Come, Madam, I have found out your haunts; dispose yourself to return home with me: young man, let me never see you within my doors again: Mr. Stockwell, I shall report your behaviour, depend on it.

Stockw. Hold, Madam, I cannot consent to lose Miss Rusport's company this evening,

ning, and I am persuaded you won't insist upon it; 'tis an unmotherly action to interrupt your daughter's happiness in this manner, believe me it is.

Lady Rusp. Her happiness truly; upon my word! and I suppose it's an unmotherly action to interrupt her ruin; for what but ruin must it be to marry a beggar? [*To Captain Dudley*] I think my sister had a proof of that, Sir, when she made choice of you.

Dudley. Don't be too lavish of your spirits, Lady Rusport.

O'Fla. By my soul you'll have occasion for a sip of the cordial Elixir by and bye.

Stockw. It don't appear to me, Madam, that Mr. Dudley can be call'd a beggar.

Lady Rusp. But it appears to me, Mr. Stockwell; I am apt to think a pair of colours cannot furnish settlement quite sufficient for the heiress of Sir Stephen Rusport.

Charles. But a good estate in aid of a commission may do something.

Lady Rusp. A good estate, truly! where shou'd he get a good estate pray?

Stockw. Why suppose now a worthy old gentleman on his death-bed should have taken it in mind to leave him one—

Lady Rusp. Hah! what's that you say?

O'Fla.

O'Fla. O ho! you begin to smell a plot, do you?

Stockw. Suppose there should be a paper in the world that runs thus—"I do hereby
"give and bequeath all my estates, real and
"personal, to Charles Dudley, son of my
"late daughter Louisa, &c. &c. &c."

Lady Rusp. Why I am thunder-struck! by what contrivance, what villany did you get possession of that paper?

Stockw. There was no villany, Madam, in getting possession of it; the crime was in concealing it, none in bringing it to light.

Lady Rusp. Oh, that cursed lawyer, Varland!

O'Fla. You may say that, faith, he is a cursed lawyer, and a cursed piece of work I had to get the paper from him; your Ladyship now was to have paid him five thousand pounds for it, I forc'd him to give it me of his own accord for nothing at all, at all.

Lady Rusp. Is it you that have done this? Am I foil'd by your blundering contrivances, after all?

O'Fla. 'Twas a blunder, faith, but as natural a one as if I'd made it o' purpose.

Charles. Come, let us not oppress the fallen; do right even now, and you shall have no cause to complain.

Lady Rusp. Am I become an object of your pity then? Insufferable! confusion light amongst you! marry and be wretched: let me never see you more. [*Exit.*

Char. She is outrageous; I suffer for her, and blush to see her thus exposed.

Charles. Come, Charlotte, don't let this angry woman disturb our happiness: we will save her in spite of herself; your father's memory shall not be stained by the discredit of his second choice.

Char. I trust implicitly to your discretion, and am in all things yours.

Belc. Now, lovely but obdurate, does not this example soften?

Lou. What can you ask for more? Accept my hand, accept my willing heart.

Belc. O bliss inutterable! brother, father, friend, and you the author of this general joy—

O'Fla. Blessing of St. Patrick upon us all! 'tis a night of wonderful and surprizing ups and downs: I wish we were all fairly set down to supper, and there was an end on't.

Stockw. Hold for a moment? I have yet one word to interpose—Intitled by my friendship to a voice in your disposal, I have approv'd your match; there yet remains a father's consent to be obtain'd.

Belc.

Belc. Have I a father?

Stockw. You have a father: did not I tell you I had a discovery to make? Compose yourself: you have a father, who observes, who knows, who loves you.

Belc. Keep me no longer in suspense; my heart is soften'd for the affecting discovery, and nature fits me to receive his blessing.

Stockw. I am your father.

Belc. My father? Do I live?

Stockw. I am your father.

Belc. It is too much; my happiness o'erpowers me; to gain a friend and find a father is too much; I blush to think how little I deserve you. [They embrace.

Dudley. See, children, how many new relations spring from this night's unforeseen events, to endear us to each other.

O'Fla. O' my conscience, I think we shall be all related by and bye.

Stockw. How happily has this evening concluded, and yet how threatening was its approach! let us repair to the supper room, where I will unfold to you every circumstance of my mysterious story. Yes, Belcour, I have watch'd you with a patient, but enquiring eye, and I have discover'd thro' the veil of some irregularities, a heart beaming with benevolence, an animated nature, fallible indeed, but not incorri-

gible; and your election of this excellent young Lady makes me glory in acknowledging you to be my son.

Belc. I thank you, and in my turn glory in the father I have gained: sensibly imprest with gratitude for such extraordinary dispensations, I beseech you, amiable Louisa, for the time to come, whenever you perceive me deviating into error or offence, bring only to my mind the Providence of this night, and I will turn to reason and obey.

END OF THE WEST INDIAN.

THE
MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.

A COMEDY,
BY DOCTOR GOLDSMITH.

Dramatis Personae.

M E N.

Sir CHARLES MAR- HARDCASTLE,

LOW, HASTINGS,

Young MARLOW TONY LUMPKIN,

his Son DIGGORY,

W O M E N.

Mrs. HARDCASTLE, Miss NEVILLE,

Miss HARDCASTLE, MAID,

Landlord, Servants, &c. &c.

THE
MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A CHAMBER *in an old-fashioned* HOUSE.

*Enter Mrs. HARDCASTLE and Mr. HARD-
CASTLE.*

Mrs. Hardcastle. I vow, Mr. Hardcastle, you're very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country, but ourselves, that does not take a trip to town now and then, to rub off the rust a little? There's the two Miss Hoggs, and our neighbour, Mrs. Grigby; go to take a month's polishing every winter.

Hardcastle. Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. I wonder why London cannot keep its own fools at home. In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stage-coach. Its fopperies come down, not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Ay, *your* times were fine times, indeed; you have been telling us of *them* for many a long year. Here
we

we live in an old rumbling mansion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visitors are old Mrs. Oddfish, the curate's wife, and little Cripplegate, the lame dancing-master: And all our entertainment your old stories of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough. I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

Hardcastle. And I love it. I love every thing that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine; and, I believe, Dorothy, [*taking her hand*] you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Lord, Mr. Hardcastle, you're for ever at your Dorothy's and your old wife's. You may be a Darby, but I'll be no Joan, I promise you. I'm not so old as you'd make me, by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

Hardcastle. Let me see; twenty added to twenty, makes just fifty and seven.

Mrs. Hardcastle. It's false, Mr. Hardcastle: I was but twenty when I was brought to bed of Tony, that I had by Mr. Lumpkin, my first husband; and he's not come to years of discretion yet.

Hardcastle. Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. Ay, you have taught *him* finely.

Mrs.

Mrs. Hardcastle. No matter, Tony Lumpkin has a good fortune. My son is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a year.

Hardcastle. Learning, quotha! A mere composition of tricks and mischief.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Humour, my dear: nothing but humour. Come, Mr. Hardcastle, you must allow the boy a little humour.

Hardcastle. I'd sooner allow him an horse-pond. If burning the footmens shoes, frightening the maids, and worrying the kittens, be humour, he has it. It was but yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a bow, I popt my bald head in Mrs. Frizzle's face.

Mrs. Hardcastle. And am I to blame? The poor boy was always too sickly to do any good. A school would be his death. When he comes to be a little stronger, who knows what a year or two's Latin may do for him?

Hardcastle. Latin for him! A cat and fiddle. No, no, the ale-house and the stable are the only schools he'll ever go to.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Well, we must not snub the poor boy now, for I believe we shan't have him long among us. Any body that looks in his face may see he's consumptive.

Hard-

Hardcastle. Ay, if growing too fat be one of the symptoms.

Mrs. Hardcastle. He coughs sometimes.

Hardcastle. Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way.

Mrs. Hardcastle. I'm actually afraid of his lungs.

Hardcastle. And truly so am I; for he sometimes whoops like a speaking trumpet—*[Tony ballooning behind the Scenes]*—O there he goes—A very consumptive figure, truly.

Enter TONY, crossing the Stage.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Tony, where are you going, my charmer? Won't you give papa and I a little of your company, lovee?

Tony. I'm in haste, mother, I cannot stay.

Mrs. Hardcastle. You shan't venture out this raw evening, my dear: You look most shockingly.

Tony. I can't stay, I tell you. The Three Pigeons expects me down every moment. There's some fun going forward.

Hardcastle. Ay; the ale-house, the old place: I thought so.

Mrs. Hardcastle. A low, paltry set of fellows.

Tony. Not so low neither. There's Dick Muggins the exciseman, Jack Slang the horse doctor, Little Aminadab that grinds the
the

the music box, and Tom Twist that spins the pewter platter.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Pray, my dear, disappoint them for one night at least.

Tony. As for disappointing *them*, I should not so much mind; but I can't abide to disappoint *myself*.

Mrs. Hardcastle. [*Detaining him*] You shan't go.

Tony. I will, I tell you.

Mrs. Hardcastle. I say you shan't.

Tony. We'll see which is strongest, you or I. [*Exit, hawling her out.*]

SCENE II.

HARDCASTLE. *Solus.*

Hardcastle. Ay, there goes a pair that only spoil each other. But is not the whole age in a combination to drive sense and discretion out of doors? There's my pretty darling Kate; the fashions of the times have almost infected her too. By living a year or two in town, she is as fond of gauze, and French frippery, as the best of them.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE.

Hardcastle. Blessings on my pretty innocence! Drest out as usual my Kate. Goodness! What a quantity of superfluous silk has

has thou got about thee, girl! I could never teach the fools of this age, that the indigent world could be cloathed out of the trimmings of the vain.

Miss Hardcastle. You know our agreement, Sir. You allow me the morning to receive and pay visits, and to dress in my own manner; and in the evening, I put on my housewife's dress to please you.

Hardcastle. Well, remember I insist on the terms of our agreement; and, by the bye, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening.

Miss Hardcastle. I protest, Sir, I don't comprehend your meaning.

Hardcastle. Then, to be plain with you, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband from town this very day. I have his father's letter, in which he informs me his son is set out, and that he intends to follow himself shortly after.

Miss Hardcastle. Indeed! I wish I had known something of this before. Bless me, how shall I behave? It's a thousand to one I shan't like him; our meeting will be so formal, and so like a thing of business, that I shall find no room for friendship or esteem.

Hardcastle. Depend upon it, child, I'll never controul your choice; but Mr. Marlow, whom I have pitched upon, is the son

son of my old friend, Sir Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar, and is designed for an employment in the service of his country. I am told he's a man of an excellent understanding.

Miss Hardcastle. Is he?

Hardcastle. Very generous.

Miss Hardcastle. I believe I shall like him.

Hardcastle. Young and brave.

Miss Hardcastle. I'm sure I shall like him.

Hardcastle. And very handsome.

Miss Hardcastle. My dear Papa, say no more [*kissing his hand*] he's mine, I'll have him.

Hardcastle. And to crown all, Kate, he's one of the most bashful and reserved young fellows in all the world.

Miss Hardcastle. Eh! you have frozen me to death again. That word reserved, has undone all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a suspicious husband.

Hardcastle. On the contrary, modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the very feature in his character that first struck me.

Miss Hardcastle. He must have more striking features to catch me, I promise you. However, if he be so young, so handsome, and so every thing, as you men-

mention, I believe he'll do still. I think I'll have him.

Hardcastle. Ay, Kate, but there is still an obstacle. Its more than an even wager, he may not have *you*.

Miss Hardcastle. My dear Papa, why will you mortify one so?—Well, if he refuses, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my glass for its flattery. Set my cap to some newer fashion, and look out for some less difficult admirer.

Hardcastle. Bravely resolved! in the mean time I'll go prepare the servants for his reception; as we seldom see company they want as much training as a company of recruits, the first day's muster. [Exit.

Miss HARDCASTLE, *Sola.*

Miss Hardcastle. Lud, this news of Papa's, puts me all in a flutter. Young, handsome; these he put last; but I put them foremost. Sensible, good-natured; I like all that. But then reserved, and sheepish, that's much against him. Yet can't he be cured of his timidity, by being taught to be proud of his wife? Yes, and can't I—But I vow I'm disposing of the husband, before I have secured the lover.

Enter Miss NEVILLE.

Miss Hardcastle. I'm glad you're come, Neville, my dear. Tell me, Constance,
how

how do I look this evening? Is there any thing whimsical about me? Is it one of my well looking days, child? Am I in face to day?

Miss Neville. Perfectly, my dear. Yet now I look again—bless me!—sure no accident has happened among the canary birds or the gold fishes. Has your brother or the cat been meddling? Or has the last novel been too moving?

Miss Hardcastle. No; nothing of all this. I have been threatened—I can scarce get it out—I have been threatened with a lover.

Miss Neville. And his name——

Miss Hardcastle. Is Marlow.

Miss Neville. Indeed!

Miss Hardcastle. The son of Sir Charles Marlow.

Miss Neville. As I live, the most intimate friend of Mr. Hastings, *my* admirer. They are never asunder. I believe you must have seen him when we lived in town.

Miss Hardcastle. Never.

Miss Neville. He's a very singular character, I assure you. Among women of reputation and virtue, he is the modestest man alive; but his acquaintances give him a very different character among creatures of another stamp: you understand me.

Miss Hardcastle. An odd character, indeed. I shall never be able to manage him. What shall I do? Pshaw, think no more of

him, but trust to occurrences for success. But how goes on your own affair my dear, has my mother been courting you for my brother Tony, as usual?

Miss Neville. I have just come from one of our agreeable tête-a-têtes. She has been saying a hundred tender things, and setting off her pretty monster as the very pink of perfection.

Miss Hardcastle. And her partiality is such, that she actually thinks him so. A fortune like your's is no small temptation. Besides, as she has the sole management of it, I'm not surprized to see her unwilling to let it go out of the family.

Miss Neville. A fortune like mine, which chiefly consists in jewels, is no such mighty temptation. But at any rate if my dear Hastings be but constant, I make no doubt to be too hard for her at last. However, I let her suppose that I am in love with her son, and she never once dreams that my affections are fixed upon another.

Miss Hardcastle. My good brother holds out stoutly. I could almost love him for hating you so.

Miss Neville. It is a good natured creature at bottom, and I'm sure would wish to see me married to any body but himself. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon's walk round the improvements. Allons.
Cou-

Courage is necessary as our affairs are critical.

Miss Hardcastle. Would it were bed time and all were well. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

An Alehouse Room. Several shabby fellows, with Punch and Tobacco. TONY at the head of the Table, a little higher than the rest: A mallet in his hand.

Omnes. Hurree, hurree, hurree, bravo.

First Fellow. Now, gentlemen, silence for a song. The 'Squire is going to knock himself down for a song.

Omnes. Ay, a song, a song.

Tony. Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon this ale-house, the Three Pigeons.

SONG.

*Let school-masters puzzle their brain,
With grammar, and nonsense, and
learning;*

*Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives genus a better discerning.*

*Let them brag of their Heathenish Gods,
Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians;
Their Quis, and their Quæs, and their
Quods,*

They're all but a parcel of Pigeons.

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

*When Methodist preachers come down,
 A preaching that drinking is sinful,
 I'll wager the rascals a crown,
 They always preach best with a skinful.
 But when you come down with your pence,
 For a slice of their scurvy religion,
 I'll leave it to all men of sense,
 But you my good friend are the pigeon.
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.*

*Then come, put the jorum about,
 And let us be merry and clever,
 Our hearts and our liquors are stout,
 Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.
 Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
 Your bustards, your ducks, and your
 widgeons;
 But of all the birds in the air,
 Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pi-
 geons.*

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Omnes. Bravo, bravo.

*First Fellow. The 'Squire has got spunk
 in him.*

*Second Fellow. I loves to hear him sing,
 bekeays he never gives us nothing that's
 low.*

*Third Fellow. O damn any thing that's
 low, I cannot bear it.*

*Fourth Fellow. The genteel thing is the
 genteel thing at any time. If so be that a
 gentle-*

gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.

Third Fellow. I like the maxum of it, Master Muggins. What, tho' I am obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my poison if my bear ever dances but to the very gentteelest of tunes. Water Parted, or the minuet in Ariadne.

Second Fellow. What a pity it is the 'Squire is not come to his own. It would be well for all the publicans within ten miles round of him.

Tony. Ecod and so it would Master Slang. I'd then shew what it was to keep choice of company.

Second Fellow. O he takes after his own father for that. To be sure old 'Squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eyes on. For winding the streight horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, or a wench he never had his fellow. It was a saying in the place, that he kept the best horses, dogs and girls in the whole county.

Tony. Ecod, and when I'm of age I'll be no bastard I promise you. I have been thinking of Bett Bouncer and the miller's grey mare to begin with. But come, my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning. Well Stingo, what's the matter?

Enter LANDLORD.

Landlord. There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They have lost their way upo' the forest; and they are talking something about Mr. Hardcastle.

Tony. As sure as can be one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

Landlord. I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

Tony. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. [*Exit Landlord.*] Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. [*Exeunt Mob.*]

S C E N E I V.

T O N Y solus.

Tony. Father-in-law has been calling me whelp, and hound, this half year. Now if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I'm afraid — afraid of what! I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a year, and let him frighten me out of *that* if he can.

Enter

Enter LANDLORD, *conducting* MARLOW
and HASTINGS.

Marlow. What a tedious uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore.

Hastings. And all Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us enquire more frequently on the way.

Marlow. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one I meet; and often, stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

Hastings. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

Tony. No offence, gentlemen. But I'm told you have been enquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle, in those parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

Hastings. Not in the least Sir, but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you came?

Hastings. No, Sir; but if you can inform us——

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is, that—You have lost your way.

Marlow. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Marlow. That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offence? but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grain'd, old-fashion'd, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face; a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hastings. We have not seen the gentleman, but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tell trapesing, trolloping, talkative maypose—The son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that every hody is fond of.

Marlow. Our information differs in this. The daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son, an aukward boody, reated up, and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

Tony. He-he-hem——Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hastings. Unfortunate!

Tony. It's a damn'd long, dark, boggy, direy, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Hardcastle's; [*winking upon the Landlord*] Mr. Hardcastle's of Quagmire Marsh, you understand me.

Land-

Landlord. Master Hardcastle's! Lock-a-daisy, my Masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong! When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have cross'd down Squash-lane.

Marlow. Cross down Squash-lane!

Landlord. Then you were to keep streight forward, 'till you came to four roads.

Marlow. Come to where four roads meet!

Tony. Ay; but you must be sure to take only one of them.

Marlow. O Sir, you're facetious.

Tony. Then keeping to the right, you are to go side-ways till you come upon Crack-skull common: there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward, 'till you come to farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill——

Marlow. Zounds, man! we could as soon find out the longitude!

Hastings. What's to be done, Marlow?

Marlow. This house promises but a poor reception; though perhaps the Landlord can accommodate us.

Landlord. Alack, Master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. [*after a pause,*

pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted] I have hit it. Don't you think, Stingo, our landlady could accommodate the gentlemen by the fire-side, with——three chairs and a bolster?

Hastings. I hate sleeping by the fire-side.

Marlow. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you?—then let me see—what—if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's Head; the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole county?

Hastings. O ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Landlord. [*Apart to Tony*] Sure, you ben't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum, you fool you. Let *them* find that out. [*to them*] You have only to keep on streight forward, till you come to a large old house by the road side. You'll see a pair of large horns over the door. That's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hastings. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

Tony. No, no: But I tell you though, the Landlord is rich, and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a Gentleman, saving your presence, he! he! he! He'll be for giving you his company,
and

and ecod if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of peace.

Landlord. A troublesome old blade to be sure; but a keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.

Marlow. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connexion. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no; streight forward. I'll just step myself, and shew you a piece of the way. [*to the landlord*] Mum.

Landlord. Ah, bless your heart, for a sweet, pleasant——damn'd mischievous son of a whore. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

An old-fashioned HOUSE.

Enter **HARDCASTLE**, *followed by three or four awkward Servants.*

Hardcastle. **W**ELL, I hope you're perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can shew that you have been used to good company, without ever stirring from home.

Omnes. Ay, ay,

Hardcastle. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frightened rabbits in a warren.

Omnes. No, no.

Hardcastle. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a shew at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind *my* chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Diggo-

Diggory. Ay, mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands this way, when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill——

Hardcastle. You must not be so talkative, *Diggory.* You must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Diggory. By the laws, your Worship, that's perfectly impossible. Whenever *Diggory* sees yeating going forward, ecod he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hardcastle. Blockhead! Is not a belly-full in the kitchen as good as a belly-full in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

Diggory. Ecod I thank your Worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

Hardcastle. *Diggory*, you are too talkative. Then if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Diggory. Then ecod your Worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room: I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

Hard-

Hardcastle. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that—but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, Sir, if you please [*to Diggory*—Eh, why don't you move?

Diggory. Ecod, your Worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

Hardcastle. What, will no body move?

First Servant. I'm not to leave this place.

Second Servant. I'm sure it's no place of mine.

Third Servant. Nor mine, for sartain.

Diggory. Wauns, and I'm sure it canna be mine.

Hardcastle. You numbskulls! and so while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starved. O you dunces! I find I must begin all over again. —But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your posts, you blockheads. I'll go in the mean time and give my old friend's son a hearty reception at the gate.

[*Exit.*

Diggory. By the elevens, my place is gone quite out of my head.

Roger. I know that my place is to be every where.

First

First Servant. Where the devil is mine?

Second Servant. My please is to be no where at all; and so Ize go about my business. [*Exeunt Servants, running about as if frightened, different ways.*]

SCENE II.

Enter SERVANT with Candles, shewing in MARLOW and HASTINGS.

Servant. Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome. This way.

Hastings. After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well-looking house; antique, but creditable.

Marlow. The usual fate of a large mansion. Having first ruined the master by good housekeeping, it at last comes to levy contributions as an inn.

Hastings. As you say, we passengers are to be taxed to pay all these fineries. I have often seen a good sideboard, or a marble chimney-piece, tho' not actually put in the bill, enflame a reckoning confoundedly.

Marlow. Travellers, George, must pay in all places. The only difference is, that in good inns, you pay dearly for luxuries; in bad inns, you are fleeced and starved.

Hastings.

Hastings. You have lived pretty much among them. In truth, I have been often surprized, that you who have seen so much of the world, with your natural good sense, and your many opportunities, could never yet acquire a requisite share of assurance.

Marlow. The Englishman's malady. But tell me, George, where could I have learned that assurance you talk of? My life has been chiefly spent in a college, or an inn, in seclusion from that lovely part of the creation that chiefly teach men confidence. I don't know that I was ever familiarly acquainted with a single modest woman—except my mother—But among females of another class you know—

Hastings. Ay, among them you are impudent enough of all conscience.

Marlow. They are of *us* you know.

Hastings. But in the company of women of reputation I never saw such an idiot, such a trembler; you look for all the world as if you wanted an opportunity of stealing out of the room.

Marlow. Why man that's because I *do* want to steal out of the room. Faith, I have often formed a resolution to break the ice, and rattle away at any rate. But I don't know how, a single glance from a pair of fine eyes has totally overset my resolution. An impudent fellow may counterfeit

terfeit modesty, but I'll be hanged if a modest man can ever counterfeit impudence.

Hastings. If you could but say half the fine things to them that I have heard you lavish upon the bar-maid of an inn, or even a college bed maker—

Marlow. Why, George, I can't say fine things to them. They freeze, they petrify me. They may talk of a comet, or a burning mountain, or some such bagatelle. But to me, a modest woman, drest out in all her finery, is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.

Hastings. Ha! ha! ha! At this rate, man, how can you ever expect to marry!

Marlow. Never, unless as among kings and princes, my bride were to be courted by proxy. If, indeed, like an Eastern bridegroom, one were to be introduced to a wife he never saw before, it might be endured. But to go through all the terrors of a formal courtship, together with the episode of aunts, grandmothers and cousins, and at last to blurt out the broad staring question, of, *Madam will you marry me?* No, no, that's a strain much above me I assure you.

Hastings. I pity you. But how do you intend behaving to the lady you are come down to visit at the request of your father?

Marlow. As I behave to all other ladies. Bow very low. Answer yes, or no, to all her demands—But for the rest, I don't think I shall venture to look in her face, till I see my father's again.

Hastings. I'm surprized that one who is so warm a friend can be so cool a lover.

Marlow. To be explicit, my dear Hastings, my chief inducement down was to be instrumental in forwarding your happiness, not my own. Miss Neville loves you, the family don't know you, as my friend you are sure of a reception, and let honour do the rest.

Hastings. My dear Marlow! But I'll suppress the emotion. Were I a wretch, meanly seeking to carry off a fortune, you should be the last man in the world I would apply to for assistance. But Miss Neville's person is all I ask, and that is mine, both from her deceased father's consent, and her own inclination.

Marlow. Happy man! You have talents and art to captivate any woman. I'm doom'd to adore the sex, and yet to converse with the only part of it I despise. This stammer in my address, and this awkward prepossessing visage of mine, can never permit me to soar above the reach of a milliner's 'prentice, or one of the dutchesses of Drury-lane. Pshaw! this fellow here to interrupt us.

Enter

Enter **HARDCASTLE**.

Hardcastle. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? Sir, you're heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception in the old stile at my gate. I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Marlow [*Aside.*] He has got our names from the servants already. [*To him*] We approve your caution and hospitality, Sir. [*To Hastings*] I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling dresses in the morning. I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

Hardcastle. I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

Hastings. I fancy, George, you're right: the first blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

Hardcastle. Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings—Gentlemen—pray be under no constraint in this house. This is Libertyhall, Gentlemen. You may do just as you please here.

Marlow. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery to secure a retreat.

Hardcastle. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when we went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison.

Marlow. Don't you think the *ventre d'or* waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

Hardcastle. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

Hastings. I think not: Brown and yellow mix but very poorly.

Hardcastle. I say, Gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

Marlow. The girls like finery.

Hardcastle. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, says the Duke of Marlborough, to George Brooks, that stood next to him—You must have heard of George Brooks; I'll pawn my Dukedom, says he, but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood. So——

Marlow. What, my good friend, if you gave us a glass of punch in the mean time, it would help us to carry on the siege with vigour.

Hardcastle. Punch, Sir! [*Aside*] This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with.

Mar-

Marlow. Yes, Sir, Punch. A glass of warm punch, after our journey, will be comfortable. This is Liberty-Hall, you know.

Hardcastle. Here's Cup, Sir.

Marlow. [*Aside.*] So this fellow, in his Liberty-Hall, will only let us have just what he pleases.

Hardcastle. [*Taking the cup.*] I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, Sir? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance. [*drinks.*]

Marlow. [*Aside*] A very impudent fellow this! but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little. [*To him*] Sir, my service to you. [*drinks*]

Hastings. [*Aside*] I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman.

Marlow. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then, at elections, I suppose.

Hardcastle. No, Sir, I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there's no business *for us that sell ale.*

Hastings. So, then you have no turn for politics I find.

Hardcastle. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about *Heyder Ally*, or *Ally Cawn*, than about *Ally Croaker*. Sir, my service to you.

Hastings. So that with eating above stairs, and drinking below, with receiving your friends within, and amusing them without, you lead a good pleasant bustling life of it.

Hardcastle. I do stir about a great deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlour.

Marlow. [After drinking] And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster-hall.

Hardcastle. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

Marlow. [Aside] Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy.

Hastings. So then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack it with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. [drinks]

Hard-

Hardcastle. Good, very good, thank you; ha! ha! Your Generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Marlow. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I believe it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hardcastle. For Supper, Sir! [*Aside*] Was ever such a request to a man in his own house!

Marlow. Yes, Sir, supper Sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

Hardcastle. [*Aside*] Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. [*To him*] Why really, Sir, as for supper I can't well tell. My Dorothy, and the cook maid, settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

Marlow. You do, do you?

Hardcastle. Entirely. By-the-bye, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

Marlow. Then I beg they'll admit *me* as one of their privy council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always chuse to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence I hope, Sir.

Hardcastle. O no, Sir, none in the least; yet I don't know how: our Bridget, the

cook maid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we fend for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

Hastings. Let's see your list of the larder then. I ask it as a favour. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Marlow. [*To Hardcastle, who looks at them with surprize*] Sir, he's very right, and it's my way too.

Hardcastle. Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to night's supper. I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his, that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

Hastings. [*Aside*] All upon the high ropes! His uncle a Colonel! We shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of peace. [*To him*] But let's hear the bill of fare.

Marlow. [*Perusing*] What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the desert. The devil, Sir, do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners Company, or the Corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hastings. But, let's hear it.

Marlow. [*Reading*] For the first course at the top, a pig, and pruin sauce.

Hastings.

Hastings. Damn your pig, I say.

Marlow. And damn your pruin sauce, say I.

Hardcastle. And yet, Gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig, with pruin sauce, is very good eating.

Marlow. At the bottom, a calve's tongue and brains.

Hastings. Let your brains be knock'd out, my good Sir; I don't like them.

Marlow. Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves. I do.

Hardcastle. [*Aside*] Their impudence confounds me. [*To them*] Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there any thing else you wish to retrench or alter, Gentlemen?

Marlow. Item. A pork pie, a boiled rabbit and faufages, a florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream!

Hastings. Confound your made dishes, I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

Hardcastle. I'm sorry, Gentlemen, that I have nothing you like, but if there be any thing you have a particular fancy to——

Marlow. Why, really, Sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper. And now.

now to see that our beds are air'd, and properly taken care of.

Hardcastle. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

Marlow. Leave that to you! I protest, Sir, you must excuse me, I always look to these things myself.

Hardcastle. I must insist, Sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

Marlow. You see I'm resolved on it. [*Aside*] A very troublesome fellow this, as ever I met with.

Hardcastle. Well, Sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. [*Aside*] This may be modern modesty, but I never saw any thing look so like old-fashioned impudence.

[*Exeunt* MARLOW and HARDCASTLE.]

SCENE III.

H A S T I N G S *solus.*

Hastings. So I find this fellow's civilities begin to grow troublesome. But who can be angry at those assiduities which are meant to please him? Ha! what do I see? Miss Neville, by all that's happy!

Enter Miss NEVILLE.

Miss Neville. My dear Hastings! To what unexpected good fortune? to what accident am I to ascribe this happy meeting?

Hastings.

Hastings. Rather let me ask the same question, as I could never have hoped to meet my dearest Constance at an inn.

Miss Neville. An inn! sure you mistake! my aunt, my guardian, lives here. What could induce you to think this house an inn?

Hastings. My friend Mr. Marlow, with whom I came down, and I, have been sent here as to an inn, I assure you. A young fellow whom we accidentally met at a house hard by directed us hither.

Miss Neville. Certainly it must be one of my hopeful cousin's tricks, of whom you have heard me talk so often, ha! ha! ha! ha!

Hastings. He whom your aunt intends for you? He of whom I have such just apprehensions?

Miss Neville. You have nothing to fear from him, I assure you. You'd adore him if you knew how heartily he despises me. My aunt knows it too, and has undertaken to court me for him, and actually begins to think she has made a conquest.

Hastings. Thou dear dissembler! You must know, my Constance, I have just seized this happy opportunity of my friend's visit here to get admittance into the family. The horses that carried us down are now fatigued with their journey, but they'll soon be refreshed; and then if my dearest girl will trust in her faithful Hastings, we shall

shall soon be landed in France, where even among slaves the laws of marriage are respected.

Miss Neville. I have often told you, that though ready to obey you, I yet should leave my little fortune behind with reluctance. The greatest part of it was left me by my uncle, the India Director, and chiefly consists in jewels. I have been for some time persuading my aunt to let me wear them. I fancy I'm very near succeeding. The instant they are put into my possession you shall find me ready to make them and myself yours.

Hastings. Perish the baubles! Your person is all I desire. In the meantime, my friend Marlow must not be let into his mistake. I know the strange reserve of his temper is such, that if abruptly informed of it, he would instantly quit the house before our plan was ripe for execution.

Miss Neville. But how shall we keep him in the deception? Miss Hardcastle is just returned from walking; what if we still continue to deceive him?——This, this way——
[*They confer.*]

Enter MARLOW.

Marlow. The assiduities of these good people teize me beyond bearing. My host seems to think it ill manners to leave me alone, and so he claps not only himself but
his

his old-fashioned wife on my back. They talk of coming to sup with us too; and then, I suppose, we are to run the gauntlet thro' all the rest of the family.—What have we got here!—

Hastings. My dear Charles! Let me congratulate you!—The most fortunate accident!—Who do you think is just alighted?

Marlow. Cannot guess.

Hastings. Our mistresses, boy, Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville. Give me leave to introduce Miss Constance Neville to your acquaintance. Happening to dine in the neighbourhood, they called, on their return to take fresh horses, here. Miss Hardcastle has just stepped into the next room, and will be back in an instant. Wasn't it lucky? eh!

Marlow. [*Aside*] I have just been mortified enough of all conscience, and here comes something to complete my embarrassment.

Hastings. Well! but wasn't it the most fortunate thing in the world?

Marlow. Oh! yes. Very fortunate—a most joyful encounter——But our dresses, George, you know, are in disorder——What if we should postpone the happiness 'till to-morrow?——To-morrow at her own house——It will be every bit as convenient——And rather more respectful——To-morrow let it be.

[*Offering to go.*
Miss

Miss Neville. By no means, Sir. Your ceremony will displease her. The disorder of your dress will shew the ardour of your impatience. Besides, she knows you are in the house, and will permit you to see her.

Marlow. O! the devil! how shall I support it? Hem! hem! Hastings, you must not go. You are to assist me, you know. I shall be confoundedly ridiculous. Yet, hang it! I'll take courage. Hem!

Hastings. Pshaw man! it's but the first plunge, and all's over. She's but a woman, you know.

Marlow. And of all women, she that I dread most to encounter!

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE as returned from walking, a Bonnet, &c.

HASTINGS, *introducing them.*

Miss Hardcastle. Mr. Marlow, I'm proud of bringing two persons of such merit together, that only want to know, to esteem each other.

Miss Hardcastle. [*Aside*] Now, for meeting my modest gentleman with a demure face, and quite in his own manner. [*After a pause, in which he appears very uneasy and disconcerted.*] I'm glad of your safe arrival, Sir——I'm told you had some accidents by the way.

Mar-

Marlow. Only a few Madam. Yes, we had some. Yes, Madam, a good many accidents, but should be sorry—Madam—or rather glad of any accidents—that are so agreeably concluded. Hem!

Hastings. [*To him.*] You never spoke better in your whole life. Keep it up, and I'll insure you the victory.

Miss Hardcastle. I'm afraid you flatter, Sir. You that have seen so much of the finest company can find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

Marlow. [*Gathering courage.*] I have lived, indeed, in the world, Madam; but I have kept very little company. I have been but an observer upon life, Madam, while others were enjoying it.

Miss Neville. But that, I am told, is the way to enjoy it at last.

Hastings. [*To him.*] Cicero never spoke better. Once more, and you are confirm'd in assurance for ever.

Marlow. [*To him.*] Hem! Stand by me then, and when I'm down, throw in a word or two to set me up again.

Miss Hardcastle. An observer, like you, upon life, were, I fear, disagreeably employed, since you must have had much more to censure than to approve.

Marlow. Pardon me, Madam. I was always willing to be amused. The folly of
most

most people is rather an object of mirth than uneasiness.

Hastings. [*To him.*] Bravo, Bravo. Never spoke so well in your whole life. Well! Miss Hardcastle, I see that you and Mr. Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarrass the interview.

Marlow. Not in the least, Mr. Hastings. We like your company of all things. [*To him.*] Zounds! George, sure you won't go? How can you leave us?

Hastings. Our presence will but spoil conversation, so we'll retire to the next room. [*To him.*] You don't consider, man, that we are to manage a little tête-à-tête of our own. [*Exeunt.*]

Miss Hardcastle. [*After a pause*] But you have not been wholly an observer, I presume, Sir: The ladies I should hope have employed some part of your addresses.

Marlow. [*Relapsing into timidity*] Pardon me, Madam, I—I—I—as yet have studied—only—to—deserve them.

Miss Hardcastle. And that some say is the very worst way to obtain them.

Marlow. Perhaps so, Madam. But I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible part of the sex.—But I'm afraid I grow tiresome.

Miss Hardcastle. Not at all, Sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation.

sation myself; I could hear it for ever. Indeed I have often been surprized how a man of *sentiment* could ever admire those light airy pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart.

Marlow. It's——a disease——of the mind, Madam. In the variety of tastes there must be some who wanting a relish——for——um--a--um.

Miss Hardcastle. I understand you, Sir.—There must be some, who wanting a relish for refined pleasures, pretend to despise what they are incapable of tasting.

Marlow. My meaning, Madam, but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing——a——

Miss Hardcastle. [*Aside.*] Who could ever suppose this fellow impudent upon some occasions. [*To him.*] You were going to observe, Sir——

Marlow. I was observing, Madam—I protest, Madam, I forget what I was going to observe.

Miss Hardcastle. [*Aside.*] I vow and so do I. [*To him.*] You were observing, Sir, that in this age of hypocrisy something about hypocrisy, Sir.

Marlow. Yes, Madam. In this age of hypocrisy there are few who upon strict enquiry do not——a——a——a——

Miss Hardcastle. I understand you perfectly, Sir.

Marlow. [*Aside.*] Egad! and that's more than I do myself.

Miss Hardcastle. You mean that in this hypocritical age there are few that do not condemn in public what they practise in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it.

Marlow. True, Madam; those who have most virtue in their mouths, have least of it in their bosoms. But I'm sure I tire you, Madam.

Miss Hardcastle. Not in the least, Sir; there's something so agreeable and spirited in your manner, such life and force—pray, Sir, go on.

Marlow. Yes, Madam. I was saying—that there are some occasions—when a total want of courage, Madam, destroys all the—and puts us—upon a—a—a——

Miss Hardcastle. I agree with you entirely, a want of courage upon some occasions assumes the appearance of ignorance, and betrays us when we most want to excel. I beg you'll proceed.

Marlow. Yes, Madam. Morally speaking, Madam—But I see Miss Neville expecting us in the next room. I would not intrude for the world.

Miss Hardcastle. I protest, Sir, I never was more agreeably entertained in all my life. Pray go on.

Marlow.

Marlow. Yes, Madam. I was—But she beckons us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honour to attend you?

Miss Hardcastle. Well then, I'll follow.

Marlow [*Aside.*] This pretty smooth dialogue has done for me. [*Exit.*

Miss HARDCASTLE *sola.*

Miss Hardcastle. Ha! ha! ha! was there ever such a sober sentimental interview? I'm certain he scarce look'd in my face the whole time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccountable bashfulness, is pretty well too. He has good sense, but then so buried in his fears, that it fatigues one more than ignorance. If I could teach him a little confidence, it would be doing somebody that I know of a piece of service. But who is that somebody?—that, faith, is a question I can scarce answer. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter TONY and Miss NEVILLE, followed by Mrs. HARDCASTLE and HASTINGS.

Tony. What do you follow me for, cousin Con? I wonder you're not ashamed to be so very engaging.

Miss Neville. I hope, cousin, one may speak to one's own relations, and not be to blame.

M 2

Tony.

Tony. Ay, but I know what sort of a relation you want to make me though; but it won't do. I tell you, cousin Con, it won't do, so I beg you'll keep your distance, I want no nearer relationship.

[She follows coqueting him to the back scene.]

Mrs. Hardcastle. Well! I vow, Mr. Hastings, you are very entertaining. There's nothing in the world I love to talk of so much as London, and the fashions, though I was never there myself.

Hastings. Never there! You amaze me! From your air and manner, I concluded you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St. James's, or Tower Wharf.

Mrs. Hardcastle. O! Sir, you're only pleased to say so. We country persons can have no manner at all. I'm in love with the town, and that serves to raise me above some of our neighbouring rustics; but who can have a manner, that has never seen the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, the Borough, and such places where the Nobility chiefly resort? All I can do, is to enjoy London at second-hand. I take care to know every tête-à-tête from the Scandalous Magazine, and have all the fashions, as they come out, in a letter from the two Miss Rickets of Crookedlane. Pray how do you like this head, Mr. Hastings?

Hastings. Extremely elegant and dégagée, upon my word, Madam. Your Fri-
feur

seur is a Frenchman, I suppose?

Mrs. Hardcastle. I protest I dressed it myself from a print in the Ladies Memorandum-book for the last year.

Hastings. Indeed. Such a head in a side-box, at the Play-house, would draw as many gazers as my Lady May'refs at a City Ball.

Mrs. Hardcastle. I vow, since inoculation began, there is no such thing to be seen as a plain woman; so one must dress a little particular or one may escape in the crowd.

Hastings. But that can never be your case, Madam, in any dress. [*bowing.*]

Mrs. Hardcastle. Yet, what signifies *my* dressing when I have such a piece of antiquity by my side as Mr. Hardcastle: all I can say will never argue down a single button from his cloaths. I have often wanted him to throw off his great flaxen wig, and where he was bald, to plaister it over like my Lord Pately, with powder.

Hastings. You are right, Madam; for, as among the ladies, there are none ugly, so among the men there are none old.

Mrs. Hardcastle. But what do you think his answer was? Why, with his usual Gothic vivacity, he said I only wanted him to throw off his wig to convert it into a tête for my own wearing.

Hastings. Intolerable! At your age you may wear what you please, and it must become you.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Pray, Mr. Hastings, what do you take to be the most fashionable age about town?

Hastings. Some time ago, forty was all the mode; but I'm told the ladies intend to bring up fifty for the ensuing winter.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Seriously. Then I shall be too young for the fashion.

Hastings. No lady begins now to put on jewels 'till she's past forty. For instance, Miss there, in a polite circle, would be considered as a child, as a mere maker of samplers.

Mrs. Hardcastle. And yet Mrs. Niece thinks herself as much a woman, and is as fond of jewels as the oldest of us all.

Hastings. Your niece, is she? And that young gentleman, a brother of yours, I should presume?

Mrs. Hardcastle. My son, Sir. They are contracted to each other. Observe their little sports. They fall in and out ten times a day, as if they were man and wife already. [*To them.*] Well Tony, child, what soft things are you saying to your cousin Constance this evening?

Tony. I have been saying no soft things; but that it's very hard to be followed about so. Ecod! I've not a place in the house now that's left to myself but the stable.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Never mind him, Con, my dear. He's in another story behind your back.

Miss

Miss Neville. There's something generous in my cousin's manner. He falls out before faces to be forgiven in private.

Tony. That's a damned confounded—— crack.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Ah! he's fly one. Don't you think they're like each other about the mouth, Mistr. Hastings? The Blenkinsop mouth to a T. They're of a size too. Back to back, my pretties, that Mr. Hastings may see you. Come Tony.

Tony. You had as good not make me, I tell you. [*measuring.*]

Miss Neville. O lud! he has almost cracked my head.

Mrs. Hardcastle. O the monster! For shame, Tony. You a man, and behave so!

Tony. If I'm a man, let me have my fortin. Ecod! I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Is this, ungrateful boy, all that I'm to get for the pains I have taken in your education? I that have rock'd you in your cradle, and fed that pretty mouth with a spoon! Did not I work that waistcoat to make you genteel? Did not I prescribe for you every day, and weep while the receipt was operating?

Tony. Ecod! you had reason to weep, for you have been dosing me ever since I was born. I have gone through every receipt in the complete huswife ten times over; and you have thoughts of coursing

me through *Quincy* next spring. But, Ecod! I tell you, I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Wasn't it all for your good, viper? Wasn't it all for your good?

Tony. I wish you'd let me and my good alone then. Snubbing this way when I'm in spirits. If I'm to have any good, let it come of itself; not to keep dinging it, dinging it into one so.

Mrs. Hardcastle. That's false; I never see you when you're in spirits. No, Tony, you then go to the alehouse or kennel. I'm never to be delighted with your agreeable, wild notes, unfeeling monster!

Tony. Ecod! Mamma, your own notes are the wildest of the two.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Was ever the like? But I see he wants to break my heart, I see he does.

Hastings. Dear Madam, permit me to lecture the young gentleman a little. I'm certain I can persuade him to his duty.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Well! I must retire. Come, Constance, my love. You see Mr. Hastings, the wretchedness of my situation: Was ever poor woman so plagued with a dear, sweet, pretty, provoking, undutiful boy.

[*Exeunt Mrs. HARDCASTLE and Miss NEVILLE.*]

SCENE

SCENE V.

HASTINGS. TONY.

TONY, *singing*.

*There was a young man riding by,
And fain would have his will.*

Rang do didlo dee.

Don't mind her. Let her cry. It's the comfort of her heart. I have seen her and sister cry over a book for an hour together, and they said, they liked the book the better the more it made them cry.

Hastings. Then you're no friend to the ladies, I find, my pretty young gentleman?

Tony. That's as I find 'um.

Hastings. Not to her of your mother's chusing, I dare answer? And yet she appears to me a pretty well-tempered girl.

Tony. That's because you don't know her as well as I. Ecod! I know every inch about her; and there's not a more bitter cantankerous toad in all Christendom.

Hastings. [*Aside.*] Pretty encouragement this for a lover!

Tony. I have seen her since the height of that. She has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a colt the first day's breaking.

Hastings. To me she appears sensible and silent!

Tony.

Tony. Ay, before company. But when she's with her play-mates she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

Hastings. But there is a meek modesty about her that charms me.

Tony. Yes, but curb her never so little, she kicks up, and you're flung in a ditch.

Hastings. Well, but you must allow her a little beauty.—Yes, you must allow her some beauty.

Tony. Bandbox! She's all a made up thing, mun. Ah! could you but see Bet Bouncer of these parts, you might then talk of beauty. Ecod, she has two eyes as black as floes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion. She'd make two of she.

Hastings. Well! what say you to a friend that would take this bitter bargain off your hands?

Tony. Anon.

Hastings. Would you thank him that would take Miss Neville and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsy?

Tony. Ay; but where is there such a friend, for who would take *her*?

Hastings. I am he. If you but assist me, I'll engage to whip her off to France, and you shall never hear more of her.

Tony. Assist you! Ecod I will, to the last drop of my blood. I'll clap a pair of horses to your chaise that shall trundle you off in a twinkling, and may be get you a part
of

of her fortin beside, in jewels, that you little dream of.

Hastings. My dear squire, this looks like a lad of spirit.

Tony. Come along then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me. [*singing.*]

We are the boys

That fears no noise

Where the thundering cannons roar.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter HARDCASTLE *solus.*

Hardcastle. WHAT could my old friend Sir Charles mean by recommending his son as the modestest young man in town? To me he appears the most impudent piece of brass that ever spoke with a tongue. He has taken possession of the easy chair by the fire-side already. He took off his boots in the parlour, and desired me to see them taken care of. I'm desirous to know how his impudence affects my daughter. — She will certainly be shocked at it.

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE, *plainly dress'd.*

Hardcastle. Well, my Kate, I see you have changed your dress as I bid you; and yet, I believe, there was no great occasion.

Miss Hardcastle. I find such a pleasure, Sir, in obeying your commands, that I take care to observe them without ever debating their propriety.

Hardcastle. And yet, Kate; I sometimes give you some cause, particularly when I recommended my *modest* gentleman to you as a lover to-day.

Miss

Miss Hardcastle. You taught me to expect something extraordinary, and I find the original exceeds the description.

Hardcastle. I was never so surprized in my life! He has quite confounded all my faculties!

Miss Hardcastle. I never saw any thing like it: And a man of the world too!

Hardcastle. Ay, he learned it all abroad,—what a fool was I, to think a young man could learn modesty by travelling. He might as soon learn wit at a masquerade.

Miss Hardcastle. It seems all natural to him.

Hardcastle. A good deal assisted by bad company and a French dancing-master.

Miss Hardcastle. Sure you mistake, Papa! a French dancing-master could never have taught him that timid look,—that aukward address,—that bashful manner——

Hardcastle. Whose look? whose manner? child!

Miss Hardcastle. Mr. Marlow's: his mauvaïse honte, his timidity struck me at the first sight.

Hardcastle. Then your first sight deceived you; for I think him one of the most brazen first sights that ever astonished my senses.

Miss Hardcastle. Sure, Sir, you rally! I never saw any one so modest.

Hardcastle. And can you be serious! I never saw such a bouncing swaggering puppy since

since I was born. Bully Dawson was but a fool to him.

Miss Hardcastle. Surprizing! He met me with a respectful bow, a stammering voice, and a look fixed on the ground.

Hardcastle. He met me with a loud voice, a lordly air, and a familiarity that made my blood freeze again.

Miss Hardcastle. He treated me with diffidence and respect; censured the manners of the age; admired the prudence of girls that never laughed; tired me with apologies for being tiresome; then left the room with a bow, and, Madam, I would not for the world detain you.

Hardcastle. He spoke to me as if he knew me all his life before. Asked twenty questions, and never waited for an answer. Interrupted my best remarks with some silly pun, and when I was in my best story of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, he asked if I had not a good hand at making punch. Yes, Kate, he ask'd your father if he was a maker of punch!

Miss Hardcastle. One of us must certainly be mistaken.

Hardcastle. If he be what he has shewn himself, I'm determin'd he shall never have my consent.

Miss Hardcastle. And if he be the ful-len thing I take him, he shall never have mine.

Hardcastle.

Hardcastle. In one thing then we are agreed——to reject him.

Miss Hardcastle. Yes. But upon conditions. For if you should find him less impudent, and I more presuming; if you find him more respectful, and I more importunate——I don't know——the fellow is well enough for a man.—Certainly we don't meet many such at a horse race in the country.

Hardcastle. If we should find him so——But that's impossible. The first appearance has done my business. I'm seldom deceived in that.

Miss Hardcastle. And yet there may be many good qualities under that first appearance.

Hardcastle. Ay, when a girl finds a fellow's outside to her taste, she then sets about guessing the rest of his furniture. With her, a smooth face stands for good sense, and a genteel figure for every virtue.

Miss Hardcastle. I hope, Sir, a conversation begun with a compliment to my good sense won't end with a sneer at my understanding?

Hardcastle. Pardon me, Kate. But if young Mr. Brazen can find the art of reconciling contradictions, he may please us both, perhaps.

Miss Hardcastle. And as one of us must be mistaken, what if we go to make further discoveries?

Hardcastle.

Hardcastle. Agreed. But depend on't I'm in the right.

Miss Hardcastle. And depend on't I'm not much in the wrong. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter T O N Y running in with a Casket.

Tony. Ecod! I have got them. Here they are. My cousin Con's necklaces, bobs and all. My mother shan't cheat the poor souls out of their fortune neither. O! my genius, is that you?

Enter H A S T I N G S.

Hastings. My dear friend, how have you managed with your mother? I hope you have amused her with pretending love for your cousin, and that you are willing to be reconciled at last? Our horses will be refreshed in a short time, and we shall soon be ready to set off.

Tony. And here's something to bear your charges by the way, [*giving the casket.*] Your sweetheart's jewels. Keep them, and hang those, I say, that would rob you of one of them.

Hastings. But how have you procured them from your mother?

Tony. Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs. I procured them by the rule of thumb. If I had not a key to every drawer

drawer in mother's bureau, how could I go to the alehouse so often as I do? An honest man may rob himself of his own at any time.

Hastings. Thousands do it every day. But to be plain with you; Miss Neville is endeavouring to procure them from her aunt this very instant. If she succeeds, it will be the most delicate way at least of obtaining them.

Tony. Well, keep them, till you know how it will be. But I know how it will be well enough, she'd as soon part with the only sound tooth in her head.

Hastings. But I dread the effects of her resentment, when she finds she has lost them.

Tony. Never you mind her resentment, leave *me* to manage that. I don't value her resentment the bounce of a cracker.—
Zounds! here they are. Morrice. Prance.

[*Exit* HASTINGS.]

SCENE III.

TONY, *Mrs.* HARDCASTLE, *Miss*
NEVILLE.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Indeed, Constance, you amaze me. Such a girl as you want jewels? It will be time enough for jewels, my dear, twenty years hence, when your beauty begins to want repairs.

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Miss

Miss Neville. But what will repair beauty at forty, will certainly improve it at twenty, Madam.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Yours, my dear, can admit of none. That natural blush is beyond a thousand ornaments. Besides, child, jewels are quite out at present. Don't you see half the ladies of our acquaintance, my lady Kill-day-light, and Mrs. Crump, and the rest of them carry their jewels to town, and bring nothing but Paste and Marcasites back.

Miss Neville. But who knows, Madam, but somebody that shall be nameless would like me best with all my little finery about me?

Mrs. Hardcastle. Consult your glass, my dear, and then see, if with such a pair of eyes, you want any better sparklers. What do you think, Tony, my dear, does your cousin Con want any jewels, in your eyes, to set off her beauty.

Tony. That's as thereafter may be.

Miss Neville. My dear aunt, if you knew how it would oblige me.

Mrs. Hardcastle. A parcel of old-fashioned rose and table-cut things. They would make you look like the court of king Solomon at a puppet-show. Besides, I believe I can't readily come at them. They may be missing for aught I know to the contrary.

Tony. [*Apart to Mrs. Hardcastle.*] Then why don't you tell her so at once, as she's so longing for them. Tell her they're lost.
It's

It's the only way to quiet her. Say they're lost, and call me to bear witness.

Mrs. Hardcastle. [Apart to Tony.] You know, my dear, I'm only keeping them for you. So if I say they're gone, you'll bear me witness, will you? He! he! he!

Tony. Never fear me. Ecod! I'll say I saw them taken out with my own eyes.

Miss Neville. I desire them but for a day, Madam. Just to be permitted to shew them as relicks, and then they may be lock'd up again.

Mrs. Hardcastle. To be plain with you, my dear Constance; if I could find them, you should have them. They're missing, I assure you. Lost, for aught I know; but we must have patience wherever they are.

Miss Neville. I'll not believe it; this is but a shallow pretence to deny me. I know they're too valuable to be so slightly kept, and as you are to answer for the loss.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Don't be alarm'd, Constance. If they be lost, I must restore an equivalent. But my son knows they are missing, and not to be found.

Tony. That I can bear witness to. They are missing, and not to be found, I'll take my oath on't.

Mrs. Hardcastle. You must learn resignation, my dear; for tho' we lose our fortune, yet we should not lose our patience. See me, how calm I am.

Miss Neville. Ay, people are generally calm at the misfortunes of others.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Now, I wonder a girl of your good sense should waste a thought upon such trumpery. We shall soon find them; and, in the mean time, you shall make use of my garnets till your jewels be found.

Miss Neville. I detest garnets.

Mrs. Hardcastle. The most becoming things in the world to set off a clear complexion. You have often seen how well they look upon me. You *shall* have them. [Exit.

Miss Neville. I dislike them of all things. You shan't stir.—Was ever any thing so provoking to mislay my own jewels, and force me to wear her trumpery.

Tony. Don't be a fool. If she gives you the garnets, take what you can get. The jewels are your own already. I have stolen them out of her bureau, and she does not know it. Fly to your spark, he'll tell you more of the matter. Leave me to manage her.

Miss Neville. My dear cousin.

Tony. Vanish. She's here, and has missed them already. Zounds! how she fidgets and spits about like a Catharine wheel.

[Exit *Miss NEVILLE.*

Enter

Enter Mrs. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Confusion! thieves! robbers! We are cheated, plundered, broke open, undone.

Tony. What's the matter, what's the matter, Mamma? I hope nothing has happened to any of the good family!

Mrs. Hardcastle. We are robbed. My bureau has been broke open, the jewels taken out, and I'm undone.

Tony. Oh! is that all? Ha! ha! ha! By the laws, I never saw it better acted in my life. Ecod, I thought you was ruin'd in earnest, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Hardcastle. Why boy, I *am* ruin'd in earnest. My bureau has been broke open, and all taken away.

Tony. Stick to that; ha! ha! ha! stick to that. I'll bear witness, you know, call me to bear witness.

Mrs. Hardcastle. I tell you, Tony, by all that's precious, the jewels are gone, and I shall be ruin'd for ever.

Tony. Sure I know they're gone, and I am to say so.

Mrs. Hardcastle. My dearest Tony, but hear me. They're gone, I say.

Tony. By the laws, Mamma, you make me for to laugh, ha! ha! I know who took them well enough, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Hardcastle. Was there ever such a blockhead, that can't tell the difference between jest and earnest. I tell you I'm not in jest, booby.

Tony. That's right, that's right: You must be in a bitter passion, and then nobody will suspect either of us. I'll bear witness that they are gone.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Was there ever such a cross-grain'd brute, that won't hear me! Can you bear witness that you're no better than a fool? Was ever poor woman so beset with fools on one hand, and thieves on the other.

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Bear witness again, you blockhead you, and I'll turn you out of the room directly. My poor niece, what will become of *her*! Do you laugh, you unfeeling brute, as if you enjoy'd my distress?

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Do you insult me, monster? I'll teach you to vex your mother, I will.

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

[He runs off, she follows him.]

S C E N E I V.

Miss HARDCASTLE *and* MAID.

Miss Hardcastle. What an unaccountable creature is that brother of mine, to send them

them to the house as an inn, ha! ha! ha! I don't wonder at his impudence.

Maid. But what is more, Madam, the young gentleman, as you passed by in your present dress, ask'd me if you were the bar maid? He mistook you for the bar maid, Madam.

Miss Hardcastle. Did he? Then as I live I'm resolved to keep up the delusion. Tell me, Pimple, how do you like my present dress? Don't you think I look something like Cherry in the Beaux Stratagem?

Maid. It's the dress, Madam, that every lady wears in the country, but when she visits or receives company.

Miss Hardcastle. And are you sure he does not remember my face or person?

Maid. Certain of it.

Miss Hardcastle. I vow I thought so; for though we spoke for some time together, yet his fears were such, that he never once looked up during the interview. Indeed, if he had, my bonnet would have kept him from seeing me.

Maid. But what do you hope from keeping him in his mistake?

Miss Hardcastle. In the first place, I shall be seen, and that is no small advantage to a girl who brings her face to market. Then I shall perhaps make an acquaintance and that's no small victory gained over one who never addresses any but the wildest of her

sex. But my chief aim is to take my gentleman off his guard, and like an invisible champion of romance examine the giant's force before I offer to combat.

Maid. But are you sure you can act your part, and disguise your voice, so that he may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person?

Miss Hardcastle. Never fear me. I think I have got the true bar cant.—Did your honour call?—Attend the Lion there.—Pipes and tobacco for the Angel.—The Lamb has been outrageous this half hour.

Maid. It will do, Madam. But he's here.
[Exit MAID.]

Enter MARLOW.

Marlow. What a bawling in every part of the house; I have scarce a moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story. If I fly to the gallery, there we have my hostess with her curtesy down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection.
[Walks and muses.]

Miss Hardcastle. Did you call, Sir? did your honour call?

Marlow. [Musings.] As for Miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

Miss Hardcastle. Did your honour call?
[She still places herself before him, he turning away.]

Marlow.

Marlow. No, child. [*musings*] Besides from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

Miss Hardcastle. I'm sure, Sir, I heard the bell ring.

Marlow. No, No. [*Musings.*] I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll to-morrow please myself by returning.

[*Taking out his tablets, and perusing.*]

Miss Hardcastle. Perhaps the other Gentleman called, Sir.

Marlow. I tell you, no.

Miss Hardcastle. I should be glad to know, Sir. We have such a parcel of servants.

Marlow. No, no, I tell you. [*Looks full in her face.*] Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted——I wanted——I vow, child, you are vastly handsome.

Miss Hardcastle. O la, Sir, you'll make one ashamed.

Marlow. Never saw a more sprightly malicious eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your—a—what d'ye call it in the house?

Miss Hardcastle. No, Sir, we have been out of that these ten days.

Marlow. One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way of trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might be disappointed in that too.

Miss

Miss Hardcastle. Nectar! nectar! that's a liquor there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We keep no French wines here, Sir.

Marlow. Of true English growth, I assure you.

Miss Hardcastle. Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

Marlow. Eighteen years! Why one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you?

Miss Hardcastle. O! Sir, I must not tell my age. They say women and music should never be dated.

Marlow. To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty. [*approaching.*] Yet nearer I don't think so much. [*approaching.*] By coming close to some women they look younger still; but when we come very close indeed [*attempting to kiss her.*]

Miss Hardcastle. Pray, Sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age as they do horses, by mark of mouth.

Marlow. I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can be ever acquainted?

Miss Hardcastle. And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaint-

acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle that was here awhile ago in this obstrepalious manner. I'll warrant me, before her you look'd dash'd, and kept bowing to the ground, and talk'd, for all the world, as if you was before a justice of peace.

Marlow. [*Aside.*] Egad! she has hit it, sure enough. [*To her.*] In awe of her, child? Ha! ha! ha! A mere, awkward, squinting thing, no, no. I find you don't know me. I laugh'd, and rallied her a little; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, *curse me!*

Miss Hardcastle. O! then, Sir, you are a favourite, I find, among the ladies?

Marlow. Yes, my dear, a great favourite. And yet, hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the Ladies Club in town, I'm called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons. Mr. Solomons, my dear, at your service. [*Offering to salute her.*]

Miss Hardcastle. Hold, Sir; you were introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favourite there you say?

Marlow. Yes, my dear. There's Mrs. Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the Countess of Sligo, Mrs. Longhorns, old Miss Biddy

Biddy Buckskin, and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

Miss Hardcastle. Then it's a very merry place, I suppose.

Marlow. Yes, as merry as cards, suppers, wine, and old women can make us.

Miss Hardcastle. And their agreeable Rattle, ha! ha! ha!

Marlow. [*Aside.*] Egad! I don't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. [*To her.*] You laugh, child!

Miss Hardcastle. I can't but laugh to think what time they all have for minding their work or their family.

Marlow. [*Aside.*] All's well, she don't laugh at me. [*To her.*] Do you ever work, child?

Miss Hardcastle. Ay, sure. There's not a screen or a quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that.

Marlow. Odso! Then you must shew me your embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work you must apply to me.

[*Seizing her hand.*

Miss Hardcastle. Ay, but the colours don't look well by candle light. You shall see all in the morning. [*Struggling.*

Marlow. And why not now, my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance.—Pshaw! the father here! My old luck: I never nick'd seven that I did not

not throw ames ace three times following. [Exit MARLOW.

Enter HARDCASTLE, who stands in surprize.

Hardcastle. So, Madam! So I find *this* is your *modest* lover. This is your humble admirer that kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and only ador'd at humble distance. Kate, Kate, art thou not asham'd to deceive thy father so?

Miss Hardcastle. Never trust me, dear papa, but he's still the modest man I first took him for, you'll be convinced of it as well as I.

Hardcastle. By the hand of my body I believe his impudence is infectious! Didn't I see him seize your hand? Didn't I see him hawl you about like a milk maid? and now you talk of his respect and his modesty, forsooth!

Miss Hardcastle. But if I shortly convince you of his modesty, that he has only the faults that will pass off with time, and the virtues that will improve with age, I hope you'll forgive him.

Hardcastle. The girl would actually make one run mad! I tell you I'll not be convinced. I am convinced. He has scarcely been three hours in the house, and he has already encroached on all my prerogatives. You may like his impudence, and call it modesty.

modesty. But my son-in-law, Madam, must have very different qualifications.

Miss Hardcastle. Sir, I ask but this night to convince you.

Hardcastle. You shall not have half the time, for I have thoughts of turning him out this very hour.

Miss Hardcastle. Give me that hour then, and I hope to satisfy you.

Hardcastle. Well, an hour let it be then. But I'll have no trifling with your father. All fair and open do you mind me.

Miss Hardcastle. I hope, Sir, you have ever found that I considered your commands as my pride; for your kindness is such, that my duty as yet has been inclination. *[Exeunt.]*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

HASTINGS and Miss NEVILLE.

Hastings. YOU surprise me! Sir Charles Marlow expected here this night? Where have you had your information?

Miss Neville. You may depend upon it. I just saw his letter to Mr. Hardcastle, in which he tells him he intends setting out a few hours after his son.

Hastings. Then, my Constance, all must be completed before he arrives. He knows me; and should he find me here, would discover my name, and perhaps my designs, to the rest of the family.

Miss Neville. The jewels, I hope, are safe.

Hastings. Yes, yes. I have sent them to Marlow, who keeps the keys of our baggage. In the meantime, I'll go to prepare matters for our elopement. I have had the Squire's promise of a fresh pair of horses; and, if I should not see him again, will write him further directions. *[Exit.*

Miss Neville. Well! success attend you. In the meantime, I'll go amuse my aunt with the old pretence of a violent passion for my cousin. *[Exit.*

SCENE

S C E N E II.

MARLOW, *followed by a Servant.*

Marlow. I wonder what Hastings could mean by sending me so valuable a thing as a casket to keep for him, when he knows the only place I have is the seat of a post-coach at an Inn-door. Have you deposited the casket with the landlady, as I ordered you? Have you put it into her own hands?

Servant. Yes, your honour.

Marlow. She said she'd keep it safe, did she?

Servant. Yes, she said she'd keep it safe enough; she ask'd me how I came by it? and she said she had a great mind to make me give an account of myself.

[*Exit SERVANT.*]

Marlow solus. Ha! ha! ha! They're safe however. What an unaccountable set of beings have we got amongst! This little bar-maid though runs in my head most strangely, and drives out the absurdities of all the rest of the family. She's mine, she must be mine, or I'm greatly mistaken.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hastings. Bless me! I quite forgot to tell her that I intended to prepare at the bottom of the garden. Marlow here, and in spirits too!

Marlow.

Marlow. Give me joy, George! Crown me, shadow me with laurels! Well, George, after all, we modest fellows don't want for success among the women.

Hastings. Some women you mean. But what success has your Honour's modesty been crowned with now, that it grows so insolent upon us?

Marlow. Didn't you see the tempting, brisk, lovely, little thing that runs about the house with a bunch of keys to its girdle?

Hastings. Well! and what then?

Marlow. She's mine, you rogue you. Such fire, such motion, such eyes, such lips——but, egad! she would not let me kiss them though.

Hastings. But are you so sure, so very sure of her?

Marlow. Why man, she talk'd of shewing me her work above-stairs, and I am to improve the pattern.

Hastings. But how can *you*, Charles, go about to rob a woman of her honour?

Marlow. Pshaw! pshaw! we all know the honour of the bar-maid of an inn. I don't intend to *rob* her, take my word for it, there's nothing in this house, I shan't honestly *pay* for.

Hastings. I believe the girl has virtue.

Marlow. And if she has, I should be the last man in the world that would attempt to corrupt it.

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Hastings.

Hastings. You have taken care, I hope, of the casket I sent you to lock up? It's in safety?

Marlow. Yes, yes. It's safe enough. I have taken care of it. But how could you think the seat of a post-coach at an Inn-door a place of safety? Ah! numbskull! I have taken better precautions for you than you did for yourself.—I have—

Hastings. What!

Marlow. I have sent it to the landlady to keep for you.

Hastings. To the landlady!

Marlow. The landlady.

Hastings. You did!

Marlow. I did. She's to be answerable for its forth-coming, you know.

Hastings. Yes, she'll bring it forth, with a witness.

Marlow. Wasn't I right? I believe you'll allow that I acted prudently upon this occasion?

Hastings. [*Aside.*] He must not see my uneasiness.

Marlow. You seem a little disconcerted though, methinks. Sure nothing has happened?

Hastings. No, nothing. Never was in better spirits in all my life. And so you left it with the landlady, who, no doubt, very readily undertook the charge?

Marlow.

Marlow. Rather too readily. For she not only kept the casket; but, thro' her great precaution, was going to keep the messenger too. Ha! ha! ha!

Hastings. He! he! he! They're safe however.

Marlow. As a guinea in a miser's purse.

Hastings. [*Aside.*] So now all hopes of fortune are at an end, and we must set off without it. [*To him.*] Well, Charles, I'll leave you to your meditations on the pretty bar-maid, and, he! he! he! may you be as successful for yourself as you have been for me. [*Exit.*]

Marlow. Thank ye, George! I ask no more. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hardcastle. I no longer know my own house. It's turned all topsy-turvey. His servants have got drunk already. I'll bear it no longer, and yet, from my respect for his father, I'll be calm. [*To him.*] Mr. Marlow, your servant. I'm your very humble servant. [*Bowing low.*]

Marlow. Sir, your humble servant. [*Aside.*] What's to be the wonder now?

Hardcastle. I believe, Sir, you must be sensible, Sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's son, Sir. I hope you think so?

O 2

Marlow.

Marlow. I do from my soul, Sir. I don't want much intreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

Hardcastle. I believe you do, from my soul, Sir. But tho' I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your Servants is insufferable. Their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

Marlow. I protest, my very good Sir, that's no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought *they* are to blame. I ordered them not to spare the cellar. I did, I assure you. [*To the side scene.*] Here, let one of my servants come up. [*To him.*] My positive directions were, that as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below.

Hardcastle. Then they had your orders for what they do! I'm satisfied!

Marlow. They had, I assure you. You shall hear from one of themselves.

Enter SERVANT drunk.

Marlow. You, Jeremy! Come forward, firrah! What were my orders? Were you not told to drink freely, and call for what you thought fit, for the good of the house?

Hardcastle. [*Aside.*] I begin to lose my patience.

Jeremy. Please your Honour, liberty and Fleet-street for ever! Tho' I'm but a servant,

vant, I'm as good as another man. I'll drink for no man before supper, Sir, dammy! Good liquor will fit upon a good supper, but a good supper will not fit upon——hiccup——upon my conscience, Sir.

Marlow. You see, my old friend, the fellow is as drunk as he can possibly be. I don't know what you'd have more, unless you'd have the poor devil foused in a beer-barrel.

Hardcastle. Zounds! He'll drive me distracted if I contain myself an longer. Mr. Marlow. Sir; I have submitted to your insolence for more than four hours, and I see no likelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now resolved to be master here, Sir, and I desire that you and your drunken pack may leave my house directly.

Marlow. Leave your house!—Sure you jest, my good friend? What, when I'm doing what I can to please you.

Hardcastle. I tell you, Sir, you don't please me! so I desire you'll leave my house.

Marlow. Sure you cannot be serious? At this time o'night, and such a night. You only mean to banter me?

Hardcastle. I tell you, Sir, I'm serious; and, now that my passions are rouzed, I say this house is mine, Sir; this house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly.

Marlow. Ha! ha! ha! A puddle in a storm. I shan't stir a step, I assure you.

[*In a serious tone.*] This, your house, fellow! It's my house. This is my house.—Mine, while I chuse to stay. What right have you to bid me leave this house, Sir? I never met with such impudence, curse me, never in my whole life before.

Hardcastle. Nor I, confound me if ever I did. To come to my house, to call for what he likes, to turn me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to order his servants to get drunk, and then to tell me *This house is mine, Sir.* By all that's impudent it makes me laugh. Ha! ha! ha! Pray, Sir, [*bantering.*] as you take the house, what think you of taking the rest of the furniture? There's a pair of silver candlesticks, and there's a fire-screen, and here's a pair of brazen nosed bellows, perhaps you may take a fancy to them?

Marlow. Bring me your bill, Sir, bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

Hardcastle. There are a set of prints too. What think you of the rake's progress for your own apartment?

Marlow. Bring me your bill, I say; and I'll leave you and your infernal house directly.

Hardcastle. Then there's a mahogany table, that you may see your own face in.

Marlow. My bill, I say.

Hard-

Hardcastle. I had forgot the great chair, for your own particular slumbers, after a hearty meal.

Marlow. Zounds! bring me my bill, I say, and let's hear no more on't.

Hardcastle. Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred modest man, as a visitor here, but now I find him no better than a coxcomb and a bully; but he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it.

[*Exit.*

Marlow. How's this! Sure I have not mistaken the house! Every thing looks like an inn. The servants cry, coming. The attendance is awkward; the bar-maid too to attend us. But she's here, and will further inform me. Whither so fast, child?—A word with you.

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE.

Miss Hardcastle. Let it be short then. I'm in a hurry. [*Aside.*] I believe he begins to find out his mistake, but it's too soon quite to undeceive him.

Marlow. Pray, child, answer me one question. What are you, and what may your business in this house be?

Miss Hardcastle. A relation of the family, Sir.

Marlow. What. A poor relation?

O 4

Miss

Miss Hardcastle. Yes, Sir. A poor relation appointed to keep the keys, and to see that the guests want nothing in my power to give them.

Marlow. That is, you act as the bar-maid of this inn.

Miss Hardcastle. Inn. O law——What brought that in your head. One of the best families in the county keep an inn. Ha! ha! ha! old Mr. Hardcastle's house an inn.

Marlow. Mr. Hardcastle's house! Is this house Mr. Hardcastle's house, child!

Miss Hardcastle. Ay, sure. Whose else should it be.

Marlow. So then all's out, and I have been damnably imposed on. O, confound my stupid head, I shall be laugh'd at over the whole town. I shall be stuck up in caricatura in all the print-shops. The Dulcissimo Maccaroni. To mistake this house of all others for an inn, and my father's old friend for an inn-keeper. What a swaggering puppy must he take me for. What a silly puppy do I find myself. There again, may I be hang'd, my dear, but I mistook you for the bar-maid.

Miss Hardcastle. Dear me! dear me! I'm sure there's nothing in my *behaviour* to put me upon a level with one of that stamp.

Marlow. Nothing, my dear, nothing. But I was in for a list of blunders, and could not help making you a subscriber. My stupidity

pidity saw every thing the wrong way. I mistook your assiduity for assurance, and your simplicity for allurements. But it's over—This house I no more shew *my* face in.

Miss Hardcastle. I hope, Sir, I have done nothing to disoblige you. I'm sure I should be sorry to affront any gentleman who has been so polite, and said so many civil things to me. I'm sure I should be sorry [*pretending to cry.*] if he left the family upon my account. I'm sure I should be sorry, people said any thing amiss, since I have no fortune but my character.

Marlow. [*Aside.*] By heaven, she weeps. This is the first mark of tenderness I ever had from a modest woman, and it touches me. [*To her.*] Excuse me, my lovely girl, you are the only part of the family I leave with reluctance. But to be plain with you, the difference of our birth, fortune and education, make an honourable connexion impossible; and I can never harbour a thought of seducing simplicity that trusted in my honour, or bringing ruin upon one, whose only fault was being too lovely.

Miss Hardcastle. [*Aside.*] Generous man! I now begin to admire him. [*To him.*] But I'm sure my family is as good as Miss Hardcastle's, and though I'm poor, that's no great misfortune to a contented mind, and, until this moment, I never thought that it was bad to want fortune.

Marlow.

Marlow. And why now, my pretty simplicity?

Miss Hardcastle. Because it puts me at a distance from one, that if I had a thousand pound I would give it all to.

Marlow. [*Aside.*] This simplicity bewitches me, so that if I stay I'm undone. I must make one bold effort, and leave her. [*To her.*] Your partiality in my favour, my dear, touches me most sensibly, and were I to live for myself alone, I could easily fix my choice. But I owe too much to the opinion of the world, too much to the authority of a father, so that—I can scarcely speak it—it affects me. Farewell. [*Exit.*]

Miss Hardcastle. I never knew half his merit till now. He shall not go, if I have power or art to detain him. I'll still preserve the character in which I stoop'd to conquer, but will undeceive my papa, who, perhaps, may laugh him out of his resolution. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

TONY, *Miss* NEVILLE.

Tony. Ay, you may steal for yourselves the next time. I have done my duty. She has got the jewels again, that's a sure thing; but she believes it was all a mistake of the servants.

Miss

Miss Neville. But, my dear cousin, sure you won't forsake us in this distress. If she in the least suspects that I am going off, I shall certainly be locked up, or sent to my aunt Pedigree's, which is ten times worse.

Tony. To be sure, aunts of all kinds are damn'd bad things. But what can I do? I have got you a pair of horses that will fly like Whistlejacket, and I'm sure you can't say but I have courted you nicely before her face. Here she comes, we must court a bit or two more, for fear she should suspect us.

[They retire, and seem to fondle.]

Enter Mrs. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Well, I was greatly flattered, to be sure. But my son tells me it was all a mistake of the servants. I shan't be easy, however, till they are fairly married, and then let her keep her own fortune. But what do I see! Fondling together, as I'm alive. I never saw Tony so sprightly before. Ah! have I caught you, my pretty doves! What, billing, exchanging stolen glances, and broken murmurs. Ah!

Tony. As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now and then, to be sure. But there's no love lost between us.

Mrs. Hardcastle. A mere sprinkling, Tony, upon the flame, only to make it burn brighter.

Miss

Miss Neville. Cousin Tony promises to give us more of his company at home. Indeed, he shan't leave us any more. It won't leave us cousin Tony, will it?

Tony. O! it's a pretty creature. No, I'd sooner leave my horse in a pound, than leave you when you smile upon one so.—Your laugh makes you so becoming.

Miss Neville. Agreeable cousin! Who can help admiring that natural humour, that pleasant, broad, red, thoughtless, [*patting his cheek*] ah! it's a bold face.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Pretty innocence.

Tony. I'm sure I always lov'd cousin Con's hazle eyes, and her pretty long fingers, that she twists this way and that, over the haspicholls, like a parcel of bobbins.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Ah, he would charm the bird from the tree. I was never so happy before. My boy takes after his father, poor Mr. Lumpkin, exactly. The jewels, my dear Con, shall be your's incontinently. You shall have them. Isn't he a sweet boy, my dear? You shall be married to-morrow, and we'll put off the rest of his education, like Dr. Drowsy's sermons, to a fitter opportunity.

Enter DIGGORY.

Diggory. Where's the 'Squire? I have got a letter for your Worship.

Tony.

Tony. Give it to my mamma. She reads all my letters first.

Diggory. I had orders to deliver it into your own hands.

Tony. Who does it come from?

Diggory. Your Worship must ask that o'the letter itself.

Tony. I could wish to know, tho' [*turning the letter, and gazing on it.*]

Miss Neville. [*Aside.*] Undone, undone. A letter to him from Hastings. I know the hand. If my aunt sees it, we are ruined for ever. I'll keep her employ'd a little if I can. [*To Mrs. Hardcastle.*] But I have not told you, Madam, of my cousin's smart answer just now to Mr. Marlow. We so laugh'd——You must know, Madam,——this way a little, for he must not hear us. [*They confer.*]

Tony. [*Still gazing.*] A damn'd cramp piece of penmanship, as ever I saw in my life. I can read your print-hand very well. But here there are such handles, and thanks, and dashes, that one can scarce tell the head from the tail. *To Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire.* It's very odd, I can read the outside of my letters, where my own name is, well enough. But when I come to open it, it's all—buzz. That's hard, very hard; for the inside of the letter is always the cream of the correspondence.

Mrs.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Ha! ha! ha! very well, very well. And so my son was too hard for the philosopher.

Miss Neville. Yes, Madam; but you must hear the rest, Madam. A little more this way, or he may hear us. You'll hear how he puzzled him again.

Mrs. Hardcastle. He seems strangely puzzled now himself, methinks.

Tony. [Still gazing.] A damn'd up and down hand, as if it was disguised in liquor. [Reading.] Dear Sir. Ay, that's that. Then there's an *M*, and a *T*, and an *S*, but whether the next be an *izzard* or an *R*, confound me, I cannot tell.

Mrs. Hardcastle. What's that, my dear. Can I give you any assistance?

Miss Neville. Pray, aunt, let me read it. No body reads a cramp hand better than I. [twitching the letter from her.] Do you know who it is from?

Tony. Can't tell, except from Dick Ginger the feeder.

Miss Neville. Ay, so it is, [pretending to read.] Dear 'Squire, Hoping that you're in health, as I am at this present. The gentlemen of the Shake bag club has cut the gentlemen of goose-green quite out of feather. The odds——um——odd battle——um——long fighting——um here, here, it's all

all about cocks, and fighting; it's of no consequence, here, put it up, put it up.

[*thrusting the crumpled letter upon him.*]

Tony. But I tell you, Miss, it's of all the consequence in the world. I would not lose the rest of it for a guinea. Here, mother, do you make it out. Of no consequence! [*giving Mrs. Hardcastle the letter.*]

Mrs. Hardcastle. How's this! [*reads.*] Dear 'Squire, I'm now waiting for Miss Neville, with a post-chaise and pair, at the bottom of the garden, but I find my horses yet unable to perform the journey. I expect you'll assist us with a pair of fresh horses, as you promised. Dispatch is necessary, as the *bag* [*ay the hag*] your mother, will otherwise suspect us. Your's, Hastings.——Grant me patience. I shall run distracted. My rage choaks me.

Miss Neville. I hope, Madam, you'll suspend your resentment for a few moments, and not impute to me any impertinence, or sinister design that belongs to another.

Mrs. Hardcastle. [*Curtesying very low.*] Fine spoken, Madam, you are most miraculously polite and engaging, and quite the very pink of curtesy and circumspection, Madam. [*Changing her tone.*] And you, you great ill-fashioned oaf, with scarce sense enough to keep your mouth shut. Were you too join'd against me? But I'll defeat all your plots in a moment. As for
you,

you, Madam, since you have got a pair of fresh horses ready, it would be cruel to disappoint them. So, if you please, instead of running away with your spark, prepare, this very moment, to run off with *me*. Your old aunt Pedigree will keep you secure, I'll warrant me. You too, Sir, may mount your horse, and guard us upon the way. Here, Thomas, Roger, Diggory, I'll shew you, that I wish you better than you do yourselves. [Exit.

Miss Neville. So now I am completely ruined.

Tony. Ay, that's a sure thing.

Miss Neville. What better could be expected from being connected with such a stupid fool, and after all the nods and signs I made him.

Tony. By the laws, Miss, it was your own cleverness, and not my stupidity, that did your business. You were so nice and so busy with your Shake-bags and Goose-greens, that I thought you could never be making believe.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hastings. So, Sir, I find by my servant, that you have shewn my letter, and betray'd us. Was this well done, young gentleman?

Tony. Here's another. Ask Miss there who betray'd you. Ecod, it was her doing, not mine.

Enter

Enter MARLOW.

Marlow. So I have been finely used here among you. Rendered contemptible, driven into ill manners, despised, insulted, laugh'd at.

Tony. Here's another. We shall have old Bedlam broke loose presently.

Miss Neville. And there, Sir, is the gentleman to whom we all owe every obligation.

Marlow. What can I say to him, a mere boy, an idiot, whose ignorance and age are a protection.

Hastings. A poor contemptible booby, that would but disgrace correction.

Miss Neville. Yet with cunning and malice enough to make himself merry with all our embarrassments.

Hastings. An insensible cub.

Marlow. Replete with tricks and mischief.

Tony. Baw! damme, but I'll fight you both one after the other,—with baskets.

Marlow. As for him, he's below resentment. But your conduct, Mr. Hastings, requires an explanation. You knew of my mistakes, yet would not undeceive me.

Hastings. Tortured as I am with my own disappointments, is this a time for explanations. It is not friendly, Mr. Marlow.

Marlow. But, Sir——

Miss Neville. Mr. Marlow, we never kept on your mistake, till it was too late to undeceive you. Be pacified.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. My mistress desires you'll get ready immediately, Madam. The horses are putting to. Your hat and things are in the next room. We are to go thirty miles before morning. [*Exit.*

Miss Neville. Well, well; I'll come presently.

Marlow. [*To Hastings.*] Was it well done, Sir, to assist in rendering me ridiculous. To hang me out for the scorn of all my acquaintance. Depend upon it, Sir, I shall expect an explanation.

Hastings. Was it well done, Sir, if you're upon that subject, to deliver what I entrusted to yourself, to the care of another, Sir?

Miss Neville. Mr. Hastings. Mr. Marlow. Why will you increase my distress by this groundless dispute. I implore, I intreat you——

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Your cloak, Madam. My mistress is impatient.

Miss Neville. I come. Pray be pacified. If I leave you thus, I shall die with apprehension.

Enter

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Your fan, muff, and gloves, Madam. The horses are waiting.

Miss Neville. O, Mr. Marlow! if you knew what a scene of constraint and ill-nature lies before me, I'm sure it would convert your resentment into pity.

Marlow. I'm so distracted with a variety of passions, that I don't know what I do. Forgive me, Madam. George, forgive me. You know my hasty temper, and should not exasperate it.

Hastings. The torture of my situation is my only excuse.

Miss Neville. Well, my dear Hastings, if you have that esteem for me that I think, that I am sure you have, your constancy for three years will but encrease the happiness of our future connexion. If——

Mrs. Hardcastle. [*Within.*] Miss Neville. Constance, why Constance, I say.

Miss Neville. I'm coming. Well, constancy. Remember, constancy is the word.

[*Exit.*

Hastings. My heart! How can I support this. To be so near happiness, and such happiness.

Marlow. [*To Tony.*] You see now, young gentleman, the effects of your folly. What might be amusement to you, is here disappointment, and even distress.

Tony. [*From a reverie.*] Ecod, I have hit it. It's here. Your hands. Yours and yours, my poor Sulky. My boots there, ho. Meet me two hours hence at the bottom of the garden; and if you don't find Tony Lumpkin a more good-natur'd fellow than you thought for, I'll give you leave to take my best horse, and Bet Bouncer into the bargain. Come along. My boots, ho.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

HASTINGS, and SERVANT.

Hastings. YOU saw the Old Lady and Miss Neville drive off, you say?

Servant. Yes, your Honour. They went off in a post coach, and the young 'Squire went on horseback. They're thirty miles off by this time.

Hastings. Then all my hopes are over.

Servant. Yes, Sir. Old Sir Charles is arrived. He and the Old Gentleman of the house have been laughing at Mr. Marlow's mistake this half hour. They are coming this way.

Hastings. Then I must not be seen. So now to my fruitless appointment at the bottom of the garden. This is about the time. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Sir CHARLES, and HARDCASTLE.

Hardcastle. Ha! ha! ha! The peremptory tone in which he sent forth his sublime commands.

Sir Charles. And the reserve with which I suppose he treated all your advances.

Hardcastle. And yet he might have seen something in me above a common inn-keeper, too.

Sir Charles. Yes, Dick, but he mistook you for an uncommon inn-keeper. Ha! ha! ha!

Hardcastle. Well, I'm in too good spirits to think of any thing but joy. Yes, my dear friend, this union of our families will make our personal friendships hereditary; and tho' my daughter's fortune is but small—

Sir Charles. Why, Dick, will you talk of fortune to *me*. My son is possessed of more than a competence already, and can want nothing but a good and virtuous girl to share his happiness and encrease it. If they like each other, as you say they do——

Hardcastle. If, man. I tell you they *do* like each other. My daughter as good as told me so.

Sir Charles. But girls are apt to flatter themselves, you know.

Hardcastle. I saw him grasp her hand in the warmest manner myself; and here he comes to put you out of your *ifs*, I warrant him.

Enter MARLOW.

Marlow. I come, Sir, once more, to ask pardon for my strange conduct. I can scarce reflect on my insolence without confusion.

Hard-

Hardcastle. Tut, boy, a trifle. You take it too gravely. An hour or two's laughing with my daughter will set all to rights again. She'll never like you the worse for it.

Marlow. Sir, I shall be always proud of her approbation.

Hardcastle. Approbation is but a cold word, Mr. Marlow; if I am not deceived, you have something more than approbation thereabouts. You take me.

Marlow. Really, Sir, I have not that happiness.

Hardcastle. Come, boy, I'm an old fellow, and know what's what, as well as you that are younger. I know what has past between you; but mum.

Marlow. Sure, Sir, nothing has past between us but the most profound respect on my side, and the most distant reserve on her's. You don't think, Sir, that my impudence has been past upon all the rest of the family.

Hardcastle. Impudence! No, I don't say that—Not quite impudence—Though girls like to be play'd with, and rumped a little too sometimes. But she has told no tales, I assure you.

Marlow. I never gave her the slightest cause.

Hardcastle. Well, well, I like modesty in its place well enough. But this is over-

acting, young gentleman. You *may* be open. Your father and I will like you the better for it.

Marlow. May I die, Sir, if I ever——

Hardcastle. I tell you, she don't dislike you; and as I'm sure you like her——

Marlow. Dear Sir—I protest, Sir——

Hardcastle. I see no reason why you should not be joined as fast as the parson can tie you.

Marlow. But hear me, Sir——

Hardcastle. Your father approves the match, I admire it, every moment's delay will be doing mischief, so——

Marlow. But why won't you hear me? By all that's just and true, I never gave Miss Hardcastle the slightest mark of my attachment, or even the most distant hint to suspect me of affection. We had but one interview, and that was formal, modest and uninteresting.

Hardcastle. [*Aside.*] This fellow's formal modest impudence is beyond bearing.

Sir Charles. And you never grasp'd her hand, or made any protestations!

Marlow. As heaven is my witness, I came down in obedience to your commands. I saw the lady without emotion, and parted without reluctance. I hope you'll exact no further proofs of my duty, nor prevent me from leaving a house in which I suffer so many mortifications.

[*Exit.*
Sir

Sir Charles. I'm astonish'd at the air of sincerity with which he parted.

Hardcastle. And I'm astonish'd at the deliberate intrepidity of his assurance.

Sir Charles. I dare pledge my life and honour upon his truth.

Hardcastle. Here comes my daughter, and I would stake my happiness upon her veracity.

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE.

Hardcastle. Kate, come hither, child. Answer us sincerely, and without reserve; has Mr. Marlow made you any professions of love and affection?

Miss Hardcastle. The question is very abrupt, Sir! But since you require unreserved sincerity, I think he has.

Hardcastle. [To *Sir Charles.*] You see.

Sir Charles. And pray, Madam, have you and my son had more than one interview?

Miss Hardcastle. Yes, Sir, several.

Hardcastle. [To *Sir Charles.*] You see.

Sir Charles. But did he profess any attachment?

Miss Hardcastle. A lasting one.

Sir Charles. Did he talk of love?

Miss Hardcastle. Much, Sir.

Sir Charles. Amazing! And all this formally?

Miss Hardcastle. Formally.

Hard-

Hardcastle. Now, my friend, I hope you are satisfied.

Sir Charles. And how did he behave, Madam?

Miss Hardcastle. As most profest admirers do. Said some civil things of my face, talked much of his want of merit, and the greatness of mine; mentioned his heart, gave a short tragedy speech, and ended with pretended rapture.

Sir Charles. Now I'm perfectly convinced, indeed. I know his conversation among women to be modest and submissive. This forward canting ranting manner by no means describes him, and I am confident, he never fate for the picture.

Miss Hardcastle. Then what, Sir, if I should convince you to your face of my sincerity? If you and my papa, in about half an hour, will place yourselves behind that screen, you shall hear him declare his passion to me in person.

Sir Charles. Agreed. And if I find him what you describe, all my happiness in him must have an end. *[Exit.*

Miss Hardcastle. And if you don't find him what I describe—I fear my happiness must never have a beginning. *[Exit.*

SCENE.

SCENE III.

The back of the Garden.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hastings. What an ideot am I, to wait here for a fellow, who probably takes a delight in mortifying me. He never intended to be punctual, and I'll wait no longer. What do I see. It is he, and perhaps with news of my Constance.

Enter TONY, booted and spattered.

Hastings. My honest 'Squire! I now find you a man of your word. This looks like friendship.

Tony. Ay, I'm your friend, and the best friend you have in the world, if you knew but all. This riding by night, by the bye, is cursedly tiresome. It has shook me worse than the basket of a stagecoach.

Hastings. But how? Where did you leave your fellow travellers? Are they in safety? Are they housed?

Tony. Five and twenty miles in two hours and a half is no such bad driving. The poor beasts have smoaked for it: Rabbet me, but I'd rather ride forty miles after a fox, than ten with such *varment*.

Hastings. Well, but where have you left the ladies? I die with impatience.

Tony.

Tony. Left them? Why where should I leave them, but where I found them.

Hastings. This is a riddle.

Tony. Riddle me this then. What's that goes round the house, and round the house, and never touches the house?

Hastings. I'm still astray.

Tony. Why that's it, mon. I have led them astray. By jingo, there's not a pond or flough within five miles of the place but they can tell the taste of.

Hastings. Ha, ha, ha, I understand; you took them in a round, while they supposed themselves going forward. And so you have at last brought them home again.

Tony. You shall hear. I first took them down Feather-bed-lane, where we stuck fast in the mud. I then rattled them crack over the stones of Up-and-down Hill—I then introduc'd them to the gibbet on Heavy-tree Heath, and from that, with a circumbendibus, I fairly lodged them in the horsepond at the bottom of the garden.

Hastings. But no accident, I hope.

Tony. No, no. Only mother is confoundedly frightened. She thinks herself forty miles off. She's sick of the journey, and the cattle can scarce crawl. So if your own horses be ready, you may whip off with cousin, and I'll be bound that no soul here can budge a foot to follow you.

Hastings.

Hastings. My dear friend, how can I be grateful?

Tony. Ay, now its dear friend, noble 'Squire. Just now, it was all ideot, cub, and run me through the guts. Damn *your* way of fighting, I say. After we take a knock in this part of the country, we kiss and be friends. But if you had run me through the guts, then I should be dead, and you might go kiss the hangman.

Hastings. The rebuke is just. But I must hasten to relieve Miss Neville; if you keep the old lady employed, I promise to take care of the young one.

Tony. Never fear me. Here she comes. Vanish.—She's got from the pond, and draggled up to the waist like a mermaid.

[*Exit HASTINGS.*]

Enter Mrs. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Oh, Tony, I'm killed. Shook. Battered to death. I shall never survive it. That last jolt that laid us against the quickset hedge has done my business.

Tony. Alack, Mama, it was all your own fault. You would be for running away by night, without knowing one inch of the way.

Mrs. Hardcastle. I wish we were at home again. I never met so many accidents in so short a journey. Drench'd in the mud, overturn'd in a ditch, stuck fast in a slough, jolted

jolted to a jelly, and at last to lose our way. Whereabouts do you think we are, Tony?

Tony. By my guess we should be upon Crackikull common, about forty miles from home.

Mrs. Hardcastle. O lud! O lud! the most notorious spot in all the country. We only want a robbery to make a complete night on't.

Tony. Don't be afraid, Mama, don't be afraid. Two of the five that kept here are hanged, and the other three may not find us. Don't be afraid. Is that a man that's galloping behind us? No; it's only a tree. Don't be afraid.

Mrs. Hardcastle. The fright will certainly kill me.

Tony. Do you see any thing like a black hat moving behind the thicket?

Mrs. Hardcastle. O death!

Tony. No, it's only a cow. Don't be afraid, Mama; don't be afraid.

Mrs. Hardcastle. As I'm alive, Tony, I see a man coming towards us. Ah! I'm sure on't. If he perceives us we are undone.

Tony. [*Aside.*] Father-in-law, by all that's unlucky, come to take one of his night walks. [*To her.*] Ah, it's a highwayman, with pistols as long as my arm. A damn'd ill-looking fellow.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Good heaven defend us! He approaches.

Tony.

Tony. Do you hide yourself in that thicket, and leave me to manage him. If there be any danger, I'll cough and cry: hem. When I cough be sure to keep close.

[Mrs. Hardcastle hides behind a tree in the back scene.]

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hardcastle. I'm mistaken, or I heard voices of people in want of help. Oh, Tony, is that you? I did not expect you so soon back. Are your mother and her charge in safety?

Tony. Very safe, Sir, at my aunt Pedigree's. Hem.

Mrs. Hardcastle. *[From behind.]* Ah death! I find there's danger.

Hardcastle. Forty miles in three hours; sure, that's too much, my youngster.

Tony. Stout horses and willing minds make short journies, as they say. Hem.

Mrs. Hardcastle. *[From behind.]* Sure he'll do the dear boy no harm.

Hardcastle. But I heard a voice here; I should be glad to know from whence it came.

Tony. It was I, Sir, talking to myself, Sir. I was saying that forty miles in four hours was very good going. Hem. As to be sure it was. Hem. I have got a sort of cold by being out in the air. We'll go in, if you please. Hem.

Hardcastle.

Hardcastle. But if you talk'd to yourself, you did not answer yourself. I am certain I heard two voices, and am resolved [*raising his voice.*] to find the other out.

Mrs. Hardcastle. [*From behind.*] Oh! he's coming to find me out. Oh!

Tony. What need you go, Sir, if I tell you. Hem. I'll lay down my life for the truth —hem—I'll tell you all, Sir. [*detaining him.*

Hardcastle. I tell you, I will not be detained. I insist on seeing. It's in vain to expect I'll believe you.

Mrs. Hardcastle. [*Running forward from behind.*] O lud, he'll murder my poor boy, my darling. Here, good gentleman, whet your rage upon me. Take my money, my life, but spare that young gentleman, spare my child, if you have any mercy.

Hardcastle. My wife! as I'm a Christian. From whence can she come, or what does she mean!

Mrs. Hardcastle. [*Kneeling.*] Take compassion on us, good Mr. Highwayman — Take our money, our watches, all we have, but spare our lives. We will never bring you to justice, indeed we won't, good Mr. Highwayman.

Hardcastle. I believe the woman's out of her senses. What, Dorothy, don't you know me?

Mrs. Hardcastle. Mr. Hardcastle, as I'm alive! My fears blinded me. But who, my dear,

dear, could have expected to meet you here, in this frightful place, so far from home. What has brought you to follow us?

Hardcastle. Sure, Dorothy, you have not lost your wits. So far from home, when you are within forty yards of your own door. [*To him.*] This is one of your old tricks, you graceless rogue you. [*To her.*] Don't you know the gate, and the mulberry-tree; and don't you remember the horse-pond, my dear?

Mrs. Hardcastle. Yes, I shall remember the horse-pond as long as I live; I have caught my death in it. [*To Tony.*] And is it to you, you graceless varlet, I owe all this. I'll teach you to abuse your mother, I will.

Tony. Ecod, mother, all the parish says you have spoil'd me, and so you may take the fruits on't.

Mrs. Hardcastle. I'll spoil you, I will.

[*Follows him off the stage. Exit.*]

Hardcastle. There's morality, however, in his reply. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E I V.

HASTINGS and Miss NEVILLE.

Hastings. My dear Constance, why will you deliberate thus? If we delay a moment, all is lost for ever. Pluck up a little reso-

V O L. I.

Q

lution,

lution, and we shall soon be out of the reach of her malignity.

Miss Neville. I find it impossible. My spirits are so sunk with the agitations I have suffered, that I am unable to face any new danger. Two or three years patience will at last crown us with happiness.

Hastings. Such a tedious delay is worse than inconstancy. Let us fly, my charmer. Let us date our happiness from this very moment. Perish fortune. Love and content will encrease what we possess beyond a monarch's revenue. Let me prevail.

Miss Neville. No, Mr. Hastings; no — Prudence once more comes to my relief, and I will obey its dictates. In the moment of passion, fortune may be despised, but it ever produces a lasting repentance. I'm resolved to apply to Mr. Hardcastle's compassion and justice for redress.

Hastings. But tho' he had the will, he has not the power to relieve you.

Miss Neville. But he has influence, and upon that I am resolved to rely.

Hastings. I have no hopes. But since you persist, I must reluctantly obey you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE V.

A room in Hardcastle's House.

Sir CHARLES, Miss HARDCASTLE.

Sir Charles. What a situation am I in. If what you say appears, I shall then find a guilty son. If what he says be true, I shall then lose one that, of all others, I most wish'd for a daughter.

Miss Hardcastle. I am proud of your approbation, and to shew I merit it, if you place yourselves as I directed, you shall hear his explicit declaration. But he comes.

Sir Charles. I'll to your father, and keep him to the appointment. *[Exit.*

Enter MARLOW.

Marlow. Tho' prepar'd for setting out, I come once more to take leave, nor did I, till this moment, know the pain I feel in the separation.

Miss Hardcastle. *[In her own natural manner.]* I believe these sufferings cannot be very great, Sir, which you can so easily remove. A day or two longer, perhaps, might lessen your uneasiness, by shewing the little value of what you now think proper to regret.

Marlow. *[Aside.]* This girl every moment improves upon me. *[To her.]* It must not be,

be, Madam. I have already trifled too long with my heart. My very pride begins to submit to my passion. The disparity of education and fortune, the anger of a parent, and the contempt of my equals, begin to lose their weight; and nothing can restore me to myself, but this painful effort of resolution.

Miss Hardcastle. Then go, Sir. I'll urge nothing more to detain you. Tho' my family be as good as her's you came down to visit, and my education, I hope, not inferior, what are these advantages without equal affluence? I must remain contented with the slight approbation of imputed merit; I must have only the mockery of your addresses, while all your serious aims are fix'd on fortune.

Enter HARDCASTLE and Sir CHARLES from behind.

Sir Charles. Here, behind this screen.

Hardcastle. Ay, Ay, make no noise. I'll engage my Kate covers him with confusion at last.

Marlow. By heavens, Madam, fortune was ever my smallest consideration. Your beauty at first caught my eye; for who could see that without emotion. But every moment that I converse with you, steals in some new grace, heightens the picture, and gives it stronger expression. What at first seem'd
rustic

rustic plainness, now appears refin'd simplicity. What seem'd forward assurance, now strikes me as the result of courageous innocence, and conscious virtue.

Sir Charles. What can it mean! He amazes me!

Hardcastle. I told you how it would be. Hush!

Marlow. I am now determined to stay, Madam, and I have too good an opinion of my father's discernment, when he sees you, to doubt his approbation.

Miss Hardcastle. No, Mr. Marlow, I will not, cannot detain you. Do you think I could suffer a connexion, in which there is the smallest room for repentance? Do you think I would take the mean advantage of a transient passion, to load you with confusion? Do you think I could ever relish that happiness, which was acquired by lessening your's?

Marlow. By all that's good, I can have no happiness but what's in your power to grant me. Nor shall I ever feel repentance, but in not having seen your merits before. I will stay, even contrary to your wishes; and tho' you should persist to shun me, I will make my respectful assiduities atone for the levity of my past conduct.

Miss Hardcastle. Sir, I must entreat you'll desist. As our acquaintance began, so let it end, in indifference. I might have given an

hour or two to levity; but seriously, Mr. Marlow, do you think I could ever submit to a connexion, where I must appear mercenary, and *you* imprudent? Do you think I could ever catch at the confident addresses of a secure admirer?

Marlow. [*Kneeling.*] Does this look like security. Does this look like confidence. No, Madam, every moment that shews me your merit, only serves to encrease my diffidence and confusion. Here let me continue—

Sir Charles. I can hold no longer. Charles, Charles, how hast thou deceived me! Is this your indifference, your uninteresting conversation!

Hardcastle. Your cold contempt; your formal interview. What have you to say now?

Marlow. That I'm all amazement! What can it mean!

Hardcastle. It means that you can say and unsay things at pleasure. That you can address a lady in private, and deny it in public; that you have one story for us, and another for my daughter.

Marlow. Daughter!——this Lady your daughter!

Hardcastle. Yes, Sir, my only daughter. My Kate, whose else should she be?

Marlow. Oh, the devil.

Miss Hardcastle. Yes, Sir, that very identical tall squinting lady you were pleased to
take

take me for, [*curtesying.*] She that you addressed as the mild, modest, sentimental man of gravity, and the bold forward agreeable rattle of the ladies club; ha! ha! ha!

Marlow. Zounds, there's no bearing this; it's worse than death.

Miss Hardcastle. In which of your characters, Sir, will you give us leave to address you. As the faltering gentleman, with looks on the ground, that speaks just to be heard, and hates hypocrisy; or the loud confident creature, that keeps it up with Mrs. Mantrap, and old Miss Biddy Buckskin, till three in the morning; ha! ha! ha!

Marlow. O, curse on my noisy head. I never attempted to be impudent yet, that I was not taken down. I must be gone.

Hardcastle. By the hand of my body, but you shall not. I see it was all a mistake, and I am rejoiced to find it. You shall not, Sir, I tell you. I know she'll forgive you. Won't you forgive him, Kate? We'll all forgive you. Take courage, man!

[They retire, she tormenting him to the back Scene.]

Enter Mrs. HARDCASTLE and TONY.

Mrs. Hardcastle. So, so, they're gone off. Let them go, I care not.

Hardcastle. Who gone?

Q 4

Mrs.

Mrs. Hardcastle. My dutiful niece and her gentleman, Mr. Hastings, from Town. He who came down with our modest visitor here.

Sir Charles. Who, my honest George Hastings. As worthy a fellow as lives, and the girl could not have made a more prudent choice.

Hardcastle. Then, by the hand of my body, I'm proud of the connexion.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Well, if he has taken away the lady, he has not taken her fortune, that remains in this family to console us for her loss.

Hardcastle. Sure Dorothy you would not be so mercenary?

Mrs. Hardcastle. Ay, that's my affair, not your's. But you know if your son, when of age, refuses to marry his cousin, her whole fortune is then at her own disposal.

Hardcastle. Ay, but he's not of age, and she has not thought proper to wait for his refusal.

Enter HASTINGS and Miss NEVILLE.

Mrs. Hardcastle. [*Aside.*] What returned so soon, I begin not to like it.

Hastings. [*To Hardcastle.*] For my late attempt to fly off with your niece, let my present confusion be my punishment. We are now come back, to appeal from your justice to your humanity. By her father's consent,

I

I first paid her my addresses, and our passions were first founded in duty.

Miss Neville. Since his death, I have been obliged to stoop to dissimulation to avoid oppression. In an hour of levity, I was ready even to give up my fortune to secure my choice. But I'm now recover'd from the delusion, and hope from your tendernefs what is denied me from a nearer connexion.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Pshaw, pshaw, this is all but the whining end of a modern novel.

Hardcastle. Be it what it will, I'm glad they're come back to reclaim their due.— Come hither, Tony, boy. Do you refuse this lady's hand whom I now offer you?

Tony. What signifies my refusing. You know I can't refuse her till I'm of age, father.

Hardcastle. While I thought concealing your age, boy, was likely to conduce to your improvement, I concurred with your mother's desire to keep it secret. But since I find she turns it to a wrong use, I must now declare, you have been of age these three months.

Tony. Of age! Am I of age, father?

Hardcastle. Above three months.

Tony. Then you'll see the first use I'll make of my liberty. [*Taking Miss Neville's hand.*] Witnefs all men by these presents, that I, Anthony Lumpkin, Esq. of BLANK place, refuse you, Constantia Neville, spinster, of no place at all, for my true and lawful

ful wife. So Constance Neville may marry whom she pleases, and Tony Lumpkin is his own man again.

Sir Charles. O brave 'Squire!

Hastings. My worthy friend.

Mrs. Hardcastle. My undutiful offspring.

Marlow. Joy, my dear George, I give you joy sincerely. And could I prevail upon my little tyrant here to be less arbitrary, I should be the happiest man alive, if you would return me the favour.

Hastings. [*To Miss Hardcastle.*] Come, Madam, you are now driven to the very last scene of all your contrivances. I know you like him, I'm sure he loves you, and you must and shall have him.

Hardcastle. [*Joining their hands.*] And I say so too. And Mr. Marlow, if she makes as good a wife as she has a daughter, I don't believe you'll ever repent your bargain. So now to supper, to morrow we shall gather all the poor of the parish about us, and the Mistakes of the Night shall be crowned with a merry morning; so boy take her; and as you have been mistaken in the mistress, my wish is, that you may never be mistaken in the wife.

END OF THE FIFTH AND LAST
ACT.

A L Z U M A,

A TRAGEDY.

BY

ARTHUR MURPHY.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

ALZUMA. PIZARRO.

DON CARLOS. OZMAR.

GONZALEZ. EZMONT.

W O M E N.

ORAZIA. ORELLANA.

VIRGINS OF THE SUN.

Scene at Cusco the Capital of PERU.

A L Z U M A.

A C T I.

Enter E M I R A.

Wearied at length by their own raging toil,
Her spirits sink to rest: kind sleep affords
The only boon the wretched mind can feel,
A momentary respite from despair.

Enter Z I L I A.

Emira. Who's there?—That look alarm-
ing!—Zilia, say
Wherefore this sudden haste?—How fares it
now
With Orellana?

Zilia. Still a calm repose
Suspends the tumult of the mighty passions,
That war within. Nature, quite harrass'd
down,
Repairs the waste of grief.

Emira. But oh! too soon
With keener sense to waken her again
To the strong agonies that rend her soul.
How wears the night?—

Zilia. It verges to the dawn.

Emira. Then 'tis th' accustom'd hour, the
only hour
Of

Of all that circle time's diurnal round,
When Orellana knows suspense from pain.

Zilia. The sun that form'd her lent his
brightest rays,

His purest elements of sacred fire—
Hence all the virtues that but dimly shine
In breasts of common mould, in her sublim'd,
Burn to a fierce extravagance of soul.

Emira. Yet what avails the great indi-
gnant spirit,
The gen'rous flame for Freedom and Peru?
The fever of her mind too soon must end
Her weary frame.—The livelong day it rages,
And each returning night, when all things else
Thro' wide creation's round feel wonted rest,
She only wakes to misery:—Forlorn she sits
With streaming eyes, while unrelenting cares
Waste all within; and ever and anon
In short distracted dreams wild fancy acts
New scenes of terror in her blasted mind.

Enter ORELLANA.

Orel. Horror! Protect me! Save me—
Seas of blood
Run purple round the altar——'Tis my bro-
ther—

Barbarian, hold!—It is Alzuma bleeds—
Inhuman murd'ers! Oh! [Faints.]

Emira. 'Tis ever thus—
Sad visionary terrors rack her brain—
Too wretched mourner, victim of despair!

Orel.

Orel. Oh! 'Tis too much, too much to
suffer—Zilia,
Art thou there?—ever friendly, kind, and
good!—

Emira too!—Why, sister virgins, why
Must you still labour with my weight of woe?

Emira. Attending thee we but obey the
call

Of duty and of love.—Dispel thy fears,
And hush this tumult of disorder'd fancy.

Orel. Would heav'n I could!—But these
imaginings

Were terrible indeed!—Round yonder couch
Such horrid phantoms rose—

Emira. Forget 'em all—
You've nothing now to fear.

Orel. Alas! the wretched
Have ev'ry thing to fear.—Methought
Pizarro

With fury dragg'd me to the altar's foot;
There urg'd imperious to renounce my gods,
And wed Don Carlos—With apostate zeal
My mother join'd her aid—conspir'd against
me—

When, oh! distracting fight! my brother,
rushing

To save a sister from the vile dishonour,
Receiv'd Pizarro's dagger in his heart.—

The altar smok'd with gore.—The cruel
Spaniard

Look'd a grim joy to see the only hope
Of desolate Peru, a Prince descended

From

From a long race of Kings, ignobly fall,
And welter in his blood before him.

Emira. Yet
These are but fancied ills—Alzuma lives
Safe in obscurity, far hence remote.
Prostrate Peru may lift her head again,
And heav'n restore a brother to your arms.

Orel. Delusive thought! Yet let me fondly
cherish

The soothing flattery.—Oh! Sister virgins,
Should e'er the hero bless my longing eyes,
I could embrace him with a sister's love,
And in his sight forget my sorrows past—
But oh! vain hope!—He would not know
me now,

Thus with'ring in my bloom—As yet an
infant,

I number'd scarce ten years, when hence
he went

To Chili's realms, ere the foe burst upon us,
To learn the course of ev'ry orb above,
And all the myst'ries of his parent sun.—
Mean time the Spaniard—but I'll not retrace
That tale of horror—Since that hour accurst,
Ten times the sun hath made his annual circle,
Nor yet Alzuma reigns!—Alas! my virgins,
Distinction's lost amongst us, and the last
Surviving Inca of undone Peru
Sinks to a slave—a wand'rer o'er the land!—

Emira. Rekindle not the fury of your
foul—

For lo! with purple light the orient morn
Glows

Glow in yon Eastern clime!—Don Carlos
soon,

As is his wont, with early importunity
Will press his ardent suit—Be timely cautious,
Nor let him find pale grief and discontent
For ever dwell in Orellana's breast—

'Twill rouse the Spaniard's rage—A cloy-
ster'd virgin

With thee, I worship'd the eternal fire.—

'Tis friendship prompts, if I presume to wish
You'd not provoke the foe.

Orel. I know thy truth,
Thy constancy approv'd—and Carlos too
I grant has qualities that claim respect.

Emira. Tho' other gods he worship, yet
in him

Religion wears a gentler mien, nor serves
To sanctify rapacity and murder.—

'Tis love perhaps—for sure he fondly loves—

'Tis love perhaps, not virtue, that allays
His fiercer passions—But whate'er the cause,
He is our shield from stern Pizarro's rage:
To him unnumber'd millions lift their hands,
And thank him with their tears for life
preserv'd.

Orel. 'Tis true, Emira—Oft I've known
him check

The rage of wasting war—oft at his voice

E'en Persecution rests upon her altar,

Thirsting for blood in vain—And yet this
heart

Was never form'd for him—Yon radiant God,

V O L. I.

R

Tho'

Tho' each revolving day he rise to view
 His once lov'd region, now a land of slaves,
 To see the Spaniard triumph in his guilt,
 Nor rolls th'avenging thunder o'er his head;
 Nor sends the rapid light'ning down to blast
 him;

Tho' he disdain not still to shine alike
 On vice and suffering virtue——Ha! no
 more——

'Twere impious madness——Thou creat'st
 us all,

Thou glorious luminary!——Thou, the source
 Of light, and life, and universal good!
 From thee we issue, and to thee return!
 Thou mighty parent! [*kneels down*] Thou
 bright orbit!

Thou
 Still inexhausted lead'st the radiant years,
 Thro' all creation pour'st thy golden flood,
 Thy vivid energy——without thee, nought
 Or fair or useful springs—to thee all nature
 Wafts up her orisons—to thee I swear,
 Whate'er shall prove the fate of Orellana,
 Thy sacred beams shall never, never see her
 Leagued with her country's foes——shall ne'er
 behold her
 A vile apostate from her holy vow.

Enter E Z M O N T.

Emira. Ezmont, why sudden thus?——And
 hark!——unfold——

[*A flourish of trumpets.*
 What

What means that musick—that triumphant
joy?

Ezmont. With early zeal Pizarro seeks the
altar

To celebrate his foreign rites.

Orell. And fire
His unrelenting heart to new exploits.

Ezmont. A captive band from various pri-
sons led

Walk in his train, and follow to the temple,
There to abjure their country, and their gods,
Or meet their instant doom.

Orel. And does my mother
Attend the guilty pomp?

Ezmont. She does—with her
All their whole courtier-band attend Pizarro,
All but Don Carlos—With a lover's speed
This way he bends his steps—My swiftest zeal
Could scarce outstrip him.

Orel. Leave me virgins, leave me—
Ezmont I thank thy care. [*they go out.*] Now
summon all
Thy calmest patience, and thy firm resolve.

Enter DON CARLOS.

Carlos. Let this auspicious morn dispel thy
cares,
And each successive hour on balmy wings
Bring peace, bring health, and beauty's roseate
bloom——

Does Orellana shun me?—Hither turn
Thy gracious aspect; let those azure eyes

Beam with their gentlest radiance.

Orel. Those eyes
With galling tears have long since lost their
lustre—

They, like the daughters of rapacious Spain,
Have not yet learn'd to gild the cloud of woe,
Inspire the look, and animate the glance,
While misery lays desolate the heart.

Carlos. Let love diffuse his cordial o'er
thy spirits;
Soon shall each grace awaken, soon thy heart
Beat sprightly notes of rapture and of joy.

Orel. Oh! talk not, Carlos, to a wretch
forlorn,
And lost as I am—do not talk of joy.
No more shall pleasure visit this sad form,
This breathing statue of despair.

Carlos. Despair—
But ill requites th'indulgent care of heav'n,
That now invites thee to enjoy with me
Your share of love, and empire.

Orel. Take again,
Take back your vows of friendship and of
love——

I do entreat you take 'em—bear 'em hence
To the bright dames that grace your native
land——

Worthier they'll listen to you—they have
hearts

Prone to thy soft impressions—they have
hearts

That never bled to see the ruthless sword,
Thy

Thy sword, Don Carlos, lay their country
waste——

Thou hast not injur'd them—But oh! respect
A captive wretch—a wretch that has full
cause,

Yet pours no curses on thee!

Carlos. Wilt thou thus,
Relentless fair! wilt thou then wound me thus
With stern reproach?—Under a father's
banner

I wag'd the war; and if her purple wing
Propitious victory wav'd o'er my head,
The world can witness, who by me have fall'n,
All bravely fell in the embattled field,
Not naked and disarm'd—In me the van-
quish'd

Have found a friend—'Twas Orellana's
will——

Her conqu'ring eyes have half aveng'd her
country,

And made the victor beauty's willing slave—
His laurels bloom for thee—He lays his
trophies,

His scepter at your feet—Thy native realm
Wooes thee to sov'reign sway, and bids thee
rule

The western world, when to her softer clime
Spain shall invite thy mother.

Orel. Name her not——

I would not think upon her crimes—become
The conqu'ror's wife—oh! shameless guilt!
——become

Carlos. Almagro's conqu'ring arm
In Chili's realm hath crush'd the savage war.
The western world hath heard the hideous
ruin,
And suppliant courts the yoke.

Pizarro. But still Alzuma
Lives for new tumult——

Orazia. Lives to bid his mother
With tears and burning blushes hear his name.
Proud, uncontrollable, and fierce of spirit,
Ev'n in his earliest youth, his boyish days,
When the grim tiger from the thicket rush'd,
Did he once fly?—Did he not ev'n then
Dare the encounter?—the fell monster gor'd
His youthful breast, and if his father's arm
Had not transfix'd the savage to the earth,
Alzuma then had died.—Since that he bore
The tiger's mark, and ere the dawn of
manhood
Sprung on his cheek, went from his mother
far,
Grew up implacable of soul, and now
With dire alarms shakes all the Western
World.

Carlos. And if our crimes provoke——

Pizarro. Our crimes, my son!

Orazia. That thought to Orellana owes its
birth—
In soft captivity she holds him bound—
Her beauty leads him with a single glance,
Moves with a sigh, and softens with a tear;
And love and grace by turns dispute his heart.

Pizarro.

Pizarro. Hear, Orellana——say, thou
 ————beauteous mourner,
 How long shall tears and flow consuming grief
 Deform thy native graces?

Orel. Pardon, Sir,
 If the rough manners of my native clime
 Form'd me in plain simplicity—Unskill'd
 In all the studied elegance of feature,
 I only know to look my honest meaning;
 An artless savage, a forsaken wretch,
 Whom joy has long forsworn!

Orazia. In Cusco's court,
 Where ev'ry face but thine is deck'd with
 ————smiles,
 Such persevering sorrow ill befits
 Orazia's daughter—While your mother still
 Ev'n with the victor shares her ancient sceptre,
 You have full cause of joy.—And tell me,
 ————does not
 That gen'rous youth, Pizarro's gallant son,
 Breathe gentlest vows, and languish for your
 ————love?

Orel. Ay, Madam!—Love and tenderness
 ————he brings,
 But sighs and tears are all I have to give.

Orazia. Away with vain excuse—thou
 ————trifler hear;
 Spain's pure religion calls—this moment
 ————yield,
 And rank thee with the faithful.

Orel. That command——

Orazia. Must be obey'd.

Orel.

Enter A L Z U M A, *and* O Z M A R.

Pizarro. Say, what art thou, who with indignant spirit
Has dar'd to mock our laws?

Alzuma. One born in freedom!
One who, while yet he lives, like freedom's
son,

Will dare to think.—

Pizarro. Reflect, rash youth, and take
New life from this auspicious day.

Alzuma. The day,
That sees a man crouch in ignoble bondage,
Sees ev'ry virtue lost.

Pizarro. Beware, thou slave!
Know'st thou that instant death awaits you
both?

Alzuma. We know it—we expect it—we
invoke it——
'Twill end our misery.

Pizarro. Thou insolent!——
All gracious heav'n, that still delights in
mercy——

Alzuma. Mercy!—delights in mercy!

Pizarro. Yes;—his word
Gives life and peace to all.

Alzuma. And darest thou then,
Thou fell destroyer!—Ravager of earth!—
And dar'st thou then in horrid contrast stand
To infinite benevolence?

Pizarro. No more
I'll parley with obdurate guilt—Gonzalez,

Guard

Guard thou those miscreants ; see they suffer
 death,
 And by their torments warn an impious
 race.—

[Exit with Orazia, and attendants.]

Orel. Oh ! Carlos—gen'rous youth !—If
 any spark
 Of love dwell in thy nature , quickly fly,
 Pursue your cruel father , haste , prevent
 The horrid murder—What have they com-
 mitted ?

What is their crime ?—Oh ! do not see them
 bleed,
 For daring to be true to heav'n.

Carlos. I go,
 Thou gen'rous maid , to execute your will.
[Exit.]

Orel. Or gain their liberty, or else the hour
 That sees 'em fall , will end this wretched
 being.

[Exit after Carlos.]

Alzuma. And are there feelings here for
 human woe ?

Gon. Guards , lead your pris'ners hence.

Alzuma. Spaniard a word——
 Wilt thou indulge one moment to the wretch-
 ed ?—

I thank thee—Ozmar, we have walk'd to-
 gether

The rugged paths of honour—to the last
 Grappled with fate—against the foe have
 strain'd

Bold

Bold virtue's nerve——Oh! let it never
 flacken,
 But bear us strongly up like men, who boast
 Souls ever prompt for liberty or death.

Ozmar. Sunk as we are, our country bleed-
 ing round us,
 Our cities sack't, our very gods dishonour'd,
 Death is relief—is victory and triumph.

Alzuma. But let us entertain our doom,
 my friend,
 In silent dignity—Amidst our pangs
 Let no dejected passion tell the Spaniard
 Alzuma dies in me!——

Ozmar. Not all the tortures
 Their vengeance can inflict shall e'er extort
 One secret from me.

Alzuma. Let him shudder still
 With dire conceptions at Alzuma's name;
 Still let him think Alzuma roams the forest,
 Climbs the steep mountain's brow, or down
 the lake

Glides in the swift canoe to rouse the war,
 And call the nations to a great revenge.
 Let that pursue him still—Oh! let that
 thought,

And the dire furies of detested guilt
 With ceaseless pangs inhabit in his heart,
 Alzuma dies content!

Ozmar. The tyrant's pow'r
 Is short liv'd o'er us, and his murd'rous
 rage

But sets the hero free.

Alzuma.

Alzuma. His pow'r may shackle
These mortal limbs ; but the unbodied spirit
Shall bear its native liberty along,
To the blest'd vale behind the cloud capt
hill,
The silent region of departed souls,
That region undiscover'd by the Spaniard!—
Where our forefathers, in unfading blifs,
Prepare the roseate bow'r, and weave the
chaplet,
For deeds heroic done in life ; for all
Who, firm in honour, by distress uncon-
quer'd,
Have smil'd in woe, and to their graves have
carried
The sacred charter of the free-born mind.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

Scene at the Gate of the Church, or Temple of the Sun.

Enter A L Z U M A.

DOST thou not hear me, lost Peru?—Not
 hear
 The clank of these vile chains that fetter thus
 Your rightful sov'reign?—Wherefore thus
 again
 Led to their Christian temple?—Why their
 guards
 Plac'd at each pass?—Is this, just gods, a lot
 For your own progeny?—Yet even here,
 Here still is room for fortitude and honour—
 Yes, ye calamities of this bad world,
 Pour all your destin'd malice on my head!
 Ye storms, ye tempests, roar! Each change
 of fortune
 Is but a change of virtue.—

Enter O Z M A R.

Alzuma. Valiant Ozmar,
 Let me embrace thee.—Ozmar, spite of all
 My heart's best firmness, it drops blood for
 thee.

Ozmar. Alzuma! Tears!—And dost thou
 think me then
 So poor of soul?

Alzuma.

Alzuma. Ozmar, I will not weep—
 I will not stain a righteous cause with tears—
 And yet frail nature thus will gush it's way—
 Oh! there's a cause that consecrates each drop
 That burns it's channel down the soldier's
 cheek!

Ozmar, to see a nation bleeding round us,
 Yet fetter'd thus in chains—I cannot speak—
 Thy own great heart will tell thee.

Ozmar. Gen'rous Prince!
 Embitter not the cup of woe.

Alzuma. To die
 Inglorious! Unreveng'd!—My father's death,
 Thy savage massacre, lamented shade!
 Oh! Atabalipa, yet unaton'd!
 His queen Orazia, my much honour'd mother,
 How has fate dealt with her?—My sister too,
 Poor Orellana!—'Tis a long, long time
 Since last these eyes beheld her.—Breathes
 she still

The vital air?—And oh! what happy clime
 Affords her innocence and truth a shelter?
 Alzuma knows not, and that piercing thought
 Unmans my soul, and gives a sting to death.

Ozmar. The holy pow'rs, who watch o'er
 innocence—

Alzuma. No pow'rs protect it now.—
 Where were ye, gods,
 In that black period when the Spanish spoiler
 First spoke in thunder to us?—Not your own
 Thrice honour'd temples then contain'd ye!—

No!

Your

Your sacred temples, and your holy altars,
You left defenceless.—You have lost your
rites,
Your kings their empire, and Peru her free-
dom.

Ozmar. If deeds heroic could have sav'd the
state,

Thy own great patriot toil——

Alzuma. Where were ye, gods,
When late in Chili's wide extended plains
I fought the embattled foe?—From ev'ry
quarter

I brought the western world in arms.—The
fun

Beneath the burning line beheld my course,
Back to the Tropic saw my rapid march——
The queen of night, and ev'ry vivid planet,
Walking in brightness their empyreal round,
Saw my unwearied labour——saw me guide
Down the broad Amazon my rapid bark——
Each island visiting; on ev'ry shore
Invoking vengeance——Heav'n beheld it all,
Yet left me in th' extreme;—to hostile gods,
Th' unjust, revengeful cruel gods of Spain,
Betray'd a faithful unsuspecting race.——

Ozmar. Yes, all, all's lost, all ruin'd!—
That last battle
Has giv'n 'em up the world——Almagro's
arms

Heap'd hideous ruin on us.

Alzuma. Ozmar, there,
There liberty, amidst that purple heap

Her gen'rous bosom grac'd with honest
scars,
Groan'd and expir'd.—Oh! City of the
Sun,
Ye sacred ashes of my friends, who perish'd
In your lov'd country's last expiring blaze!
Oh! seat of empire!—Witness in your
fall
I have dar'd nobly for you.

Enter GONZALEZ and Guards.

Gon. Be those chains
Instantly releas'd, and set the pris'ners free.
[*Soldiers unchain them.*]

Alzuma. Ah! that soft virgin form appears
again!
This way she bends her steps.—What may
this mean?

Enter ORELLANA.

Orel. There is your warrant, Sir——Pi-
zarro's hand
Hath sign'd their freedom!

Gon. I obey the mandate.

[Exit with soldiers.]

Alzuma. Tell me, thou fair unknown!
to what new scenes
Our fate reserves us both?—

Orel. Humanity
And justice plead your cause.

Alzuma.

Alzuma. And does thy heart
Feel the soft touch of nature for the wretched?

Orel. Stranger, my heart is feelingly
alive

When misery claims a tear——that fruitless
tribute

Is all I can, and heav'n demands it of me.

Alzuma. I pray ye mock me not——a Spa-
niard's heav'n

Inspires revenge, and cruelty and murder.

Orel. In me you see a daughter of Peru,
And nature and religion bind me to you.

Alzuma. Then our own gods watch o'er
affliction still,

And at their hands I do accept my life.

Oh! gen'rous virgin, I respect thy virtues——

The pow'rs that gave them will reward them
too ——

If not in ev'ry state, in death or conquest——

They are their own sweet recompence.

Orel. That mien!

That prompt heroic ardor!——Stranger, say
Whence and what art thou?

Alzuma. By my birth obscure——

Almagro late beheld me grasp the javelin,

And 'midst the gen'ral carnage of that day

Seek death in vain thro' all the paths of war.

Orel. Ah! tell me then——I tremble
while I ask——

Where is Alzuma?——Lives he?——Does
he yet

Elude the tyrant's search?——Or has he fought

The vale of fleeting spirits?—Quickly
tell me,

For oh! I long to hear.

Alzuma. Support me, Ozmar—

Her tender sympathy—

Ozmar. Now summon all

Your manly firmness—She's a stranger
yet—

Let prudence guard the—

Orel. Ah! distract me not—

Why art thou pale!—Why gath'ring in
thy eye

Stand those round drops?—Alas! he is no
more—

Ozmar. Alzuma lives!

Orel. Lives!

Ozmar. But far hence remote

Seeks a retreat for misery and freedom—

Orel. Then am I blest'd indeed!—

Alzuma. Absorb'd in wonder,

My flutt'ring soul feels all her functions
lost.

Orel. Weep'st thou, brave youth?—Ah!

Say what hidden cause—

Alzuma. Thy gen'rous tenderness—Like
you I'm born

With too much sensibility of heart.

Orel. Indeed you seem to bear a noble
nature—

Say, will you undertake like men, and dare
A hardy enterprize, that tends at once
To your own safety and the general weal?

Alzuma.

Alzuma. Speak thy intent—Ev'n ruin'd as
we are

We boast the virtue still to serve thy cause.

Orel. Then mark my words—Anon, when
in the palace

All court the Spaniard's smiles, and do the
work

Of low ambition, then with cautious step

Repair ye both to yonder sacred temple,

In happier days the temple of the Sun!

Now other worship, other rites prevail.—

Employ'd in secret duty there you'll find me.

Enter GONZALEZ.

Orel. What would Gonzalez?—

Gon. With determin'd haste

The empress seeks you.

Orel. Lead your captives forth.

[*They bow and are going out.*]

Enter ORAZIA.

Orazia. These are the insolents whom thy
entreaty

Has sav'd from justice.

Orel. To Don Carlos' goodness
I bow in gratitude.

Orazia. Take heed, rash men,
Or vengeance waits you.

[*they go out.*] *Orellana* hear:
Don Carlos languishes with gentlest passion,

And woos you to his arms.—A mother's
voice

Commands thee to abjure fictitious gods,
And make thee lineal to our ancient sceptre.

Orel. What, while my brother lives?

Orazia. Pizarro sees,
At length with indignation sees his slave
Suspend the progress of our righteous faith.

Orel. His slave! —A robber's slave! —Is
that befitting?

Is that my mother? —These are virtue's
tears —

They mean you no offence.

Orazia. Ungrateful child!
Still with incessant rage to steel your heart
Against a victor, whom high Heav'n approves,
Against a mother, who would save you still.

Orel. The tyrant has my curses—I avow
it —

My bitterest imprecations on him! —But
A mother claims respect —Then hear my
pray'r —

Let not your Christian worship, while it
gives

New modes of faith—Oh! let it ne'er efface
The virtues of humanity! [*Exit.*

Orazia. Oh! blind
And fatal superstition! —fix'd in error,
Alas! she sees not that by heav'n com-
mission'd

To chase credulity Pizzaro came,
And reigns by right divine o'er ev'ry heart.
Oh!

Oh! happy state! Christian Orazia now
 Glows for the honour of eternal truth——
 To that bows rev'rent down, and joys to see
 Awful religion bear the sword of justice.

[*Exit,*

Scene the Temple of the Sun.

Enter ALZUMA and OZMAR.

Alzuma. Tread you not, Ozmar, with
 a solemn fear

This hallow'd pavement?

Ozmar. As I trace thy steps,
 A thousand mix'd emotions heave within me.

Alzuma. Thou sacred dome! Thou vener-
 able pile!

Where erst the pious daughters of the Sun
 In meditation dwelt, and sacred song!

No more for you those rites——no more
 you'll hear

Their pious vows, and their melodious
 strains.

The Spanish robber violates your altars,
 And foreign gods possess you.

Ozmar. Yet, Alzuma,
 Who knows what that bright maid——

Alzuma. Some deep intent
 Rolls in her bosom—Hark!—a feeble sound
 Comes slowly winding thro' yon lengthen'd
 isle——

[*Musick is heard at a distance.*

Orellana coming forward.

Alas! my spirits sink——
Cold tremors shake my frame.

Alzuma. Your pardon, virgin,
That thus encroaching on the hallow'd
hour——

Orel. Strangers! you're welcome both——
The wretched ever
Bear their own passport to me——Train'd
myself

In sad affliction's school, and wanting much
Some charitable aid, these hands are ready
To wipe the tear from the pale cheek of care.

Alzuma. Alas! misfortune, as we rise to
life,

Prepares her chalice for each human lip——
We all are doom'd to weep.

Orel. Ye gen'rous youths,
I see you both are apt to melt at woe——
I will not trouble you.

Alzuma. If there is aught
May serve you, virgin, trust your faithful
slaves——

These tears but strengthen virtue——Speak
thy will.

Orel. There is a business lab'ring in my
heart
That calls for firmest vigour.

Alzuma. If to drench
A dagger's point in the fell Spaniard's
blood——

Orel.

Orel. It wants no bloodshed—tell me will
you serve me?

Alzuma. By heav'n I will.

Orel. Say, will you traverse o'er
The forests wild, and continents of sand,
To bear a message to a much-lov'd brother,
On whose dear life my happiness is grafted?

Alzuma. Direct our course——we'll seek
him straight.

Orel. Alas!

Banished far hence, dear youth! he little
thinks

How here I drag the Spaniard's galling
chain,

And neither live nor die.——But here I've
form'd

In braided colours the sad tale of woe.

[*Takes out a braid of colours.*

He knows not letters, which th' inventive
Spaniard

Has hither brought——But this will tell him
all——

This will instruct him to avoid this place——

Let me be wretched, I'll endure it all——

But bless him gods——watch over all his
ways——

My woes must end me soon.

Alzuma. No, thou shalt join

Our flight——we'll bear thee to him.

Orel. Weak of limb

My strength would fail me——Wilt thou
give him this?

Alzuma.

Alzuma. I will—by every Pow'r above,
I will.

Orel. Then take it, youth, and bear it
to Alzuma.

Alzuma. Alzuma!

Orel. Yes; to him.

Alzuma. Ye gracious powers!
And bear it to Alzuma!—Orellana!

Orel. Those trembling accents! Oh! the
various meanings
Of ev'ry feature—Ah! that look of
thine—

Alzuma. I am, I am, Alzuma—Oh!
my sister!

I, I am he—This fond embrace attests it.
She faints—she faints—Oh! couldst thou
e'er have hop'd it?—

'Tis Orellana!—'tis, it is my sister.

Orel. That air! that face! just so my
father look'd!—
I scarce can think it yet—thou art not—tell
me—

Say, art thou he?—Peru's surviving
heir?—

Art thou Alzuma?—does thy breast retain
The tiger's fang?

Alzuma. It does, it does.

Orel. Have I so long
Forbore to wander o'er him with my kisses?
To clasp thee close, and own thee with
my tears?

[Embraces him.

Alzuma.

Alzuma. Grow to thy brother's heart,
 thou virtuous maid!—
Ozmar, the Gods are here—they have
 not yet
 Deserted innocence.—Thou watch, my
 friend,
 That none intrude upon this hour of joy.

[*Exit Ozmar.*

Orel. Why didst thou venture here? to
 this dire place?

Oh! quickly fly——of all the Sun beheld
 In his own city, by immortals rais'd,
 This temple only stands.

Alzuma. Where is Orazia?

Orel. She lives.

Alzuma. Then to her honour and her
 gods

She still lives true—I know her virtue well.

Orel. This side the grave no mortal virtue's
 known——

She's married to Pizarro.

Alzuma. Married to him!

False to her faith, and married to Pizarro!—

Orel. She shares his tyrant sceptre.

Alzuma. Oh! may heav'n——

Yet she's my mother still——Forgive her,
 gods!

If your dread sway can bear such crimes,
 forgive her,

And keep your red'ning vengeance for the
 Spaniard——

Say, shall I see Orazia?

Orel.

Orel. At yon portal
You met her dreadful frown.

Alzuma. Was that my mother?——
Unnatural woman!

Orel. In her ruin'd mind
Sits blind enthusiasm, with'ring ev'ry virtue.
Zeal forges fetters for a free-born race,
And murder's blade gleams in religion's
hand.

Alzuma. Bright orb! thou hear'st it——
I make no appeal
To you against her—but to find thee thus,
Thou best of sisters——'midst a mother's
crimes

That rend my soul—it mixes tend'rest joy,
And makes these tears a transport——Tell
thy brother,
What force upheld thee?—how hast thou
sustain'd

Thy faith inviolate?

Orel. The Spaniard's rage
Lifts ev'ry passion on the side of virtue.
Thou wer't far hence, know'st not the horrid
night

That heav'd this mighty empire from its base.

Alzuma. Ev'n now I shudder for thee!

Orel. Cloyster'd here,
Two hundred chosen virgins of the Sun,
Here in this very temple pour'd their praise
In midnight harmony to ev'ry god,
And bore thro' glimm'ring isles th' eternal
fire;

When

When the foe rush'd upon us; burst the
 sanctuary
 Which since the world's foundation 'till that
 hour
 Man never dar'd profane——With virgin
 shrieks,
 And female lamentation rung the dome;
 Devouring rage, and pale dismay, and death,
 Ran wild in horrid forms——The crimson
 pavement
 Floated with gore——No check their fury felt,
 'Till weary slaughter stopt at last for breath,
 And spar'd a wretched few.

Alzuma. Thou virtuous maid!
 What pitying God preserv'd thee?

Orel. 'Twas in wrath——
 In vengeance I was sav'd——to greater ills
 Alas! reserv'd!——to see my father mur-
 der'd——

Alzuma. Oh!—blessed be his shade!—

Orel. E'er since Pizarro
 Urges to change my gods, and join his son
 In impious wedlock.

Alzuma. May his soul be plung'd
 In ever-burning floods of liquid gold,
 And be his avarice the fiend that damns him!
 [*Music heard.*

Orel. End we our conf'rence here—The
 virgin band
 Wait my return—I would not have thee
 known——

Retire my brother——

Alzuma.

Alzuma. And must we part so soon?

Orel. Alas! too sure we must—a faithful friend
Shall lead thee to the grove where oft I walk
In bitterness of soul.

Alzuma. Yet ere you go——
Here kneel, and swear by all the holy
pow'rs
Whom with firm constancy Peru adores;
By the dear shades of long-departed heroes,
Whom av'rice slaughter'd, or religion stabb'd;
Swear here, by all those great, those awful
sanctions,
Thou never wilt betray thy plighted vows.

Orel. Yes, Orellana ratifies the oath!

Alzuma. Now once again come to this
fond embrace——
We'll meet anon——

Orel. We shall——

Alzuma. Farewell, farewell!

[*She goes out.*

Protect, ye pow'rs, that struggling inno-
cence.

In your own holy cause she suffers all.

Are ye no more the gods of peace?——No
more

Affliction's friends?——If that excelling
goodness——

If she is wretched thus——yet let me not,
Like the base Christian foe, with pious rage,
Who deals destruction round, and deems
his murder

Grateful

Grateful on high——Oh! let me not, like
 him,
 With horrid attributes affront my God!
 Yes, Heav'n is bounteous still—Ye gracious
 pow'rs!
 Of you and your just ways I'll not com-
 plain.
 You've made us virtuous, and have done
 enough!

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

I saw him meet her in the conscious grove,
Embracing and embrac'd!

Gonzalez. Perish the thought,
That thus disturbs your breast—You know,
my lord,
By your command I seiz'd the slave, and
now
Far other chains than those of love infold
him.

Carlos. Ere long he dies—this very hour
shall see him
A Christian, or a victim to his errors.

Gonzalez. The guards now lead him forth.

Carlos. Was it for this
The tyrant fair oppos'd ev'n heav'n itself?—
Oh! at the altar's foot her lov'd idea
Was present still, and zeal for heav'nly
truth

A tear from those bright eyes dissolv'd
away——

But false compassion rules my heart no more.
I saw her meet the slave—At my approach
Fierce indignation darted from her eye,
And straight she turn'd with high disdain
away.

Ah!—See! she comes!—still lovely in her
guilt!

[*Exit Gonzalez.*

The haughty fierceness of untutor'd virtue
Beams savage graces round her——Still
she must,

She shall be mine; my heart adores her still.

Enter ORELIANA.

Orell. You have done this, Sir——and I
thank you for it.

Carlos. Think not I urg'd severity against
thee;

But oh! do justice to that gentle nature
That governs here; that now throbs wildly
for you,

With all the soft solicitude of love.

Orell. What has a wretch like me to do
with love?

Carlos. Dost thou avoid me then, thou
cruel fair?

Dost thou avoid me?—Now I know the cause
That made thee unrelenting to my sighs—
I know your paramour——now know for
whom

Don Carlos' vows were all dispers'd in air;
For years who held dominion o'er your
heart,

And made me languish at your feet in vain.

Orell. And if I cherish'd a long hidden
flame,

Who claims a right to tyrannize my heart?

Carlos. Think'st thou a breast susceptible
as mine,

That swells with rapture if thou deign'st to
smile,

Or by a frown is tortur'd in the extreme;

Think'st thou a heart like mine will e'er
permit

A con-

A conquer'd slave to win thy last regard?
Oh! there's an avarice in love that claims
Each gentle grace, each amiable air,
Claims the noble hoard of sweets, and will
not bear
A word, a look directed to another.

Orell. And mean'st thou then to choak
the voice of pity?
Is that thy purpose?——Know the injur'd
youth,
Whom thy fell rage but now has doom'd to
death,
Is miserable——therefore dear to me——
Know he is virtuous——therefore has my
love.

Carlos. Thy love!—Does he possess it?—
He,
Inhuman fair!—But yet recall the word—
Our laws that spare no infidel——

Orell. Thou Spaniard!
Thou fierce barbarian from a world un-
known!——
But all our sacred rites thou hast profan'd,
And well may'st violate love's altar too.
Come, point thy dagger at this virgin breast,
And conquer hearts as you would force our
faith.

Carlos. You wrong me much—Hear Orel-
 lana, hear
 Thy tenderest suppliant.

Orell. Never——Woman's weakness
With pity saw you kneeling at my feet.

And sighing fruitless vows——But this last
 outrage
 Against a helpless captive——Witness gods!
 If Orellana hear this Spaniard more,
 Or listen to the tale of impious love,
 Deep down in earth may she alive be
 buried,
 Her spirit doom'd to wander o'er the world,
 And never reach the mansion of her fathers.

Carlos. Your minion dies——My rage is up
 in arms,
 And the soft voice of love shall plead no
 more.

[*Exit.*

Orell. Barbarian go!——Ah! there's a sight
 indeed
 Afresh that opens ev'ry source of grief.

Enter ALZUMA in chains.

Orell. Oh! Let me seek thy mother——
 tell her all——
 With the strong eloquence of filial tears,
 I'll throw me at her feet, and in her heart,
 Lost as it is, I'll find some hidden fibre,
 Where all the mother trembles for her
 offspring.

Alzuma. Restrain this rage——Alzuma
 would not owe
 A second favour to her——She, alas!
 Is dead to nature——That accursed fiend,
 Fanatic fury, blasts each moral virtue.

She

She has pronounc'd my doom.—Let her
not know

She kills a son——Oh! let me never add
That guilt atrocious to a parent's crimes.

Orell. Are there no means to save thee?—

Alzuma. Look not thus——

Ennobled by thy virtues——by distress
Endear'd—Each glance thou send'st unmans
me quite,

And ev'n a brother's fondness akes to view
thee.

Thy goodness charms, and by each heart-
string draws me

Back to this hated world.—For thee, my
sister,

When I should boldly tread the ridge of peril,
And dare the depth below—for thy dear sake
I cling to life—extend my feeble arms—
But thou no aid can'st give.—

Orell. Distracting thought!

Must I survive thee helpless and forlorn,
A victim to the Spaniard's hated love?

Alzuma. There lies the pang that bids
these drops of anguish
Fall in this copious stream—Not for myself
I feel—But oh! when I am gone—when
fate

Has stretch'd this body on the flinty earth,
Who shall defend thy weakness?—Must I
leave thee

A prey to ruffian force?——Must that rare
beauty——

Shall that conspire against thee?——Must
those eyes

Obedient roll to a fierce conqu'ror's will?
Inflame his hot desires, to plunge thee deeper
In shame and servitude?

Orell. Unpitying gods!

Alzuma. Perhaps to waft thee from thy
native land

To foreign altars, and a foreign bed!

Orell. There is but one, one only refuge.

Alzuma. Name it.

Orell. I'll perish with thee—Lo! behold
a weapon!

[*Shews a dagger.*]

Alzuma. Ha!

Orell. Where'er thy spirit wings it's happy
flight,

I'll hail thy triumph——Soar on trembling
wing,

And distant eye thy radiant tract of glory
To ev'ry kindred star.

Alzuma. Relentless pow'rs!

No other boon you've left me to bestow.

Orel. Ah! me! they come——the fell
Pizarro comes.

*Enter P I Z A R R O, O R A Z I A, C A R L O S,
Guards, &c.*

Orazia. Now, Orellana, we demand com-
pliance——

Provoke our wrath no more——the vested
priest

Waits

Waits at the altar; there Don Carlos's
 And heav'n indulgent claim thee for their
 own.

Alzuma. Unnatural, barbarous mother!

[*Aside.*

Orell. For his love
 Don Carlos has my thanks—Spain will not
 think

Her lustre tarnish'd, that a wretch like me
 Feels no ambition for her proud alliance.

The gods of Spain——

Orazia. This arrogance——

Orell. Indulge

A favourable ear——The Gods of Spain
 Will not be jealous that no fragrance rolls
 Around their shrines from me—If error's
 maze

Misguide my steps, their all-pervading eye
 Will read the honest purpose of my soul,
 And mercy win the thunder from their
 hands.

Orazia, This wilful disobedience!—Who
 has taught

The vain delusive dream?

Carlos. That slave!——'Tis he,
 Who rules her wayward fancy.

Orazia. Ha! That traitor!

Dost thou presume to spread sedition here?

Alzuma. [*Looking at her*] Oh! thou apo-
 state!—These hot burning tears
 Will burst their way.

Pizarro.

Pizarro. And does thy fullen eye
Dart the fierce glance of treason on your
queen?

Orazia. Who and what art thou?

Alzuma. I've no rank or name
To plead my cause in thy obdurate heart.
To your own child unnatural as thou art,
I have no claim to mercy.

Pizarro. Base reviler!
Within the tropic all must think alike.

Alzuma. Betwixt us both the sacred shaft
of war
Has long been shot, and enmity prevails,
Fierce, inextinguishable!

Orazia. My example
May teach thee, slave, to yield to sacred
truth,
And Spain's imperial mandate.

Alzuma. Thy example!
Full well you judg'd, thou traitress to thy
country!——
To fly to gods who can forgive thy crimes—
Ours shudder at them!

Pizarro. To the altar drag
The impious slave——

[*Guards seize Alzuma.*

Orell. Oh! wretched Orellana!

Alzuma. Barbarians hold!—Yet Spaniard
ere I die
Hear my last fervent prayer—'Twas lust of
gold,
Not zeal for truth and love of human kind,
That

That brought you to Peru—And may that
gold,

Oh! may it prove to Spain the direful spring
Of worse calamities than we have felt;

May it unnerve your arm; dissolve in sloth
Laborious industry——ne'er let your plains

The toiling hand of cultivation know;

Kindle fierce war; and may some happier
state,

Whose sons with love of gen'rous freedom
glowing,

Preserve their civil and religious rites,

The foes of tyranny!—who found their laws

On the broad base of reason and of nature—

Oh! may that happy state, if such there be!

With bolder prow triumphant o'er the
deep,

Pursue you hither with avenging thunder,

In your own harbours wrap your ships in fire,

And bow ye down to seek detested gold

For others uses!——Be that curse upon ye!

Pizarro. His blasphemy pollutes the air—

Forthwith

Give him the death he merits.

Orell. Once again

Let me embrace him—One last sad farewell

No pow'r on earth shall hinder.

[*Embraces him.*

Carlos. Ha! that insolent!

Perdition seize the slave!—Shall he enjoy—

By heav'n this sabre cleaves him to the ground.

[*Going to strike.*

Orell.

Orell. Now by the vital air——by ev'ry
 pow'r
 That guides, impels, or melts the human
 heart——
 By yon bright orb of day——by your own
 gods——
 Enough of blood they've had—By them I
 ask——
 They will approve soft pity—Spare his life,
 Oh! spare his innocence, nor murder me.

Carlos. Tear off her hold—By heav'n the
 slave——

Orell. Now strike,
 Now execute your purpose—with the blow
 This ready dagger plunges to my heart.

Carlos. Hold, Orellana!—This abhorred
 steel

[*Takes the dagger from her.*
 Was never meant to wound thy tender
 form——
 Thou hast disarm'd my vengeance—By yon
 heav'n
 I would not see thy beauteous bosom gor'd
 For the extended empire of the world.

Orell. If ought of cruelty the pris'oner
 suffer,
 This hand shall set me free.

Carlos. Dispel thy fears——
 I will not urge his fate——I will not urge
 Thee to compliance—Guiltless of his death
 I leave this temple, leave this scene of
 horror,
 Where

Where persecution draws th' unhallow'd
sword,

And murders for belief.

Pizarro. Yet Carlos stay,
I charge thee stay, nor dare again traduce
A father's deeds.

Carlos. My heart at length revolts,
And will not see that youth, whoe'er he be,
A victim to the blind insensate rage
That sheds man's blood, and dares to think
it virtue.

[*Exit.*

Pizarro. Ha! The time calls for rigour;
feeble laws

And government relax'd might hazard all
The laurels this good sword has reap'd in
war.

Rash and presumptuous boy!—By my com-
mand

He shall retrace his steps—This very hour
Sees Orellana his—Ourself will seek him—
Mean time, Orazia, be it thine to see
That traitor die a victim to his crimes.

[*Exit.*

Orazia. Yield, Orellana, or thy mother's
love

Turns to vindictive rage.

Alzuma. Dishonour blast
The horrid counsel——Rather brave with
scorn

Their fiercest hate—Not all the worst of ills
The purple tyrant has in store for virtue

Can

Can plead for pardon with your gods abjur'd.
 Oh! shun the guilt of treason to your soul!
 On the mind fix'd, and obstinately just,
 Ev'n ruin falls in vain.

Orazia. It falls this moment
 On thy devoted head.

Orell. Orazia, hear me——
 Restrain this rage——All nature starts with
 horror——

Humanity is shock'd——If he must die,
 Of all who live, thou should'st be innocent.

Orazia. Cling not about me thus.

Orell. Forbear, forbear
 The horrid stroke——Not all the dews of
 Heav'n
 Will wash the barb'rous murder from your
 hands.

Remorse and anguish follow——peace of
 mind

Will ever shun thee——fiends will haunt thy
 brain,

And all the madness of despairing guilt.

Orazia. Thou plead'st in vain——My soul
 expanding feels

The glowing rapture, the exalted purpose
 That swells above the infirmities of nature,
 And burns with all it's good.

Orell. Ye host of heav'n!
 Seize Orellana——drag her to your altar——
 In horrid union bind me to Don Carlos,
 Rather than break, by one atrocious act,
 All the eternal ties that link the world.

Alzuma.

Alzuma. Thou break them not——Our
country and our gods,
Those are our first connexions——For my life
It is not worth my care——Who dies for
freedom,
Has liv'd his course of nature and of glory,
And who survives it but a single hour,
Has liv'd that hour too much.

Orell. My soul resumes
Her strength——I will not yield.

Orazia. The traitor dies——
He dies this moment.

Alzuma. Undismay'd I come.

Orell. No——never——never——Here these
hands shall hold him——

[*A soldier lays hold of her.*
He shall not die——Tear, tear me piecemeal
first——

I'll perish with him rather——Let the blow
That ends his life unite us both in death.

[*She is torn from him, a soldier stands
at the altar with a lifted sabre.*

Alzuma. Now Atabalipa, where'er thy
spirit

Roams in uncertain being, with thy firmness
Inspire me now——teach me like thee to die.

Orazia. Ah!——wherefore should the slave
invoke that name?

[*She goes near the soldier.*

Alzuma. Lo thus I bare my bosom!

[*Goes up to the altar.*

Orazia. Ha!

Orell.

Orell. Yet hold! [*Held by a soldier.*
 Thou wretched mother hold——It is——
 forbear——
 It is the purest blood of all Peru——
 A vengeful god—a god of wrath beholds
 The barb'rous deed——I hear his thunder
 roll——
 It bursts the roof——The pillar'd temple
 falls——

It falls to crush ye all.

Alzuma. Here strike at once,
 And with my life-blood glut her frantic rage.

Orazia. Forbear [*holding the soldier*] I
 charge thee——stop the bloody stroke——
 Oh! wonder-working pow'rs!

[*faints away.*

Orell. The well known token
 Grav'd on his breast has mark'd him for her
 son.

[*Aside.*]

Enter P I Z A R R O.

Pizarro. No, nought shall shake the pur-
 pose of my soul——

Orazia! why thus sinks her drooping spirit?

Alzuma. Does justice triumph o'er the
 gods of Spain?

Orell. Recall her heav'n, and o'er her
 waking sense.

Pour down your gentlest influence.

[*Assists Orazia.*

Pizarro.

Pizarro. Rebel slave!
Th' exterminating wrath of heav'n pursues
thee——
Still shalt thou meet thy fate.

Orazia. Oh! lend your aid——
And lead me, lead my steps——My Lord
Pizarro,
If e'er Orazia won thy kind affections,
Remit the cruel rigour of the law,
And spare a wretch's life.

Pizarro. She too rebels——
She pleads for heresy.

Orazia. Oh! no! I plead
For mercy, and for justice.

Pizarro. Would'st thou save
That wilful obstinate?—Reflect Orazia—
Is this your faith?—Is this your promis'd
zeal?

Orazia. Zeal in excess is vice——'tis im-
pious——
Horrid repugnance to the will of heav'n—
Subversive of each virtue——foe to all
The tender laws of charity and love;
Those laws that raise, and dignify our
being,
Nature's great edict in the human heart.

Pizarro. Thy words are treason.

Orazia. No! 'tis justice speaks——
Thanks to th' eternal pow'rs, at length I
see

U

That

O R A Z I A *and* O R E L L A N A.

Orazia. Oh! Orellana, 'tis——it is your
brother——

The wound indented on his youthful breast—
Plainly I saw it—'tis my child, my son.

Orell. It is Alzuma—oh! I know it all—
This day reveal'd it to me.

Orazia. Was it just
To leave him thus expos'd?

Orell. He will'd it so.

Orazia. Wretch that I am!—I tremble at
it still—

Oh! whither was I plunging!—what a depth
Of woe and guilt, unutterable guilt——

What endless misery have I escap'd!——

Murder my son!—Barbarity unheard of!—
It shocks my soul—And did he, could he
think,

Could my child think me dead to human
nature?

The thought distracts——it rives a mother's
heart——

To thee I've been ungentle—thou hast cause
To doubt my love——but come do my
embrace.

Orell. Oh! blest'd event!——And to I
live to taste

This unexpected joy, this dear delight?

Orazia. The brink of horror, on which
late I stood,

Recalls from error ev'ry wand'ring sense.

Alzuma shall not die——The Christian's
God

Beams the sweet smiles of universal love

On all his fair creation——Haughty Spain

Perverts his holy laws——But still the pow'r,

That warn'd my erring virtue, may inform

him,

Truth only triumphs when it conquers

hearts,

And never gains by carnage and destruction.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

Orell. Yet ev'n now
The fell Gonzalez leads Alzuma forth——
Ah! whither do they lead him?

Orazia. 'Tis to me
They lead your brother forth——One in-
terview,

Unconscious of his name, Pizarro grants——
Heav'ns! what an interview!——A son en-
flav'd,

And a fond mother, who usurps his rights!——
I cannot see my child!——And yet I must,
I will behold him!——hear his sad, sad
story——

Gaze on each feature——clasp him to my
heart——

And perish with him, if he's doom'd to
bleed.——

Thou fly to Carlos,——soothe his troubled
mind——

Exert your influence, or your brother's
lost——

Each moment's big with death.——

Orell. Protect him, Gods!——
Now virtue struggling in the last extreme
Calls for your guardian care.

[*Exit.*

Orazia. Ye blended colours, both of guilt
and virtue,

Ye strong emotions mix'd of grief and joy,
Oh! how your conflict racks my tortur'd
soul!

Enter

Enter G O N Z A L E Z.

Gonzalez. The pris'ner from his dungeon
waits your will.

Orazia. Give him admittance. [*Exit Gonzalez*] Now, all-gracious Heav'n!
Support a mother—aid me—touch my lips
With thy resistless energy of speech,
That I may calm the mighty storm of
passions,
And reconcile a son to life and truth.

Enter A L Z U M A.

Orazia. His awful stern regard——

Alzuma. My firmness fails——

And guilty as she is, yet filial love,
Yet nature tells me, she's my mother still.

Orazia. Approach my son——Embrace
your——

Alzuma. Conscious shame,
The sense of vile misdeeds—yes, goading
conscience
Choaks up thy voice, and tells thee that
thou art——

Orazia. A tyrant! an usurper!—That's
the name

Of horror thou would'st utter—Yet *Orazia*
Is not so far abandon'd o'er to guilt,
But my heart bounds with transport, even
thus

At length to see my son——You weep
Alzuma!

U 4

Alzuma.

Alzuma. Thou source of light!—Bright
 majesty of Heav'n!
 Thee I attest—from thee implore forgiveness,
 That thus I own a traitress—that these tears
 Confess the sacred character of son
 You stamp'd upon my nature.

Orazia. Oh! Alzuma,
 Did I command thy murder?—Earth and
 Heav'n!—

A mother ready to imbrue her hands
 In her child's—Horror!—Why did'st
 thou conceal
 The secret from me?—Why not rush for
 shelter
 To these maternal arms?—But oh! I knew
 thee—

Parental instinct gave the sure alarm,
 And now to hear thee—view thee thus—
 it wakes

Unutterable throbbings in my breast.

Alzuma. Well may'st thou view me—Well
 may'st thou survey
 Thy son return'd!—He brings no foul
 dishonour—

But thou—can'st thou—Indelible re-
 proach!—

Oh! stain to virtue!—Rage and indignation
 Burn in my soul, and kindle madness there.

Orazia. Let not impetuous rage disturb
 thy reason—

Heav'n on the Spaniard's arms hath smil'd
 success—

Thence

Thence on Peru shone forth the ray of
truth,

Sublimer faith, and pure exalted morals.

Alzuma. Morals!—Each word plants dag-
gers in my heart——

Oh! give me daggers rather——arm my
hand

With their own deathful steel, that I may
hold it

Crimson and glowing with the tyrant's blood,
Aloft to view, and call my country free.

Orazia. Controul this phrenzy—It were
impious murder.

Alzuma. Murder!——A sacrifice! ——a
glorious sacrifice!

To injured men, and violated laws——

What! he whose hand reeks with my father's
blood?

And yet she pleads a fell destroyer's cause!—

Hold heart-strings—crack not yet—A curs'd
invader,

Who thins the race of man!——Ev'n now
the cry

Of infants murder'd at the fost'ring breast,

The shrieks of virgins, dying heroes groans,

Sound in my ear——Imperial palaces,

The temples of our gods, all wrapt in
fire!——

Oh! innimage not, my soul, the horrid
scene.

Orazia. I cannot bear his strong, his
keen reproach.

Alzuma.

Alzuma. Yet wedded to him! —— Well
 those tears may gush,
 Well may those blushes glow upon thy
 cheek——

Detested perfidy! —— My father's heart,
 That heart, which ever beat with love of
 thee,

Dust as it is, awakens in his tomb,
 Alive and sensible to guilt like thine ——
 It stirs, it rouses in the shroud of death,
 With horror at thy name, and feels it's
 pangs,

It's tortures o'er again.

Orazia. Obdurate son!

Thus to transfix, and rend a mother's heart.

Alzuma. Am I upon a bed of roses? ——

Lo! in chains ——

My bleeding country! —— Mark in ev'ry region
 The desolation that lays waste the land!

Orazia. Why wilt thou urge me to despair
 and horror? ——

Oh! kill me rather —— let the deadly point
 Pierce to my heart —— I'll arm thee for the
 blow ——

Avenge my crime —— avenge your country's
 fall.

Alzuma. What says Orazia?

Orazia. Stifle in my blood

The pious love I bear the Christian's God.

Alzuma. Would'st thou debase me to the
 Spaniard's guilt? ——

If thou indeed believ'st the Christian's God,
 It

It is not mine to stab for human error——
Farewell! farewell!——Live happy if thou
can'st——

Oh! Heav'ns, if happiness can dwell with
guilt.

[*Going.*

Orazia. Yet stay, my son—one moment——

Alzuma. Pow'rful nature!——

Thy tender strugglings——Oh! while thus
thy hand

I bathe with tears, and print my kisses
on it,

Let me implore thee, own your gods
again——

My father's spirit calls——The ghastly shades
Of martyr'd millions——martyr'd for their
faith——

All lift their hands and call aloud for ven-
geance.

Orazia. Arise, my son, arise.

Alzuma. Let me not sue
And clasp your knee in vain.

Orazia. Oh! Strong contention
'Twixt grace and nature——'twixt my God
and thee!

Alzuma. Resume your dignity, your na-
tive honour.

Orazia. But Heav'n prevails!

Alzuma. Think of your bleeding country!

Orazia. I cannot, must not hear thee——

Oh! Alzuma,
Thy mind is lost in darkness.

Alzuma.

Alzuma. How!

Orazia. Thy gods
Are superstition's dreams.

Alzuma. Away——no more——

[*Rising hastily.*

I would not hear the voice of profanation—
Go tell your tyrant, all his threats are
vain——

Tho' sprung from thee I still can die with
glory——

Farewell! we part for ever.

Orazia. Hear me——hear——

Alzuma. Oh! Heav'ns—*Orazia*—'tis the
last, last time

That e'er—May the just gods forgive thee all.

[*Exit.*

Orazia. Go, cruel, fierce, inexorable
son!

Go, since thou wilt, to ruin——rush on
death——

'Twill break thy miserable mother's heart.

ORAZIA, and DON CARLOS.

Orazia. Well, Sir, Pizarro now has heard
your counsel.

Carlos. And Orellana has heard thy ad-
vice——

That Indian captive too has heard you——
All

Thy arts are known; thy fair hypocrisy
To varnish treason.

Orazia.

Orazia. Oh! thou wrong'st me much—
 Another cause—a cause of tend'rest import—
 It is the cause of ev'ry Christian virtue—
 Love, justice, and humanity are in it—
 All that the earth holds dear, and heav'n
 approves.

Carlos. Treason, rebellion, perfidy are
 in it—

For Orellana's husband all your cares
 Are tremblingly alive.—This very day,
 But for thy treachery, the slave had died.

Orazia. Misguided youth!—Alas! you
 little know

Th' eternal bar divine and human laws
 Have fix'd between them—Orellana's
 husband!

Oh! no—believe it not.

Carlos. And wherefore then
 Alarm'd and wild with fear?—Why ev'ry
 art

Of tears, of shrieks, and female lamentation,
 To snatch the rebel from the stroke of justice?

Orazia. Alas! these tears flow from the
 tend'rest source

That wakes soft pity in the human heart.

Carlos.—I cannot speak—

Carlos. Ha!—Now by Heav'n
 I see it all—Guilt can no more dissemble—
 That look betrays the secrets of thy heart—
 The fraud stands manifest to view.

Orazia. Yet hear me—

Oh! Carlos, hear me, nor afflict thyself
 With

With false, with vain surmise—Orazia's cares
Are busy for the wretched.

Carlos. Has she then,
Perfidious fair!——has Orellana married
That base-born peasant?——Does the rebel
hope

With her, in evil hour, to claim the
crown?——

That is your aim—for that I am deceiv'd—
That care you colour with the specious name
Of generous sympathy for human kind.

Orazia. I feel it here——These are un-
bidden drops——

'Tis you, rash youth, you, Carlos, that
can give

Fair virtue's semblance to each wild emotion
That prompts the sudden deed——Ere now
'twas love,

That tyrant of thy soul, capricious love,
Nay, gen'rous if you will; 'twas that which
fav'd

The lives of men, if Orellana smil'd;——
And now she looks averse, the baleful charm
Still shoots delicious poison thro' thy soul,
And persecuted virtue pays the forfeit
Of maiden blushes, and of coy disdain.

Carlos. Think'st thou Don Carlos means
to live the slave
Of idle charms, and tyrant beauty's frown?——
No——let her charms neglected fade and
perish.——

May sorrow wither ev'ry nameless grace
That

That revell'd once in those deluding eyes—
Then let her lover gaze on faded beauty—
Let him enjoy——Oh! no——the slave
shall die——

Then shall his pale inanimated corse
Glare in her view, an offering from Don
Carlos,
The token of his love.

Orazia. Away——no more——
Inhuman that thou art.

Carlos. Then let her shriek,
And rend her hair, and to his clay cold breast
Rivet her panting bosom—No! the traitress
Shall to the altar——thou shalt lead her
thither——

And there her blood shall expiate her guilt.

Orazia. Thou tiger, nurs'd with gore!
away, nor dare,

With savage threats to wound a mother's ear.

Carlos. The storm is gather'd, and the
thunder soon
Shall burst in ruin on their guilty heads.

[Exit.]

Orazia. Inhuman barb'rous man!—And
must I lead,
'Midst songs of triumph, and thro' festive
bands,
My daughter crown'd with garlands to the
altar?—

Shall there the priest, fell minister of wrath,
Force her to nuptials, which her soul ab-
hors——

Which never—No—she'll perish rather—
first

Give to the cruel ax that tender form!—

And must her mother, must I then return

Alone——heart - broken——desolate——

without

My child?—thro' arches rais'd with pomp

for her?——

Thro' ways still redolent of ev'ry flow'r,

Which, as she went, they strew'd beneath

her feet?——

I will not lead her—no—she shall not go—

Alzuma too——Oh! misery supreme!——

Shall he too bleed?—Thou murd'rer! hold

thy hand——

It is Orazia's blood thou shed'st—The God,

Who died for all, will not demand his

life!——

He speaks——he menaces——But see, see

there!——

He dies, he dies!

Enter ORELLANA.

Orazia. Who's there?——What would'st
thou?——ha!

Orell. Haste thee, Orazia, haste and
instant think,

Think of some means to ward th' impend-
ing stroke.——

Enrag'd Pizarro comes—Avow your son—
Peru's undoubted heir.

Orazia.

Orazia. It must not be——
 That fatal truth would overwhelm us
 all——
 Distraction—nought remains—no pow'r can
 save him.

Enter PIZARRO, DON CARLOS, &c.

Pizarro. Yes, bring the traitor forth—
 The sanctity
 Of laws, the policy of our new state
 As yet unfix'd, forbid all dull delay.

*Enter ALZUMA, GONZALEZ and
 Guards.*

Orazia. Angels of light protect him——
 Save my son.

[*Aside.*

Pizarro. That once again I deign to parley
 with thee,
 'Tis gentle pity prompts—Take heed, rash
 youth,
 Or certain death——

Alzuma. Death is the only boon
 That Spain can give, or I will deign to
 take——
 Come bloody bigot!—reverend assassin!—
 Come on at once——Here wreak thy pious
 rage,
 And do a murder in the name of heav'n!

X 2

Pizarro.

Pizarro. Dost thou reproach us?—thou,
 who oft hast seen
 Blind superstition offer human victims,
 To your own senseless, to your monstrous
 idols?

Alzuma. Polish'd barbarian!—what dost
 thou do less?

Pizarro. Beware, nor tempt my vengeance!

Alzuma. Thou art he
 Who come'st to teach thy doctrine sword in
 hand——

To tyrannize our souls; ——from free-born
 men

Withhold the sacred privilege of think-
 ing——

Thou hast unchain'd, to spread destruction
 round,

Two fiends accurst——Lo! where insatiate
 avarice

Enslaves mankind!—Lo! Spanish hierarchy
 Erects her scarlet head—with pious rage
 Bears in her breast a poniard, and with
 blood

Incarnadines the altar of her god.

Pizarro. Slave mark my words—No more
 I'll waste the hours
 In vain debate—Resign thyself to Spain—
 Abjure thy errors, and embrace the truth—
 Or else this moment sweeps thee from my
 fight,

To die, in view of thy deluded friends,
 A terrible example of our vengeance.

Orazia.

Orazia. No, by the pow'rs above he shall
not die——

The voice of heav'n restrains the murd'rer's
hand;

A voice that's heard thro' all the peopled
earth,

Resounding to the limits of the world.

Pizarro. Beware, beware, *Orazia!*

Carlos. Still she favours
That insolent, who spurns the light of
heav'n.

Orazia. Oh! 'tis the light of heav'n in-
forms my soul——

These strong emotions by the Pow'r
Supreme

Were planted here—The spirit that impels
To blood and murder, cannot be from
heav'n——

Nature, thou lead'st me on—My child, my
child——

I will protect thee—Now, inhuman men,
Now come, and tear him from a mother's
arms.

Orell. Yes, both, my brother——both
will perish with thee.

Pizarro. By heav'n 'tis treason!——

Carlos. *Orellana's* brother!
And not her husband!—Then my heart's at
peace.

[*Aside.*

Pizarro. What means this myst'ry?—Say,
art thou *Alzuma*?

Alzuma. Behold me, Spaniard—Let thine
eye survey me——
Shrinks not thy heart within thee?—Read'st
thou not
A royalty of nature here?

Pizarro. Forthwith
Say, wilt thou take thy life on our con-
ditions?

Alzuma. There are conditions that may
win my foul
Not wholly to abhor thee.

Pizarro. Name thy terms!

Alzuma. Lay down at once the persecut-
ing sword——
Relieve from slavery a groaning world——
Ask what we suffer, not what we be-
lieve——

Display your morals, not your bigot faith—
If avarice is your god, take gold enough—
Freight well your ships—and may pro-
pitious gales
In safety waft you to your native shores—
That done, in time we may perhaps forget—
We may at least forgive you.

Pizarro. Vanquish'd slave!
And to a conqueror dar'st thou thus to
utter

Thy stubborn pride!

Alzuma. Back to your native shores!—
What do you here, amidst a virtuous race?

Pizarro. The laws of conquest, and the laws of Spain——

Alzuma.

Alzuma. And dar'st thou, homicide, alledge
the laws?
The laws of Spain?—Know there's a prior
law,
To which weak mortals are not train'd, but
born——
Not form'd by science, but endow'd by
instinct——
Great nature's law!—that best, that surest
guide——
That emanation from the pow'rs above;
O'er all diffus'd, immutable, eternal!——
This who shall silence? who shall dare
repeal?——
Who strives to do it abdicates his nature;
Renounces all the honours of his being,
And by the act, tho' justice ne'er o'ertake
him,
Pays full atonement——He's a wretch in-
deed.

Pizarro. I'll hear no more——Since thus
thy heart is steel'd,
Thus obstinately fix'd in wilfull guilt,
The justice that pronounc'd thy father's
doom
Awaits thy crimes——No dark assassin's
stab
Ended his days——To our tribunal call'd,
In full assembly of the conquering chiefs,
He was arraign'd, was heard, and died for
treason
To Spain's imperial crown.

Carlos. And shall that mockery,
That stain to justice, that black scene of
horror,
Be acted o'er again?

Pizarro. And dost thou too,
Dost thou, rebel, confed'rate in their
guilt!—
Our will is fix'd—Ere yonder sun decline,—
Hear me thou slave!—or yield to truth
and Spain,

Or else yon sun, that idol of your worship,
Shall see thee on the rack, in pangs expire.
[Exit.

Carlos. Thou brave heroic youth, thy
ev'ry virtue
Demands my wonder—By yon heav'n I
swear
Thou shalt not suffer—My soul eager
pants
To know, to love, to burn in friendship
with thee.
[Exit.

Orazia. Alzuma—Oh! my son—in
this distress
How shall the wretched mother save her
child?

Alzuma. Waste not a thought on me—
Thy own misdeeds,
Repent of them—And since the gods with-
hold
A brave revenge, 'tis left us still to die,
And greatly perish in our country's ruin.

Gon-

Gonzalez. You must not linger here—my
duty bids me

Convey thee hence.

Orazia. Thou busy meddler!—here
Orazia now commands—I lead him forth.—
And who shall dare oppose a mother's voice?
[Exit with Alzuma.

Orell. Yet grant us vengeance, heav'n—
Oh! give us still
To conquer ev'n in death; then mix trium-
phant,
With pensive ghosts, and roam the shadowy
plain,
Where all is peace, all bliss in endless store,
And no pernicious Spaniard thirsts for gold.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

A C T V.

Scene the Temple of the Sun.

Enter ORAZIA and ORELLANA.

Orazia. **G**O, cruel, go, and leave me
to my woes.

Orell. I feel 'em all——but what, beset
with ills,

Can Orellana do?

Orazia. What can she do?——

Prevent the stroke; assuage Pizarro's fury;
That canst thou do; yet obstinately fix'd—

Orell. But fix'd in honour——Oh! thou
little know'st

Alzuma's soul: He will not take a life
Purchas'd by vile disgrace; will ne'er survive
To see Don Carlos seize my plighted hand,
That he may linger out his days in bondage.

Orazia. And if his ardour, if his ev'ry
virtue

Swell o'er their bounds, and bear his reason
down,

Wilt thou unpitying——The bare image
strikes——

Weep'st thou my daughter?——Let the
gen'rous sorrow

Melt thy hard heart, and bid Alzuma live.

Orell.

Orell. Would heav'n I could—but if my
brother fall,
With him 'tis fix'd to die——Thrice happy
both

If ev'n in ruin our unshaken zeal
Our country honours, and our gods approve.

Orazia. Then go, rush on, unnatural as
thou art——

Go since thou wilt, and see a brother bleed—
I'll to the altar too—The blow that sheds
Alzuma's blood will be Orazia's last.

Enter CARLOS.

Carlos. Let joy succeed and triumph in
your hearts——
I bring ye gladsome tidings.

Orazia. Speak thy purpose——

Carlos. I've seen your son—At length each
raging passion
To peace subsides, and takes a milder tone.
His errors vanish, and with sense reclaim'd
He dedicates his soul to truth and Spain.

Orell. What do I hear?——The tale of
infamy!

Orazia. Then is Orazia blest——My son
shall live——

But tell me—does Alzuma—tell me all,
Means he this day——

Carlos. This very hour he means;
To offer up his vows at yonder altar
He and his chosen friends: He only asks,
That

That while Pizarro views the solemn act,
The gazing multitude may stand aloof,
Nor interrupt him in his holy work.

Orazia. All bounteous Providence!—

now, now indeed
You give me back my son—Upon the wing
Of love and rapture let me seek Pizarro—
Tell him this unexpected bless'd event,
That saves at once a mother and her child.

[*Exit.*

Orell. Thou hear'st it, radiant Deity——
thou hear'st

This worst of crimes——nor yet thy orbit
halts,

Nor turns its course back to the astonish'd east,
Nor impious mortals dread eternal night!

Carlos. Suppress this storm of passion——
Smiling peace

Comes with her gentle train, and love pre-
pares

His torch to brighten all our future hours.

Orell. All truth is fled—Alzuma is a slave!

Carlos. Henceforth esteem and dignities
await him,

New joys, and all that lavish hearts can
pour.

Orell. Let him accept them——let him
meanly stoop

To take a conqueror's gifts——These are
your arts,

The arts of tyranny, by which you draw
With baleful luxury, with bland allurements,
Each

Enter A L Z U M A.

Alzuma. My sister!—why is this?—Thou
shun'st me then?—

Thou shun'st thy brother?—

Orell. Thou hast ruin'd all.

Alzuma. Distract me not with thy unkind
disdain.

All that is great in nature leads me on,
And my heart labours with the vast con-
ception.

Orell. Vain effort to dissemble!—Even
now

The strong expressive characters of guilt
Glare in thy eye, and shoot their livid
fires.

Alzuma. Talk not of guilt—thou little
know'st—

Orell. Not talk,

When faith and truth, the sense of ancient
honour

Are trampled down?—when in base abject
fear

A brother derogates from all his race,
Abjures at once his country and his gods,
And with the foe capitulates for life?

Alzuma. Thy virtue charms me—But
thou ill dost chuse

This awful period—'Tis a moment big
With desperation, with disastrous change,
And horrible intents—I see thee now
Perhaps for the last time.

Orell.

Orell. What say'st thou?—Ha!
That look terrific!—But too plain I read—
And yet they told me——

Alzuma. Who?

Orell. Don Carlos.

Alzuma. What?

Orell. Of gods abjur'd.

Alzuma. And did'st thou hate thy brother?

Orell. And can'st thou blame me?

Alzuma. I do thank thee for it.

Orell. Still thou art true?

Alzuma. As heav'n's foundation fix'd!—
Fix'd as the marble pillars of the world.

Orell. Have I then wrong'd thee?—Oh!

Alzuma.

Alzuma. Come,
Thou best of sisters! daughter of the sun!
Worthy thy character!—come to my
heart——

And yet is this a time, this hour of horror,
To pour the softest transports of the
foul,

And mingle tears with madness and despair?

Orell. Thy words, thy looks, appall my
frighted sense——

Alas! my brother, ere we part——

Alzuma. No more——

I charge thee, urge no more—Whate'er my
lot,

Thou'lt wonder and applaud.

Orell. Yet boading fears!——

Let me attend thy steps.

Alzuma.

Alzuma. It must not be——
Wait here thy mother's coming—with apt
speech
Beguile her stay——I would not have her
near me——
Time flies—The hour draws nigh—Im-
mortal pow'rs!
The genius of Peru! The fates are
busy!——
All nature pauses for the great event.

Orell. Thy words portentous—Ha! Pi-
zarro comes!

Enter PIZARRO.

Pizarro. At length, Alzuma, with serene
influence
Grace lights upon thee—Come, the altar
blazes —
Thy friends are rang'd around—The brazen
gates
Exclude the busy throng—All things are
ready.

Alzuma. All ready said'st thou?

Pizarro. All——We wait but you.

Alzuma. Horror!—You wait but me!—
Go on—I follow.

Pizarro. Approving heav'n smiles on the
just design——
This holy work perform'd——all will be
well.

[Exit Pizarro.
Alzuma.

Alzuma. Be firm, my heart—and you, my
trembling sinews——
Hold, hold a while—What hollow voice is
that?

Orell. 'Tis silence deep, and solemn still-
ness round.

Alzuma. “Now is the time,” it cries—
I come, I come.

The sacred impulse—Hark!—it calls again—
Ye crimson spectres! and ye gleaming fires!
Ye spirits of revenge, who point my way!
Lead on—Your mortal instrument I come!
[Exit.

Orell. Oh! how my heart—Who's there?

Enter O R A Z I A.

Orazia. And will you still
With scorn reject a lover's tend'rest vows?—
Let me prevail.

Orell. 'Tis not an hour for love!

Orazia. Not when your brother——

Orell. He approves it not.

Orazia. Has he not call'd Pizarro to the
altar?

Orell. He wish'd to meet him there.

Orazia. He wishes too
To see his sister recompence at length
Her lover's faithful fires——Where is Al-
zuma?——

Hast thou not seen him?

Orell. He went hence but now.

V O L. I.

Y

Orazia.

Orazia. Then he has fought the altar—
Let us thither.

Orell. I'll come anon—not now—It were
not fit

You should be there——Far other work
impends——

The work of fate—'Twere best remain—
You must not go.

Orazia. What mean those falt'ring ac-
cents?—ha!—what noise?

Orell. Defend me, heav'nly pow'rs, de-
fend me.

Orazia. Hark!

PIZARRO within the Scene.

Perfidious traitor! Cleave him to the
ground.

Orazia. They murder him——they kill
my son——forbear——

Hold, ruffians, hold. [Exit.

ALZUMA within the Scenes.

The gods, the injur'd gods
Demand his blood.

O R E L L A N A.

'Tis my brother's voice——

Yes, strike Alzuma——with redoubled
blow

Avenge

Avenge a father's death——Oh! how my
heart
Pants in this dread suspense with hope and
fear!——
I tremble for the event——Look down ye
pow'rs
And shield my brother's life.

[*Exit.*

Enter G O N Z A L E Z.

—Gonzalez. Wild tumult fills
The spacious temple——Ha! again I hear
it——
Whence this fierce uproar?

Enter C A R L O S.

Carlos. Treason and murder!——Sound
there, sound th' alarm!

[*A flourish of trumpets, and the
bell tolls.*

Gonzalez. Alas! What new event——what
have the fates——

Carlos. Oh! 'tis a spectacle of woe and
horror!——

My father dies a victim to their fury——
With treacherous arts Alzuma hath deceiv'd
us.——

The rites were all prepar'd; the lawn-rob'd
priest

Stood reverend at the altar; tapers blaz'd,
Y 2 Incense

Incense arose, and organs fill'd the choir;
 When forth Alzuma came, with solemn
 pace,
 Looking submission; we scarce saw the blow;
 Wing'd with the light'ning's speed, he
 sheath'd his dagger
 Deep in my father's heart.

Gonzalez. What says my Lord?
 Recall the word.

Carlos. Oh blind and fatal rashness,
 That drew me unsuspecting to the altar!—
 No sword, no weapon to defend his life!—
 Yet with what force I could, with desp'rate
 rage
 I rush'd amidst their throng—Ev'n that was
 vain——

The traitor's friends that instant clos'd
 around me,

And I no aid could give——Why lingers
 thus

The tardy foldier?—Will no friend supply
 An instrument of vengeance?

Gonzalez. Soon the guards
 Shall stop each avenue——Alzuma then
 Shall pay the forfeit of his horrid treason.

Carlos. With lion-rage he dash'd him on
 the ground——
 With his left hand grasp'd the dishevell'd
 hair,

And round his arm the plaited locks in-
 twining,

In gore he dragg'd him to the altar's base;—
 And

And I the while could only rend the air
With piercing cries——they held my feeble
arms.

Gonzalez. And is he martyr'd thus by
savage hands,
His conquest stopt, and all his laurels
wither'd?

Carlos. Orazia comes——She raves, she
screams, she flies
Wilder than winds; upon her mangled Lord
Throws her extended body, clasps him
close,
Then looking piteous up with streaming
eyes,

"Forbear, my son, forbear——thou shalt
not murder."——

But nought can save Pizarro from his rage—
 “Die, monster, die”——he cried——then
 tore him from her

Along the crimson marble; in despair
Upward she sprung, and darting round his
neck

With circling arms, entreats, implores,
beseeches,

Bathes his broad chest with tears, and vainly
strives

To save her husband from a murd'rer's
rage.

Gonzalez. Detested treacherous villain!

Carlos. Arm my friends——
Arm all Peru, and give the means of
vengeance.

Gonzalez. This way, my Lord—Revenge
will now be ours——
At yonder gate I see the faithful bands.

Carlos. Do thou go forth and let the
troops invest

The temples round—Let ev'ry pass be clos'd,
That none escape my fury. [*Exit Gonzalez.*]

Righteous heav'n!

Now in your cause stern justice lifts the
sword,

And the fell murderer from the altar dragg'd
Shall meet his instant doom. [*Exit.*]

[*Flourish of trumpets and bell tolls.*]

Enter ALZUMA and OZMAR.

Alzuma. Brave Ozmar——oh!

To ev'ry injur'd god this reeking blade
Pour'd hot libation of the tyrant's blood.

Ozmar. Immortal spirits, crown him,
crown the hero;

The godlike blow for liberty is struck.

Alzuma. The murd'rer of mankind has
breath'd his last.

Enter ORELLANA.

Alzuma. My Orellana, ha!—what means
that look,
Ghastly and pale?—Wherefore that trembl-
ing step?

Thou art not wounded?

Orell. Oh! too deep——too deep——

Thou too Alzuma——born to bitter woe!

Deep

Deep in thy heart is fix'd the mortal stab—
 The altar blushes with forbidden blood—
 Thy wretched mother——

Alzuma. Speak—distract me not.

Orell. Ev'n now she dies.

Alzuma. By the dread pow'rs of vengeance,
 Who e'er has dar'd——I here attest the
 gods——

Orell. Attest not heav'n against yourself
 ——Thy arm——

Alas! thy desp'rate arm.——

Alzuma. What dost thou mean?

Orel. Too plain I saw——as round your
 neck she clung,
 And sued for mercy to Pizarro's life;
 You then——unconscious——bent on other
 mischief——

As still she struggled to restrain thy arm—
 Then gush'd the sacred blood that gave you
 being.

Alzuma. Open thou earth, and take me
 ——take me down
 To scare the fiends below.

*The back Scene draws, and discovers an
 Altar, P I Z A R R O lying dead, and several
 Indians standing round.*

O R A Z I A is brought forward.

Orell. And lo!——see there——
 See where the miserable victim comes.

Orazia. Oh! I am faint—I die—soft—
lay me down—

Orell. Disastrous fate!

Alzuma. Have I deserv'd this misery?

Orazia. I die!—alas! I die—where are
my children?—

My Orellana—nearer— Oh! Alzuma!
Wilt thou not know me?—in this last
distress

Not lend a pitying hand?—

Alzuma. 'Tis red with blood—
With horrid parricide—its touch will
blast

Thy sad remains of life.

Orazia. Approach, Alzuma—
Support me—Lend your hand—Yours,
Orellana, yours—

Life ebbs a pace—I leave ye both—I
leave

My dear, dear children—Yet to hold ye
thus

Makes ev'n languor smile—and softens
all

The pangs of death.

Alzuma. I call each god to witness,
Each cruel god, I never meant to
harm

That matron breast that gave its nurture
to me.

Orell. Alas! the agonies of death are on
her.

Enter

Enter CARLOS.

Carlos. There fix your station, guards!—
Orazia too
Deform'd and gash'd with wounds!— in
death's embrace!—
Fell savage monster! Torture waits your
guilt.

Orazia. Forbear, forbear; the warning
hand of heav'n
With these events repays our thirst of blood—
Too much has flow'd already——Let my
child
Now live in peace—it is my dying pray'r.

Alzuma. Dost thou forgive thy horrible
assassin?

Orazia. 'Twas not thy guilt—Mischance,
 _____ 'twas dire mischance
 That wrought the deed——I thought they
 _____ murder'd thee, _____
 I flew—thy mother flew to save her child—
 In that sad moment—Oh! _____

Carlos. She, like me,
Has lost a parent—Lend her your assistance;
My friends, support her weak and tender
frame.

Alzuma. [*Rising on his knees.*] She gave me
being, and this impious hand
Hath giv'n a stab to nature—to the
womb

That brought me forth, bears the assassin's
knife;—

I wait just pow'rs for your dread pleasure—
strike;

Here strike at once; launch your red
vengeance down—

Punish and pity me!

Carlos. His woes are great,
And his heart lab'ring with the strong com-
punction

Speaks the soul big with ev'ry gen'rous
instinct,

Wild nature's growth—Forgive me, oh!
my father,

Who there liest stretch'd in death—if I
respect

The virtues of a foe—Alzuma, rise—
Repentance may efface—

Alzuma. Away, nor talk [*starting up.*]
Of fruitless penitence—no gods can
pardon

A crime like this—See there those glaring
orbs!

That bosom gor'd by this destructive hand!—
Orazia!

Orazia!——oh that look, that smile in
death,

Damns me beyond all depth——And yet I
must

I will approach her—[*kneels down by her.*] I no
more can murder thee—

Where are your tortures—Spaniard?—Lo!
that sight,

Tear out——dissect my heart.

Carlos. Alzuma hear me——

In thee I have beheld the fierce extreme

Of savage virtue——for a father lost

You've laid a scene of blood——But now
behold

A Christian's virtue——By thy fatal arm

My father there lies dead——and I forgive
you——

Alzuma. Forgive!——Forgive me said'st
thou!

Carlos. Yes; nay more,

I pity your misfortunes——For your country
You've bravely fought! and I applaud your
valour.

For the mistaken zeal which hereby slaughter
Would plant the worship of the God of
peace,

I do disclaim it all——That righteous God,
Who gave the sun its light, and from his
hand

Launch'd forth the stars into the void
immense,

He tells weak erring man—we may persuade
Our

Our fellow creatures to embrace their good,
But ev'n for truth itself must not destroy.

Orell. [*Rising up.*] Oh! wherefore, Carlos,
were those godlike virtues
To this sad hour conceal'd! Christians and
Indians

Both, both have err'd alike—The cruelty
That mark'd its way with blood, provok'd
revenge:

But this your effort of unheard of goodness,
Bids us repent ev'n of our country's love,
Ev'n of our gods, and Orellana's heart
Turns Christian at the thought!

Alzuma. Oh, lost Peru!
Fall'n, fall'n indeed!—thy foe was hitherto
A robber, and a murderer!—now he
conquers;

Now his religion triumphs—all thy gods,
Oh, land belov'd! thy gods prepare for
flight,

They yield to some divinity unknown.
Some great first cause of all!—And shall
yon sun

Move at a maker's will his stated round,
No longer now ador'd!—The host of
stars,

Shall they be deem'd his work?—The
rainbow too,

That overarches the wide tracts of air,
Is his the hand that bent it?—I am lost
In doubt and wonder!—Spaniard, mark
my words;

If

If such the virtues which your God inspires,
We'll learn of thee to live; and oh! will
learn,

Thou murdered excellence! of thee to die.

Carlos. Enlighten'd hence, ye rulers of
each state,

Learn to extinguish fierce religious hate;

Truth came reveal'd from the eternal mind,

To bid us love, and not destroy mankind;

Not blast the work, which heav'n with

pleasure owns:

Hear, bigot kings! and tremble on your

thrones.

END OF THE FIFTH AND LAST
ACT.

THE
MONUMENT IN ARCADIA
A DRAMATIC POEM

By a Shepherd living as a

THE
MONUMENT IN ARCADIA,

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

BY

GEORGE KEATE.

ARCADIA

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

PERSONS.

DORASTUS, a rich Shepherd living as a
Hermit.

LYSANDER, a young Spartan, Lover of
EUPHEMIA.

MUSIDORUS, an Arcadian Shepherd.

EUPHEMIA, betrothed to LYSANDER.

DELIA, Friend to EUPHEMIA.

DAPHNE, and LAURA, Daughters of
MUSIDORUS.

ARCADIANS.

SCENE ARCADIA.

THE
MONUMENT IN ARCADIA,
A DRAMATIC POEM.

ACT I.

A beautiful Prospect of ARCADIA, Shepherds - Dwellings dispersed at a Distance, and a Wood on one Side.

Enter LYSANDER, EUPHEMIA,
and DELIA.

Lysander.

THANKS to the Gods! our cheerful
Steps at last
Have reach'd these happy Climes; where
refug'd Virtue,
'Midst laughing Vales, o'er-arch'd by cloud-
less Skies,
Enjoys a calm Retreat. And now, lov'd
Maid!
Whom I have follow'd, and would follow
still
To Earth's remotest Bounds; 'tis Time to
claim
That bright Reward, which, before DELIA
here,
Your lov'd Companion DELIA, you have
sworn,

V O L. I.

Z

Soon

Soon as my Voice had welcom'd your Ar-
rival,
Should crown my willing Service.

Euphemia.

Gen'rous Youth!
Whose fond Compliance with a Maid's Re-
quest
Has led you far from home ; the Boon you
ask
Will poorly pay your Virtues ; take my Hand,
And know I give it but to pledge a Heart
By ev'ry Title yours.

Delia.

Unshaken, long
Remain this Union! — Now! EUPHEMIA,
now
Behold your Hopes accomplish'd! — Breathe
we not
A purer Air? And does not this bright Scene,
Which opens round us, realize the Truth
Of all ARANTHE said?

Euphemia.

It does ; it does.
Peace to her Shade! And, DELIA, we shall
bless
The friendly Path we trod ; though scarcely
yet
LYSANDER knows why I so long forbore
To crown his Love, and in this distant
Clime
Would only wed.

Lysander.

Lysander.

It was enough for me
To know your Wish; contented to be blest
On your own Terms. But oft' I've heard
you say,
Your dying Mother, poor ARANTHE! left
These Counsels in your Ear, with that sad
Sigh
Which never more is heard.

Euphemia.

Her Care alone
Rear'd me to what I am; yet I ne'er knew
A Parent's Fondness. She was of ARCADIA;
And when the SPARTAN Arms, with fierce
Descent,
Sought these defenceless Shades, was forc'd
away
With other Captives. Then, all pale with
Tears,
Lest Violence should seize what Choice
deny'd,
She gave the Plund'rer, what he ask'd, her
Hand,
And yielded to his Wish. — Vows thus con-
strain'd
Ne'er draw down Blessings. Fifteen tedious
Years
She felt a lordly Husband's rigid Sway;
Till Fate dissolv'd her Bondage, and restor'd
Her Liberty.

Z 2

Lysander.

Lysander.

EUPHEMIA, you relate
What moves my Wonder; for till now, I
deem'd
You were ARANTHE's Child.

Euphemia.

I thought so too:
But mark the Sequel. Freedom came too
late:

Worn by Dissimulation's irksome Task
For Years repeated, flow-consuming Care
Subdu'd at last her Frame. ARCADIA's Vales
She now no more could visit; that fond
Hope
Through long Captivity sustain'd the Soul,
Which sunk to find it lost.

Lysander.

Not long the Mourner
Surviv'd her Husband?

Euphemia.

Scarcely half the Space
Of ten sad Moons. The lamp of Life each
Day
Burnt fainter; and a sudden Stroke its Light
Almost extinguishing, she call'd me to her,
And bade me bring the Friend whom most
I lov'd,
My DELIA, with me. To our Ears she then,
By interrupted Words with Pain brought
forth,
Unlock'd

Unlock'd her Heart;—told me, a Mother's
Name

Was but assum'd, that he whom she espous'd
Might treat me gently; that my infant Years
Were to her Care confided; that her All
She had bequeath'd me; and her dying Wish
Was, that, when Time should favor the
Intent,

I'd seek ARCADIA.—“If, my Child!”
she cry'd,

“Thy Lot be Happiness, 'twill meet thee
there;

“Be Hope thy Guide: The righteous Gods,
perhaps

“May there restore”.——But what—was
all conceal'd;

For Death that Instant seiz'd her Pow'rs of
Speech,

And left me lost in Darknefs and Distrefs.

Delia.

Nor till her Spirit fled, ceas'd she to fix,
Though Utt'rance was deny'd, on my fair
Friend

Looks forcible as Language.—We have
search'd,

Where'er Conjecture wings its dubious
Flight,

To trace her Meaning, or descry from whence
EUPHEMIA drew her Birth; but ev'ry Path
Perplex'd and tangled, still in Darknefs ends.

Lyfander.

Some Cause forbade, or she had ne'er so
 long
 Conceal'd the Story, which her parting
 Breath
 Could not enough disclose. But say, my Love,
 Did not ARANTHE oft' at other Times
 Discourse the Beauties of her native Land,
 The more to tempt you to this Pilgrimage?

Euphemia.

Oh, frequent! frequent! It was oft' her
 Subject,
 And she would tell such Wonders of AR-
 CADIA,
 So boast its joyous Skies, where Love,
 where Truth,
 And fair Simplicity reign'd undisturb'd,
 That all entranc'd I heard her, and my Soul
 Dwelt on her Story, till it pin'd to see
 These Heav'n-distinguish'd Regions. — To
 myself,
 In secret, then I vow'd, that I would ne'er
 But in ARCADIA wed. — It was for this
 ARCADIA was so oft' my Theme, when first
 You grac'd me with your Notice; 'twas for
 this
 I hither led you; and at some near Shrine
 My Vow shall be confirm'd.

Lyfander.

Blest be the Night,
 When forth I led you from detested SPARTA,
 Ne'er

Ne'er to behold it more! Detested SPARTA!
Where the firm Virtue of our rigid Fathers,
Which nerv'd their Arm, and gave th' ad-
miring World

A Line of Heroes, is debas'd by Vice,
Or crush'd by pow'rful Faction.—To forget
The Cloud that shades my Country, be my
Task;

Since thence I've borne a Prize, in whom
I view

The Graces of the purest Times.

Euphemia.

No more!

Already you o'erpay me.

Lysander.

Bounteous Maid!

My Tongue would beggar Language, should
it speak

The Transport I now feel to call thee mine,
And to enfold thee thus.—Whatever Joys
This Clime shall offer, they can nothing add
To mine, possessing thee.

Delia.

Behold! a Troop
Of Swains advancing! Haply, we from them
May gain all due Intelligence.

Lysander.

Yet hold!
They seem assembled on some Ceremony;

Z 4

'Twere

Each grateful Smile that dimples o'er the
Cheek
Is Tribute paid the Gods.

First Arcadian.

Let such as tread
The busy Haunts of Men, where Envy shoots
Its poison'd Arrows, wear their Brow o'ercast ;
Our Vales are only Witnessles of Joy,
And Mirth well-authoriz'd ; our fertile Soil
A happier Sun-shine warms ; and the press'd
Grape
Pouring from Goblets deep its purple Stream,
Drives off imagin'd Ills, and the cheer'd
Mind
Attunes to Harmony.

A I R.

Gloomy Care can ne'er controul
Joys that wait the temp'rate Bowl;
Welcome all its pure Delights,
Blameless Days, and peaceful Nights.
In our Cup her radiant Wings
Fancy dips, and brighter springs;
To her the Pow'r is giv'n
To soar beyond the Pride of Kings,
And form on ev'ry Spot a Heav'n.

LYSAN-

Active, and steady.—And in lonely Vales,
 And Roofs unnotic'd, oft' such Virtues dwell
 As Courts with Pride might boast; though
 all unseen
 Their Graces bloom, save by a circling few,
 And Heav'n's approving Eye.

First Arcadian.

Your Reas'ning, Youth,
 Bespeaks a Mind well tutor'd; and your
 Chance
 Hath thrown you amongst Men, who know
 to prize
 The Heart that points to Virtue.—Freely
 share
 Whate'er these Plains afford. Say, will you
 join
 Our festive Rites? Or, rather, do you seek
 Rest and Refreshment?—Long perchance
 hath been
 Your Way; and these your fair Companions
 tire.

Lysander.

True—long hath been our Way; but
 we have made it
 Pleasure, not Toil.—You shall at Leisure
 know
 Whate'er in the small Circle of our Lives
 May win your Ear. Suffice it now to say
 What beyond Rest, beyond your proffer'd
 Care,
 Sits

Sits nearest at my Heart, is, that you guide
Our Steps to where, before some hallow'd
Shrine,
This beauteous Maid and I may swear till
Death
A lasting Union.—Long, too long, my
Bliss
Hath been delay'd; and tedious seems to
creep
Each lazy Minute now, till I can boast
Alliance with her Virtues.

Musidorus.

Such a Place
Stands in the Covert of yon Wood; be
mine
The Task to lead you thither.—Leagues
of Love
Approv'd by Virtue, from their starry Thro-
nes
The Gods behold well pleas'd.—Go you
before
My Daughters, and with virgin Hands adorn
The nuptial Altar.—Shepherds, you'll
pursue
Your purpos'd Sports: we shall at Eve rejoin.

[*Exeunt* DAPHNE and LAURA.

Lysander.

Here, my EUPHEMIA, our long Voyage
ends,
Safe in the wish'd-for Port we ride in Peace,
Anchor'd

Anchor'd by Love and Friendship.—Gen'rous
Swain!

Your hospitable Kindness asks more Praise
Than my poor Tongue can give; a Time
may come

When I may better speak it.

Musidorus.

Nay! no more;

I act but as I ought.—Benevolence

Is due from Man to Man.—Come,
Lady, on;

The Altar now attends your maiden Vows;
Be thrifty of the Hour, the Day wears fast.

[*Exeunt* MUSIDORUS, LYSANDER,
EUPHEMIA, and DELIA.

First Arcadian.

Now with light Foot, to sportive Mea-
sures beat,

Strike ev'ry sprightly Note, that ere we join
In yonder hallow'd Grove, we to the Dance
May add new Graces, and avow our Zeal.

A DANCE of ARCADIANs.

After the DANCE, the CHORUS repeated.

Give the Hour to sober Pleasures;

Cheerful Hearts are Life's best Treasures:

Let the choral Song go round;

Echo shall our Joys resound.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E.

*A wild rocky Entrance to a Cave; on one Side
of which is seen a Wood.*

DORASTVS enters from the Cave. After
looking attentively around, he comes slowly
forward.

Dorastus.

Hail! to the Ev'ning Sun, which from
the West

Empurples all the Sky, and this my Cave
Gilds with its parting Rays; this moss-
grown Cave,

Long by my Footsteps worn!——for since
the Arms

Of the fell SPARTANS tore my Child away,
[Sole Pledge of a dear Union] with the
Friend

To whom her dying Mother gave the Charge
To train her Infancy; and ev'ry Hope
To trace their Fate is vain; I've shun'd the
Plain,

Nor mingled with the Gay.—In these lone
Shades

I wake my Mind to Truth; and as the
Stream

Of Life flows gently on, pursue that Peace
Philosophy inspires, and patient wait

Th' Appointment of the Gods.—But I
must hence—

The

The length'ning Shadows warn me now to
seek

In the near Valley such sweet smelling
Flow'rs

As give their Perfumes to the Ev'ning Gale,
And strew them round yon vacant Tomb I've
rear'd

To sooth a Father's Sorrows. — — There's
in Grief

A melancholy Pleasure, which indulg'd,
Becalms the Soul; — and such this Task to
me. — —

O much-lamented Maid! if from this World
Escap'd, thou fit'st a Spirit in Air, accept
A Parent's pious Off'ring; — or if still
Thou draw'st the Breath of Bondage, or
art doom'd

To tread the flinty Ways of Life, may
Heav'n

Give thee proportion'd Virtue! — Yet a while,
A transient Space, Time's friendly Hand
shall guide

Each Suff'rer to his Rest, and all our Cares
Shall melt to nothing, like the Morning
Dew.

[Exit.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T I I.

A R U R A L S C E N E.

Enter LYSANDER, EUPHEMIA, DELIA,
MUSIDORUS, DAPHNE, *and* LAURA.

As they are all advancing from the End of the Stage, DAPHNE and LAURA sing the following

D U E T.

*H*YMEN pleas'd your Faith surveys ;

All his peaceful Blessings share!

Purest Friendship crown your Days!

Joy attend you, happy Pair!

Lysander.

Thanks, courteous Fair-ones, Thanks ;

I little hop'd

Such Bride-maids for my Love ; but you are
all

As bounteous as your Skies ; and your kind

Care

Shall bind us both your Debtors.——You,

good Shepherds,

Who with your Daughters at the Shrine of

PAN

Have witness'd to our Vows, shall see I trust

That they were seal'd with Truth, and only

join'd

Hearts of congenial Mould.

Musidorus.

Musidorus.

May circling Years
Still firmer bind them! and the Hand of
Death
Alone dissolve this Union!

Euphemia.

Heav'n so grant!——
Most freely Shepherd I accept your Grace,
And proffer'd Services; wrapt in Delight
To meet already in this stranger Land
Such hospitable Smiles.

Daphne.

Nor here is seen
A Smile the Heart avows not; our plain
Life
Disdains those Arts and Falshoods, which
they say
Are practis'd by the Great-ones of the World.
Ambition walks not here; nor is here known
Envy, its fell Associate.——Rural Cares
Employ the fleeting Day, and one firm
Chain
Of social Harmony unites us all.——
Our temp'rate Board gives Cheerfulness and
Health;
And there Contentment sits, and bids us
scorn
What cheated Man calls Luxury.

Laura.

Nor yet
Shall our calm Plains abuse your Hopes;
the Eye
As well as Mind is solac'd.——Nature blooms
In youthful Beauty round us, from her Urn
Scatt'ring unnumber'd Treasures. Mark
how glows
The vivid Landscape; and the burthen'd
Earth
Pants with the gay Profusion.

Euphemia.

A new World
Springs up before me. See, LYSANDER, see
What vary'd Sweets shall strew our future
Paths
Beneath this better Sun.

Lysander.

Rooted I stand,
And lost in Admiration thank the Gods
For all their Bounty to me; chief for Thee
Their noblest Boon, thou Crown of my
Desires!
Thou lovely Charmer!——O my Friends,
excuse
A young Man's Transport; when you bet-
ter know
This Maiden's Excellence, you will confess
My Tongue no Flatt'rer——for she wears
a Heart

So

So pure, so spotless, that it might be shin'd
In Cryſtal, and have all its Movements
ſcann'd!

Mufidorus.

My Boſom ſhares your Transport.—

Gentle Lady,
Beneath the Umbrage of yon tufted Trees,
Which ſhade the Margin of the azure Stream
That ſteals along its Side, our Dwelling
ſtands,

Ruſtic and ſimple; thick around it ſhoots
The flaunting Woodbine; and each fragrant
Flow'r

Adorns the verdant Scene.— There I've
prepar'd

A cheerful Welcome; — all our rural Sports
My Daughters ſhall relate, and teach you
too,

If ſo you like, to tend our fleecy Folds;
For all are Shepherds here.

Euphemia.

Something but now,
As o'er the Lawn we paſs'd, LAURA
discours'd

Of a grey Hermit, whoſe religious Life
Gain'd him ſuch Love, that each ARCADIAN
deem'd

His Bleſſing proſp'rous; fain on this Day's
A&t

Would I implore it.

Aa 2

Mufidorus.

Musidorus.

Lady, he you mean
Dwells at the mossy Foot of yonder Rock,
The good DORASTUS; Shepherd once
himself,

And Master still of many a Flock; but he,
Long from our Plains sequester'd, mourns
retir'd

A Loss that weighs his grey Hairs down.——

All here
View him with filial Love; for he's to all
A Friend, a Father.——Thither I'll conduct
you

As homeward now we pass.

Lysander.

We will attend;
Yet tarry but a Space, while from those
Trees

Of clust'ring Roses that invite the Touch
I pluck some crimson Buds, and twist a
Wreath

For my EUPHEMIA's Brow; she has not yet
Receiv'd her bridal Garland.

[*Exit.*

Euphemia.

On this Bank
Await we his Return. Sit, my fair Maids;
And DELIA, calm the Flutt'rings of my
Heart

By

By some soft Strain.——Give me that
cheering Song
ARANTHE so much lov'd.

Delia.

'Tis well devis'd,
Nor foreign to the Moment.——I obey.

S O N G.

*All the Splendor which Wealth can display
Is so vain, that it quickly must cloy;
Like a Bubble, it soon melts away,
If HOPE does not heighten the Joy.*

*Sweet Passion! without thee, the Soul
In the Midst of Fruition would tire;
Into Times yet unborn thou canst roll,
And expand on the Wings of Desire.*

*It was HOPE that first planted my Vine,
And its Clusters luxuriously spread;
Rear'd my Fig-tree whose Branches intwine
And so gratefully shadow my Head.*

*HOPE comforts the Mourner's sad State,
Sooths the Wretch who is struggling with
Pain,*

*Bids the Captive support his hard Fate,
And to Home turns his Eyes back again.*

*Bright Charmer! ah! live in my Breast,
Round my Temples thy Garland still bind;
Thou shalt calm all my Sorrows to Rest,
And cheer with thy Sunshine my Mind.*

Euphemia.

Kind DELIA, take my Thanks.——I feel
the Truth
Thy Strain inspires; for see LYSANDER
comes,
Who round the little Region of my Heart
Bids HOPE triumphant live.

LYSANDER *re-enters, with a Chaplet of Roses
in his Hand.*

Lysander.

EUPHEMIA, wear
This blooming Wreath, in Honor of the
Day,
And as an Emblem of our twin'd Affections.—

[Presents her the Chaplet.]

This hath a transient Date, but they I trust
Shall never know Decay.——Now let us
speed

To seek the Hermit's Cave; good Shepherd
on.

[Exeunt.]

The

The Scene opening discovers a Wood. In the Middle of the Stage is a MONUMENT, with the Statue of a Nymph lying on it. Upon its Base appears this Inscription, in large Characters,

I TOO WAS AN ARCADIAN.

DORASTUS is seen standing near the Tomb, with a Basket of Flowers in his Hand, singing the following

A I R.

*My Woes, O Mem'ry! cease to trace;
Ab! curse no more the SPARTAN Race!
Come meek-ey'd Patience, calm my Mind,
And make it to its Fate resign'd.—
This fancy'd Form, this empty Tomb
Relieves the Rigour of my Doom.*

Enter MUSIDORUS, LYSANDER, EUPHEMIA, DELIA, DAPHNE, and LAURA.

Musidorus.

*Behold the good old Man!——On the still
Air
How sweetly floats his plaintive Voice!——
Beside
This Wood he dwells, and here at setting
Sun*

Sings his accustom'd Dirge, as Mem'ry drops
A Sigh o'er happier Scenes that Time hath
clos'd.

Lyfander.

Say, what yon Pile which be bestrews with
Flow'rs?

It seems a Tomb, and that fair sculptur'd
Form

Declares it such; as does the Epitaph,
"I too was an Arcadian."

Musidorus.

He bewails
A Daughter torn away, on whom he built
The Comfort of his Age; it is for her
This mournful Pile is rear'd, these Rites
perform'd.—

But soft!—A Moment ends them; let us not
Invade his Privacy.

[*They keep retired on one Side of
the Stage.*]

DORASTUS continues the Air, strewing the
Flowers round the Tomb.

Gentle Spirit, Peace be thine!

This sad Office still be mine;

These fond Marks of Love receive,

All a drooping Sire can give.

During

During the Song, LYSANDER discourses with MUSIDORUS;—EUPHEMIA, with DAPHNE and LAURA. She often fixes her Eyes on the Monument, with Marks of Emotion.

The Song ended, they advance.

Musidorus.

Good Ev'n, DORASTUS,
And heard be all thy Orisons!——Behold
I bring with me a Pair, who even now
At yonder consecrated Altar seal'd
The Bond of wedded Faith.——Far is their
Home,
Beyond the Southern Mountains; but Desire
To visit these our Plains hath urg'd their
Steps
Hither, to sojourn with us.——Lo! they
sue
Your Grace and Welcome; and will prove,
I judge,
Worthy your Courtesy.——Their brital Bed
My Daughters have prepar'd; and I myself
Shall be their this Night's Host; a secret Im-
pulse
Hath won me to their Service.

Lysander.

Strangers here,
Each Mark of Hospitality must charm;
And sooth to say, this our kind Patron's
Care
Hath

Hath far outstrip'd my Hope. — Might we
 obtain
 Thy Pray'rs, respected Hermit, nothing then
 Remains to crown our Fortune.

Dorastus.

If the Blessing
 Of an old Man by many a Sorrow worn,
 And bow'd by many a Year, can aught
 avail,
 O take it, freely take it. — May the Act
 Of this fair Day be prosper'd! may a Length
 Of Happiness be yours! a virtuous Race
 To both endear the World! and all your
 Paths,
 Your Ev'ning Paths of Life; be spread with
 Flow'rs
 That never grew in mine!

Lysander.

Ah! much I grieve
 That your's have prov'd uneven! — For
 your Wishes
 Count me your Debtor. — My EUPHEMIA
 too,
 My Bride shall thank you; for her Heart is
 gentle,
 And grateful as the Flow'r that pays with
 Sweets
 The genial Summer's Bounty! —

As

As he turns to EUPHEMIA, he finds her looking towards the Tomb with a melancholy Attention.

Ha! my Love,
Whence this Amaze? why dost thou bend
thy Sight
On yonder Tomb? and wherefore on thy
Brow
Sits a descriptive Sorrow, that hath drank
The Lustre of thine Eyes, and damp'd the
Joy
Which sparkled there but now?——Say,
why is this?
What the strange Cause?

Euphemia.

The Cause is in myself;
O my LYSANDER! I have fool'd my Sense
With visionary Hope, and now awake
To meet my Error.

Lysander.

Nay! explain, EUPHEMIA.

Euphemia.

This good Man's Sigh has op'd my Eyes;
this Scene
Of Death has undeceiv'd me.——Blind to
think
That there was any Ground where Mortals
tread
On which Affliction walks not!——Ev'ry
Clime
Engenders

Engenders human Woe; and fam'd ARCADIA
Is pregnant with the same disastrous Fortune
That other Regions know.

Dorastus.

Our Life, fair Lady,
Must needs be chequer'd thus.

Lysander.

Alas! my Love,
Let us enjoy the Good, nor with vain
Search
Anticipate Misfortune; come it will,
Though Wisdom stand as Guard; and e'en
these Shades
Must sometimes own its Pow'r.

Euphemia.

Mistaken Maid!
Is this the Land where Pleasure only reign'd?
Was it for this I pac'd so long a Way?
Abandon'd SPARTA? and so far allur'd
Thy wand'ring Steps LYSANDER, here to
meet
The Face of Sorrow?——Where is that
Content
ARANTHE boasted? Where that Peace, she
said
Should greet our Coming?——Ah! could
she delude
That Hope she so long nourish'd?

Dorastus.

Heard I aright?
Or did false Sounds abuse me?——Spake
you not

Of

Of SPARTA, and ARANTHE, courteous
Lady?

Pray you say on; for to my Ear you utter'd
A Name well known.——ARANTHE! knew
you her?
And lives she yet?

Lysander.

Ah no! she is no more!
With pious Hand these Maidens clos'd her
Eyes,
Bathing her Corse with Tears.

Euphemia.

In her I lost
The best of Women, whose indulgent Care
No Time shall wear away.——Her latest
With
Was I should seek ARCADIA, where her-
self
Had sometime known a happier Destiny
Than SPARTA'S Walls afforded.

Dorastus.

You are then
Her Daughter doubtless; you perhaps have
oft
Heard her relate- - -

Euphemia.

Good Hermit, you mistake;
I am no Child of her's, though many a Year
Such I was deem'd, till her last Breath unveil'd
The

The Error, and declar'd I was a Pledge
 Intrusted to her Care in infant Years,
 By whom was unexplain'd, for Death's cold
 Grasp
 Broke off th' unfinish'd Tale,——and I had
 walk'd
 The World a friendless Orphan, and alone,
 But for this virtuous Youth, to whom I've
 giv'n
 That Love his Merit claim'd.—But why
 on me
 Is cast that Look of Eagerness?—Why heaves
 Thy lab'ring Bosom thus? or whence those
 Tears
 That tremble in thine Eye?

Dorastus.

O Nature!—Nature!
 Who with thy pow'rful, and invisible Hand
 Shak'st my whole Frame with Tumult,—
 can I think
 This Conflict, these Forebodings of a Fa-
 ther
 Are rais'd, or felt in vain?——The Stroke's
 too great!
 Pray you your Arm a Moment.——Yes—
 it must—
 Those Features wear the radiant Hue of
 Truth!—
 There cannot be Deceit.——It is—It is
 My long-lost Child restor'd.——

Euphemia.

Euphemia.

All-ruling Gods!
Have ye upheld me through the Maze of
Life
Unknowing, and unknown, in this far Land
To guide me to a Parent?

Lysander.

All's explain'd;
This was ARANTHE'S Meaning, this the
Cause
She urg'd so strong your Coming, hoping
still
Some Chance might bring about this blest
Event
Th' indulgent Gods have prosper'd.

Dorastus.

Gen'rous Youth!
Whose Graces have endear'd thee to my
Child,
Whose Truth and Friendship won her, let
my Arms
Embrace thee as a Son.——A Father's
Blessing,
Pour'd from a Heart with Gratitude o'er-
come,
Shall now enforce the rest.——Alas! too
quick

My

My Spirits bound!—Prithee resolve my Mind
A few fond Questions more.

*[They withdraw to the Bottom of
the Stage.]*

Musidorus.

See, my Children,
The virtuous still are happy!—This is she
So long-reputed dead, for whom was rear'd
The Statue, and the Tomb; for whom these
Shades

So oft' have echo'd with a Father's Sighs;
Sighs now repaid with Transports!

Laura.

Nor in vain
Have we intwin'd the festive Wreath. This
Night

Shall social Pleasure beam from ev'ry Eye,
And Sounds of Joy be heard along the Vale.

Daphne.

See where returning from the hallow'd Grove
The Shepherds cross the Plain. I'll be my-
self

Of this Event the Harbinger; 'twill prove
Most welcome to them all.

[Exit.]

DORASTUS, LYSANDER, EUPHEMIA, and
DELIA, come forward.

Dorastus.

Enough, enough;
My stormy Life at last sinks to a Calm.

Come

Come Death now when it will, I'll meet it
smiling,
Upheld by this lov'd Pair.

Lysander.

Long live to see
Our mutual Happiness! and be repaid
In the bright Virtues of your new-found
Daughter
The Suff'rings you've endur'd!

Dorastus.

Great Providence!
How just are all thy Ways!——Never let
Man,
Howe'er he be distress'd, abandon Hope;
For in the Moment when the Cloud is
blackest,
When the big Storm rolls loudest o'er his
Head,
The Hand of Heav'n perhaps supports his
Steps,
And guides him back to Peace!——'Twas
but this Morn,
Stung with Remembrance of my former
Woes,
I curs'd the Sons of SPARTA; ere Day close
A SPARTAN Hand leads back the Child I
lost,
And quite atones the Wrongs his Country
did me!

Euphemia.

Justly I stand reprov'd.—Henceforth I'll
own

Each Murmur is a Crime, and Discontent
Ingratitude to Heav'n.

Dorastus.

Forbear to think
This Earth can teem Perfection; far beyond
Those azure Rocks that kiss the sloping
Sky

A happier Region lies, to which com-
par'd

Our Spot, is as the dank and tainted
Gale

To th' unfully'd Breath of Morning.—

There the Toils
Of lab'ring Virtue cease! and thither
oft

She turns her patient Eye, and seeks her
Crown!——

'Tis there EUPHEMIA, and 'tis there
alone

Perfection may be hop'd; on this Side, all
Is mutable and frail!

Euphemia.

Yet 'tis not strange
The Mind that's tutor'd to expect too much
Should sigh at Disappointment.

Dorastus.

Dorastus.

That, my Child,
Is Life's grand Error; — we delude our-
selves,
And charge the Cheats of FANCY to the
World.——
Man in his visionary Hour conceives
Joys never destin'd for him, then sits
down
In sullen Discontent, to think he loses
That which he ne'er possess'd.——Go, wi-
fer you
My Children, curb your Wishes, taste with
Thanks
That Good the Gods allot you; and re-
member,
Howe'er our Paths are chequer'd by Misfor-
tune,
Life still has many Pleasures for the
Virtuous.

Musidorus.

The neighb'ring Swains, whom DELIA has
inform'd
Of what has chanc'd, with Looks of
Transport haste
To greet your happier Fortune.

*A Number of ARCADIANs enter with
DAPHNE, and surround DORASTUS with
Marks of Congratulation.*

Dorastus.

Ah! how sweet
Their Steps who speak of Peace!——I have,
my Friends,
A Heart that reads your Purpose in your
Eye,
And registers your Love——A Heart, the
Gods
Have quite o'erwhelm'd with Mercy!——
Thanks to all
Who share with me this Joy; and double
Thanks
To thee, kind MUSIDORUS, whom this
Night
We all will sojourn with, and cheer the
Board
Thy lib'ral Hand has spread.——Rich Flocks,
and Herds,
And wide-spread Pastures, shall be giv'n
to-morrow
In Dowry with this Maid.——You DELIA
too
Shall now become my Care.——Let us
away.
The Ev'ning Star is ris'n,——and as we
pass

Let

Let all our choral Youth their Voices
join
In Notes that deep-felt Gratitude in-
spires.

C H O R U S.

*Mighty PAN! to thee we owe
All the Happiness we know;—
Let our Lives still peaceful glide;
Give us Virtue for our Guide.*

[Exeunt.]

T H E E N D.

EPILOGUE.

*Mortals, who this Drama view,
Own you not its Moral true?—
Virtuous Minds should ne'er despair;
They are Heav'n's peculiar Care,
Who teaches suff'ring Man to know
HOPE'S THE COUNTERPOISE OF WOE.*

*But if HOPE unlicens'd reigns,
Wildly seeks ideal Plains,
Pictures Joys it ne'er can meet,
Paths ne'er trod by human Feet;
Then, ah! then expect to find,
ARCADIA'S ONLY IN THE MIND.*

THE END.

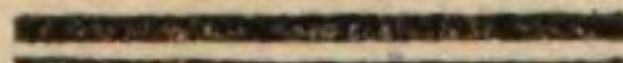
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